

1900
AN AMERICAN CONSULATE IN CHINA

SEPTEMBER

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1900

The CHAUTAUQUAN



*A Magazine for
Self-education*



*A Society Belle
in the Reign
of Louis XIV*

CHAUTAUQUA PRESS

CLEVELAND · OHIO

ART OF THE AMERICAN INDIAN

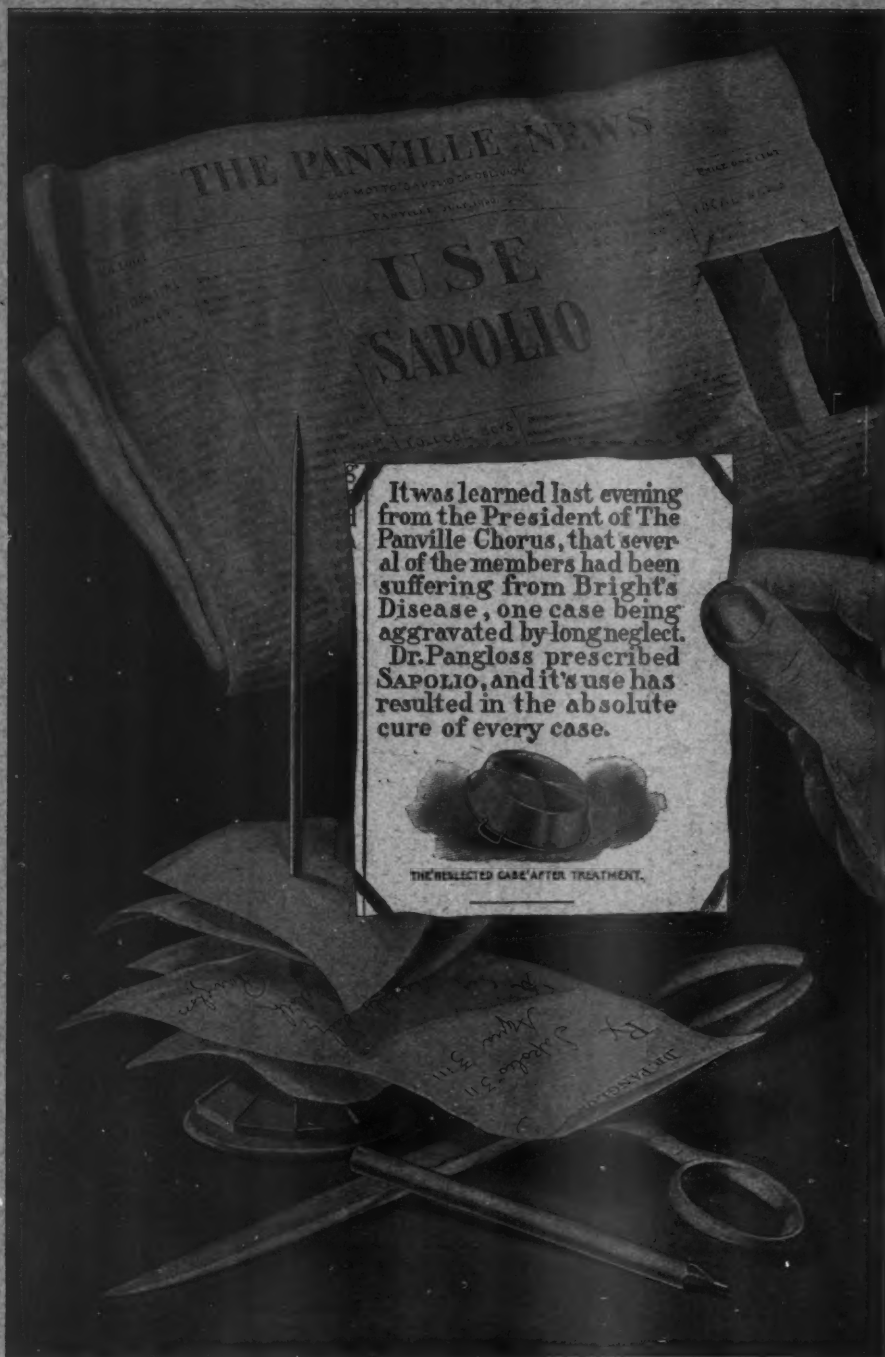
THE PANVILLE NEWS

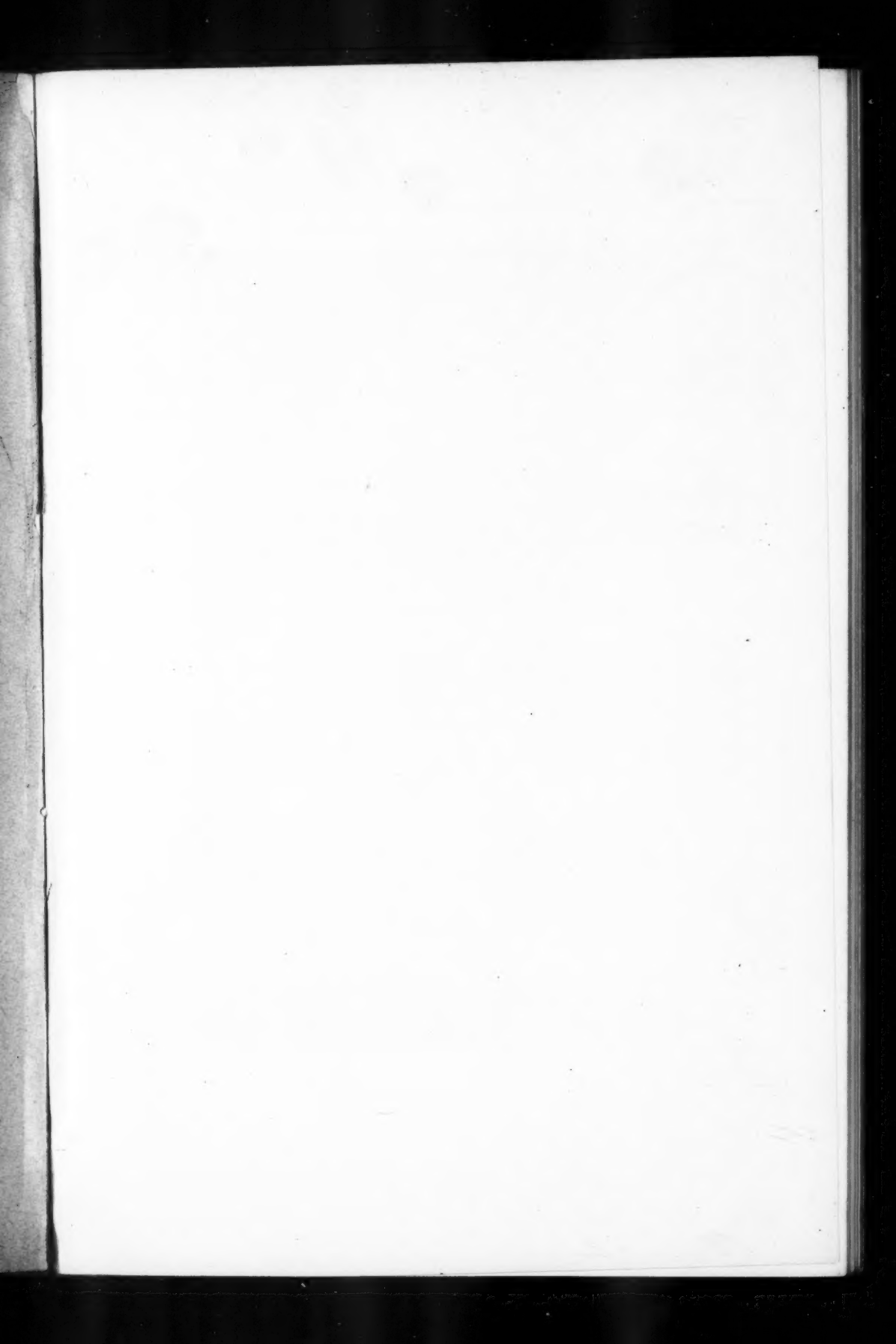
USE SAPOLIO

It was learned last evening from the President of The Panville Chorus, that several of the members had been suffering from Bright's Disease, one case being aggravated by long neglect. Dr. Pangloss prescribed SAPOLIO, and it's use has resulted in the absolute cure of every case.



THE 'NEGLECTED CASE' AFTER TREATMENT.







UNITED STATES LEGATION AT PEKING.

THE CHAUTAUQUAN,

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Highway & Byway

MUCH has happened since last month with regard to the infinitely puzzling Chinese question, and much may happen between the time of this writing and the day the reader scans these lines. It is not necessary to rehearse the story of the torment civilization lived through while waiting for trustworthy news of the fate of the foreigners in Peking.

There was good ground for accepting the horrible reports of wholesale massacre, but there were equally good grounds for rejecting them. When it was at last ascertained that the envoys and their families and all the others under their protection, though besieged, attacked and repeatedly in the gravest peril, had not been exterminated, the problem of the "concert," or the alliance of Europe, America and Japan, had naturally changed its aspect. The reported massacre provoked bitter talk of revenge, reprisals and exemplary punishment. Even responsible writers advocated wholesale executions of Chinese officials guilty of complicity in the Boxers' outrages and the complete destruction of Peking. The Manchu dynasty was to be dethroned, and the great empire carved up and partitioned.

All this irrational talk has been forgotten. The western governments are still determined to avoid a war with China if possible. It is difficult to adhere to the theory that the allies are coöperating with the Chinese government in putting down insurrection, for the imperial troops, led by commanders and equipped with modern weapons, have fought the international troops at Tien-Tsin and on the route to the capital. Unfriendly acts without number have been committed by whatever sovereign authority remains in China, notably the refusal to restore free communication between the ministers and their respective governments. But the

presumption upon which the powers act is that the supreme government has been wrested from the empress-regent and the youthful emperor and usurped by the military chiefs. In other words, the most convenient theory is that anarchy has reigned in Peking and the metropolitan province, and that the powers have been fighting a formidable military conspiracy as well as a fanatical mob.

While this theory will save China, it will also save Europe and America from a ruinous war. To declare formal war upon China is to extend the conflict to every port and city of the empire. The part of wisdom is to prevent the spread of the hostilities and retain the friendship or neutrality of as many viceroys and governors as possible.

When Peking is occupied by the allies, or when the stage of diplomatic discussion of the terms of a settlement is reached, the powers will certainly demand (1) an indemnity for all injuries, losses and outrages; (2) security for the envoys in the future and guaranty against the recurrence of the troubles; (3) the enforcement of all treaty rights; (4) a stable and responsible government for the empire. The United States and Great Britain have emphatically declared that they would oppose any assault upon China's territorial integrity, and would adhere to the policy of the open door under native sanction and consent. Russia has also declared that there must be no territory taken from China as compensation or under any other pretext. Germany's position is rather doubtful, but she will hardly insist on a different program. Unless complications ensue, it is highly probable that, in spite of the duplicity, bad faith and breaches of international law of which the imperial authorities of China are guilty, the settlement will not impose harsh terms on them or upon their country. The powers are not ready to

need of foreign capital, and we pay heavy sums annually to foreign investors who hold our securities and who own land and improvements here. A conservative estimate of the aggregate paid in such dividends, rents and profits every year places it at \$150,000,000. To this must be added freight, insurance, expenditures of Americans living or traveling abroad, and other important items. It is not certain that these factors do not account for 70 or 80 per cent of the apparent balance. As for the rest, it is known that Europe had been returning American securities in large quantities up to two years ago. At this moment the actual debt of Europe to the United States must be rather small.



The Secretary of War has issued a call for a Cuban Constitutional Convention which is to meet in Havana in November. This order is in line with the repeatedly expressed policy of the United States, as emphasized in congressional action and in the various utterances of the president and those who may be regarded as authorized to speak for him. In April of 1898 the Senate passed a joint resolution on the Cuban situation in which it was explicitly stated "that the people of the island of Cuba are, and of right ought to be, free and independent," adopting the exact phrase of the Declaration of Independence; and further, that "the United States hereby disclaims any disposition or intention to exercise sovereignty, jurisdiction or control over said island, except for the pacification thereof; and asserts its determination, when that is accomplished, to leave the government and control of the island to its people."

It has been claimed, generally by those who are hostile to the administration, that there never has been any serious intention on the part of the United States to redeem the promises couched in the Senate resolution. This contention has been part of the stock in trade of the opposition press of Cuba, and efforts have been made to engender ill-feeling between the Cubans and the Americans on the strength of it. But the time for the redemption of these promises is rapidly approaching, and the future of Cuba depends in a large measure upon the spirit in which the Cubans meet and use their opportunity for independence.

There is one serious defect, however, in the program as laid down by the Secretary of War in his order calling the constitutional

convention. The order, which Secretary Root was fully authorized to issue, quoting the joint resolution of congress above mentioned, reads as follows:

WHEREAS, The people of Cuba have established municipal governments, deriving their authority from the suffrages of the people given under just and equal laws, and are now ready, in like manner, to proceed to the establishment of a general government which shall assume and exercise sovereignty, jurisdiction, and control over the island,

Therefore, It is ordered that a general election be held in the island of Cuba on the third Saturday of September, in the year 1900, to elect delegates to a convention to meet in the city of Havana at 12 o'clock noon on the first Monday of November, in the year 1900, to frame and adopt a constitution for the people of Cuba, and as a part thereof to provide for and agree with the government of the United States upon the relations to exist between that government and the government of Cuba, and to provide for the election by the people of officers under such constitution and the transfer of government to the officers so elected.



WU TING FANG,
Chinese Minister to the
United States.

In view of the declaration that the people of Cuba are, and of right ought to be, free and independent, it seems strange that the proposed convention should be required "to frame and adopt" a constitution. It is perfectly proper for the convention to frame a constitution, but it is a clear invasion of the independence and prerogatives of the people for the convention to adopt it. That privilege inheres in the people. Besides, to the supersensitive Cubans, especially those of Spanish extraction and predilections, an order from our government requiring thirty-six delegates—a small, though legally appointed company—to adopt a paper that shall be binding upon all the people may savor of high-handed and dictatorial effrontery. The constitution framed by the convention should be submitted to the people for adoption; and unless this is done the United States will be accused of having packed the convention, especially if the constitution adopted by the thirty-six delegates turns out to be unduly disposed to favor this country.



While decrying the defalcations in the Cuban postal service it should not be forgot-

ten that the financial interests of Cuba as a rule seem to have been faithfully conserved by the representatives of the United States on the island. The rascalities of the men who looted the post-office are deplorable, and it is hoped that the culprits will soon reap



W. W. ROCKHILL,
Special United States
Commissioner to China.

the due reward of their iniquities, but their crimes ought not to obscure the conspicuous services which other men are rendering to Cuba. For the last eighteen months all the Cuban revenues, except postal, have been handled by the island treasury—a sum amounting, July 1, 1900, to \$23,000,000. The officer in charge of the treasury is Major E. F. Ladd, and it is to his credit that every dollar

handled by his department has been clearly and satisfactorily accounted for, that he has never opened a profit or loss account, that there has never been a defalcation, a forgery, loss of money in transit, error of payment or reckoning, nor any raised check. The commission investigating the government accounts in Cuba found nothing to criticize and much to commend.

As an interesting revelation from Major Ladd's work, it is stated that when he began to organize his office in Cuba he found it necessary, as a matter of self-protection, to introduce the use of checks, a financial device hitherto unknown there. The system has been generally adopted, and the wheels of business run all the easier for it, although at first it seemed almost hopeless to effect so radical a revolution in the commercial customs of the island as the employment of checks involved.

The financial outlook in Cuba has many elements of hopefulness in it, although there are difficult problems awaiting solution. Imports exceed the exports by about \$50,000,000 a year, and there is deep-seated aversion to paying taxes, to say nothing of inability to pay them. The public revenues are derived almost exclusively from customs, and, as the statistical exhibits of the island do not yet show that wealth is increasing, something will have to be done to raise funds, by a system of equitable and

scientific taxation, to avoid the accumulation of a heavy debt.



Critics have been felicitously described as "the keepers of literature," and never was literature more in need of "keeping," fostering and jealous care than in these days. Is literary criticism doing its duty? Is it affording the guidance which readers and lovers of books require and expect from it? It may be true that there are no great critics among us, but there are many writers of judgment, taste, authority and broad culture. Are they holding court and passing impartial verdicts upon the literary productions of the day, enabling the public to avoid the inane, unprofitable or harmful, and to benefit by the instructive, elevating and significant?

Several works on literary criticism, its principles and methods, have come from the press lately, and they are solid and enlightening contributions to the subject dealt with. But are the principles expounded in them applied; are the methods presented as the right ones followed in current critical, or what passes for critical, writing? We fear the answer cannot be affirmative. The quality of contemporary criticism has itself been a subject of criticism or complaint—just complaint, we are bound to recognize. One writer, a librarian who has made a special comparative study of present-day book reviewing, finds that it is open to the charge of extravagance, gush, flattery and what is known as literary log-rolling. Few books are condemned; most are praised, and in many cases reviews are non-committal. One not acquainted with our ways and practices would infer from the tone of the literary comment that we were at the height of a glorious literary and artistic renaissance, and that a poor and valueless book was the rarest of exceptions.

It may be unjust to say that book reviews and so-called criticism are now written chiefly for authors and publishers, and that the public is the "forgotten party" in the case, but it is true that there is an extraordinary "era of good feeling" in literature, and that genuine, candid and honest criticism is conspicuous by its absence. One critical journal has pleaded for the revival of "slashing" criticism and the use of the cudgel and bludgeon. The greatest need of the day, it holds, is a moral censorship of the book world, of a literary tribunal free from weakness, commercial affiliations and influences foreign to the true

interests of culture. But would not this kind of criticism be anachronistic? Would it not meet with general and swift condemnation as too dogmatic and pedantic for our age of cosmopolitanism and eclecticism in literature?

Sympathetic and catholic criticism, best exemplified in Sainte-Beuve and Matthew Arnold, is not at all objectionable or injurious. Censorious faultfinding is just as undesirable and unfair as indiscriminate and undeserved laudation. Let the critic be keen to discover and encourage merit, to emphasize the good rather than the bad qualities of literary work; in that there is no injury to literature and no treason to the public. But from the just golden mean to the extreme of booming inferiority and hailing every man or woman with a spark of talent as an epoch-making writer is surely a great distance. Toleration and liberalism ought not to be allowed to degenerate into hollow and insincere distribution of praise. This is simply equivalent to saying that criticism should be worthy of its name.

There is a little volume, "Literary Landmarks," of large value for its wise guidance into noble and beautiful highways and byways in bookworld. The ingenious chart of its itinerary is traced along a line indicating four thousand years of literature, from the Vedas to the period that claims Browning and Tennyson, Hawthorne and Ruskin. This line is marked at the center by a cross

with reference to which seasons and products of mental activity seem to take a special meaning. This dividing mark is also of great significance to history which numbers its years backward and forward from the fact commemorated in that slender symbol. Expectation and fulfilment appear thus to meet at a central cross, over which, it is profitable to remember, an inscription bore threefold witness in one to the three best developments then attained by the human race—the Greek intellect, Roman law, Hebrew faith.

But, despite dividing lines, there is an indestructible unity in human history. Civilization in its highest phase at the end of this century is a complex blending of Greek, Roman, Hebrew, and Teutonic elements, ever shaping itself to the mold of new conditions, but holding all its past fused in its present. The study of history, of society, of the individual, and therefore of literature, shows, indeed, that the most revolutionary fact in world annals is the influence of a life whose human story, told in an obscure Roman province situated in the circling clasp by which Asia joins Europe and Africa, gives undisputed name and dates to our era. That the knowledge of that life and its teachings was so rapidly diffused over the wide area at that time obedient to Roman law was, however, largely due to the fact that the flexible and faultless creation of the Greek intellect, the language "speaking to the ear like Italian, speaking to the mind like English," held the east and west of the then known world in the band of a common knowledge and a consequent joint readiness to receive "the cosmopolitan creed of Christianity."

The genius of the sensitive, beauty-loving Greek mind, and the study of its achievements in all domains of intellectual and art activity must ever be of intense interest to the thinker who realizes that all flowering in the present is deeply rooted in the past and, therefore, fitly deserves recurring recognition in the plan of the C. L. S. C. Paul acknowledged himself a debtor to the Greeks, and so must every student of the "increasing purpose" which has been served in the past by the culture of Greece, the civil polity of Rome and the Hebrew capacity for faith, but which finds its highest evolution in the perfected Christian character.



THE CHINESE QUESTION.

—Minneapolis Tribune.

The recent assassination of King Humbert, of Italy, known to history as the "Second

King of United Italy," can but remind observers that neither monarchs nor presidents of republics, in fact or in name, are safe from the attacks of men who do not care what they do, so long as they strike a blow at the highest visible authority. Those



THE LATE KING HUMBERT,
Assassinated
July 29.

who are looking for a conspiracy of anarchists to account for this assassination and similar shocking events in France, Austria and our own country, within easy memory, are likely to be disappointed. In this case attention is inevitably directed to local conditions which foster discontent and blind deeds of desperation. It is generally admitted that burdens of taxation upon the peasantry of Italy,

amounting, it is said, to twelve dollars per capita, are so heavy that even good intentions of rulers living in comparative luxury are almost impossible to bear. Remembering the bread riots of 1898, which were only put down by bloody military measures, the successor to the throne may find it more difficult than ever to continue Italy's rôle among the powers as a member of the Triple Alliance and a colonizing nation.

Perhaps the most remarkable and "radical" decision ever rendered in a labor case is that of the appellate division of the Supreme Court of the County of New York in the suit of one association of workmen against the officers of another association in the same trade. The court below granted to the complainant body a perpetual injunction against the defendant organization, prohibiting the latter from interfering with the work, business or employment of the former, and also from procuring the discharge of any employe by threats, intimidation, strikes or otherwise. The principle of that injunction was that every man has a right to a livelihood, and that no one may lawfully deprive him of it by any form of coercion. But the appellate court unanimously set aside this judgment. The opinion says that coercion and threats are not necessarily illegal, and that in every case it is necessary to look into the object and the

method of the person or association accused of coercion, etc. Every workman has the right, in the first instance, to say for whom and with whom he will work, and an employer, on the other hand, has the absolute right to say whom he will employ. The right of discharge is as unrestricted (except where there is a contract) as the right to quit work. "Once that reciprocal right is destroyed," says the court, "personal liberty is destroyed, and chaos reigns."

Now, whatever right an individual has he retains when he joins a combination of persons clothed with equal rights, "so that employers may combine and say they will not employ persons who are members of labor organizations, and laborers may combine and say they will not work for employers who engage any but members of labor organizations." It follows, further, that workmen in the employ of a man may strike or threaten to strike as a means of compelling him to discharge anybody who is obnoxious to them, just as employers may order a general lock-out, or threaten one, as a means of forcing workmen to quit a union or to allow the employment, alongside of them, of non-union men.

Indeed, very little reflection and reasoning will show that logically this decision legalizes boycotts and blacklists, in addition to strikes and lockouts, as means of enforcing any demand in *itself* lawful. This is plainly recognized by Justice Ingraham, who in a separate opinion takes pains to sustain the position of the court by accentuating its fundamental postulate. "It is," he says, "the illegality of the purpose to be accomplished, or of the means used to accomplish that purpose, that makes a combination illegal." A combination for a purpose which each member individually has a right to do cannot be illegal.

How radically different this doctrine is from the old common-law "conspiracy" and "restraint of trade" principles which so many courts are still applying and upon which all legislation against boycotting and blacklisting and discrimination against labor unions is based! Much of the existing legal confusion in the sphere of capital and labor is due to the effort to reconcile modern conditions and doctrines with ancient notions. It will be necessary to choose between the advanced individualist view boldly taken by the New York court, and the socialist view that the state should regulate industrial relations much more strictly, fully and consistently than now.

Nothing illustrates more strikingly the difference between British and American conceptions of political freedom than the treatment of trades-unions. The theory of the "living minimum wage" has found wider acceptance in British than in American cities, though the influence of the labor movement is seen in this country in eight-hour laws for state and municipal employes. An important practical question now claiming attention is the propriety of what is called the "union clause" in contracts for municipal and state work. Is it right for official bodies like boards of education, county commissioners, etc., to insert in contracts a clause requiring the employment by the contractors of union labor exclusively? In Great Britain the point was never doubted. Municipal and other public bodies have regarded it as their right, if not as their duty, to accord such recognition and encouragement to organized labor, in the belief that trades-unions are a national benefit, and worthy of moral and material support by the state.

In the United States it looks as if the contrary view were about to be established. Recently two courts, one at Atlanta, the other at St. Louis, declared ordinances containing "union clauses" unconstitutional and incompatible with the American principle of equal rights. The legality of unions is of course recognized by the courts, but they assert that the men who remain unorganized and independent are entitled to the same rights and privileges as the men who choose to form unions for self-protection and the advantages of "collective bargaining." Public bodies, it is argued, spend taxpayers' money and have no right to treat one class of citizens and taxpayers differently from any other. Public contracts may stipulate for competent labor, but this just restriction should not be made the clause for discrimination against fit and skilled men who happen to object to unionism.

So far but one supreme court has had occasion to deal with the question, that of Illinois, and it has adopted the view just set forth. In a strong opinion it not only annulled a contract of a board of education, on account of a union clause, but declared that the legislature itself could not, under the constitution, enact a law legalizing such discrimination. Yet Great Britain is also supposed to be a country which values equal rights and freedom!

We have referred to the eminently useful race conference held some weeks ago at

Montgomery. There is a vital, though not obvious connection, between that and the conference on education more recently at Capon Springs, Virginia. The chief question under consideration at the latter gathering was the means of curing the great evil of illiteracy in the southern states. The provision of adequate schools was declared to be the paramount need of the south, and the comparative statistics presented at the conference fully supported this statement. The school terms are very short, and the teachers inefficient. Progress there has been undoubtedly in recent years, but its rate must be accelerated.

For example, in the six New England states and the three states of New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania, the average illiteracy among the native white population (of ten years of age and over) in 1890 was only 2.31, while among the colored population it was 21.71. Taking the eleven states of the old Southern Confederacy, the illiteracy among the whites and the negroes was as follows:

	White.	Colored.
Alabama,	18.44	69.08
Arkansas,	16.56	53.65
Florida,	11.33	50.58
Georgia,	16.51	67.27
Louisiana,	20.33	72.14
Mississippi,	11.92	60.91
North Carolina,	23.10	60.91
South Carolina,	18.11	64.07
Tennessee,	17.98	54.22
Texas,	8.28	52.50
Virginia,	13.98	57.21

The statistics of the present census, it is feared, will not show the improvement that might be desired. Speakers at the conference urged that the federal government should lend aid in diminishing the evil in question, and it is important to note that this idea found indirect support in the declaration of principles adopted by the National Educational Association at its thirty-ninth annual meeting, wherein congress is earnestly requested to increase the functions and responsibilities of the National Bureau of Education, erecting it into a



VICTOR EMMANUEL,
Successor to the throne of
Italy.

department on a plane with that of labor. It is generally realized, however, that the education of citizens is primarily the duty of the state.



J. M. GREEN,
President National
Educational Association.

One passage in the resolutions of the National Educational Association just referred to is specially noteworthy. It is doubtless intended as a note of alarm. It is asserted that "a democracy should provide for the education of all its children," and that the purpose should be to attract and instruct, not only the rich, but also the poor. To regard our common schools as the refuge of the less well-to-do and the unfortunate, the resolutions continue, is to strike a fatal blow at their value and efficiency. This undoubtedly means that the increasing tendency toward separation of the children of the rich from those of the poor is deplored as undemocratic. The American ideal is a "civilization based on intelligent democracy," according to the National Educational Association, and the element of democracy is co-essential with that of intelligence. The nation is advancing in intelligence, for an acknowledged feature of our time is the spread of secondary, higher, technical and scientific education. This fact the association notes with satisfaction and pride. But is the democratic spirit also growing and gaining strength and devotion? Unfortunately there is much in present-day developments to arouse apprehension on this score, and the National Educational Association points to one source of danger and to one potent factor of diversion and discord. The suggestion is vague, of course, for the association is not prepared to advocate official interference with private schools or with the right of parents to send children to other than common schools. The reminder, however, is wholesome and significant.

A novel idea—the establishment of libraries in the small parks—was introduced in Brooklyn, New York, some time ago. It met with opposition at the beginning, but

it has won its way, and promises to be popular in other cities. It is claimed that the experiment has raised the tone of the neighborhoods where the libraries are located, and has transformed rough boys into law-abiding citizens. There are three of these park libraries in operation. To one of them—Tompkins Park—which is a model, about one hundred books on an average are added monthly, and the demand is greater than the supply. In March the library was patronized by 4,000 readers, persons who did not take books out, but read papers and magazines on the premises; while in April, 2,372 persons took books out, 4,190 books were in circulation—an average of 167 per day—and there were 2,900 readers of current publications. For the most part the books called for were histories, biographies, and elementary scientific works. This is remarkable in view of the fact that a large majority of the patrons of the library are children, most of them of Jewish parentage. Such choice would indicate that children, as a class, are not as much given to the reading of fiction as is sometimes made to appear. Further, the statement is made that in one library during the year when the shelves were open to children, the percentage of works of fiction called for was reduced from 72 per cent to 56 per cent of the total issue. The demand for books at the Bedford Park library is greater than at the Tompkins Park branch, the record for the year being 39,732 volumes given out, of which 37,192 were taken home. The monthly increase in the number of borrowers was at least 100, and the monthly average of readers over 4,000.

The practical value of women's clubs has been demonstrated in many ways, but in none more emphatically and helpfully than in the work accomplished by the ladies of the Kentucky Federation. This body has taken up settlement work, but on different lines from those on which city settlements operate. The "settlement" is in the mountains of eastern Kentucky, where the population is scattered, and many characteristics peculiar to long-continued isolation obtain. The country is intersected by rapid and treacherous rivers, roads are impassable except in summer and then only on horseback, and the influence of the railroads which touch the borders of the section has hardly begun to assert itself. Into this *terra incognita* a little company of settlement

workers went last year and lived in a tent for two months. The tent was fitted up as a model home; the people were invited to visit it, and to receive instruction in housekeeping, sewing, weaving, and in various other domestic branches. The experiment was a decided success. People from the whole region flocked to the tent for instruction and implored the workers to return as soon as possible to continue the work. Much interest was awakened by the report of the workers, and several individual clubs of the federation have undertaken to educate one or more of these eastern Kentucky mountain girls.



The progress of the presidential campaign has already furnished one cause for national gratulation. Not only are personalities almost wholly eliminated, but better, extreme and violent invective is by no means as freely bandied between the campaigners as it was in 1896. Wholesale indictments and accusations are infrequent. One half of the voting population of the greatest and most enlightened republic is not charging the other half with every crime and folly known to us. The contest is more truly one of fair discussion. There is still room for improvement, but no one familiar with history, early or recent, will deny that much has been done to lift our campaigns to a plane worthy of the American people. Why not frankly admit that all are patriotic, earnest, liberty-loving and orderly Americans, striving to elevate and exalt their country? We may differ widely, and which of the parties represents the sentiments of the majority is to be decided at the ballot-box. But why not fight

in a fair, manly, generous way? Why not appeal to intelligence instead of to prejudice and passion? Whoever is elected president, the republic will have the devotion of all its citizens, and the verdict of the majority will be loyally, even cheerfully accepted. Let us, then, banish an anachronistic survival and reason together calmly, fairly and rationally. The issues before the people are great, fundamental, all-important; let their discussion be worthy of the themes.

All partisan bias aside, what would a just man from Mars or Altruria say about the situation in the United States today with regard to the presidential contest? He would summarize it substantially as follows: The leading issues are three in number—(1) Imperialism; (2) trusts; (3) the standard of value. The Democratic party regards the first as paramount, while the Republican party gives preëminence and emphasis to the third. Neither avows toleration for trusts, but there is a divergence as to method. The Republicans pledge themselves to secure legislation that will restrain and prevent abuses of combination, but omit to indicate the remedies intended. The Democrats promise an unceasing warfare against private monopoly in every form, and advocate the withdrawal of the tariff from trust-controlled industries and the denial to trusts of the use of the mail service. On this point the perplexed voter is required to decide which party is more likely to deal with trusts vigorously, yet wisely, so as not to injure legitimate industry, whether consolidated or competitive.

What is the money question of the campaign? The Republicans propose to preserve the gold standard, and to maintain all forms of money at parity under the authority of



CHAIRMEN JONES AND HANNA KINDLY FIGURE OUT CAMPAIGN FUNDS FOR EACH OTHER.

—Chicago Record.

the new financial law. They also favor additional legislation liberalizing our national banking system and permitting the issue of notes against assets. The Democrats renew the demand for free coinage of gold and silver at the former ratio, that of 16 to 1, and would repeal the gold-standard law. They are opposed to national bank currency and would have all paper issued by the government against the faith and credit of the nation. In this respect the two parties stand exactly where they stood in 1896, except that the Republicans no longer propose to labor for international rehabilitation of silver by an agreement for a general opening of the mints to that metal.

The issue that is really new is "Imperialism." What is its meaning and scope? The Republicans believe that all the territory ceded by Spain should be held permanently, and gradually given autonomy under American sovereignty. Porto Rico is now an American colony, having been denied freedom of trade with the United States and the extension of the constitution. But in time, the Republicans hold, she will be fit for a territorial government similar to that of Hawaii or New Mexico or Arizona. The Philippines may never be made an integral part of the United States, being Asiatic territory, but they would be governed in accordance with general American principles of liberty and justice, though under a colonial status. This plan the Democrats declare to be repugnant to the Declaration of Independence and the constitution. They hold that the constitution follows the flag—that is, that any territory annexed by the United States becomes an integral part of the republic, and as such entitled to the liberties, immunities and blessings of the constitution. As the Filipinos are not believed to be adapted to American citizenship, and as our system does not contemplate subjects or dependents, the Democrats would treat them as the Cubans are being treated. They would recognize their right to nationality and complete liberty, and would promise them ultimate independence, with protection from foreign

aggression. They recognize, at the same time, that American control is inevitable for the present, and their platform declares that the government must first establish a stable administrative system in the archipelago. In other words, the United States is to be the judge of the Filipino fitness for self-government and to retire from the islands only when peace and security shall have been established.

This impartial statement of the case reënforces the remarks made at the outset. The issues are so vital and momentous that intelligent and fair presentation of the two sides is alike a duty and a privilege. All extravagance and abuse should be avoided. The calling of names is easy and futile; argument is more difficult, but infinitely more in harmony with American ideals and claims.



The action of "the old north state," in adopting by a large majority a constitutional amendment whose effect will be the well-nigh complete disfranchisement of the colored voting element, has aroused much comment and hostile criticism. The amendment provides an educational qualification as a prerequisite to registration and the use of the ballot. It will not go into force until 1902, but thereafter no man will be allowed to register unless he is able to read and write any section of the constitution that the proper officers may indicate. Applied fairly and without discrimination, this provision would be wholly unobjectionable and clearly within the right of any state to adopt.



UNCLE MARK: "JUST STEP DOWN A MINUTE, TEDDY, I WANT TO TALK TO YOU." —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

But the North Carolina amendment, copying that of Louisiana which became law some time ago, is so phrased as to involve a plain discrimination against colored citizens. It contains what has been neatly described as "a grandfather's clause," intended to exempt all illiterate whites from the operation of the educational restriction. In substance it declares that no one who was entitled to vote in January, 1867, and no lineal descendant of such a man, shall be debarred from exercising the suffrage by reason of his failure to meet the prescribed test. Under this large qualification few white men will be deprived of the voting privilege. The test will therefore exclude colored citizens alone.

The serious question is whether such an amendment is consistent with the distinct provision in the federal constitution that no state shall discriminate against any element of the population on account of race, color or previous condition? Able jurists hold that the Supreme Court will be compelled to declare the amendment null and void, repugnant to the spirit, if not to the letter, of the Fifteenth Amendment. But southern politicians propose to apprehend no such ruling. They aver that there is no discrimination in *terms* against the colored citizens, and that the "grandfather's clause" is not a violation of the Fifteenth Amendment.

Meantime the Republicans are accusing the North Carolina Democrats of "imperialism," disregard of the constitution and deliberate repudiation of the doctrine of the consent of the governed. In the campaign which

preceded the North Carolina election the Republicans and Populists were "fused" in opposition to the Democrats, though it is admitted that the race question caused many of the fusionists to vote for the franchise amendment while casting fusion ballots for state candidates and members of the legislature. The campaign was an exciting and bitter one, and the negroes were prevented from participating in the balloting. On election day they stayed away from the polls, displaying utter indifference to the fate of the amendments directed against them. According to the fusionists, this indifference was the result of terror, the Democrats having expressed a determination to carry the amendment at any cost and establish white supremacy.



The times helped to make the Christian Endeavor convention in London dramatic, one might almost say tragic. For example, several simultaneous meetings were planned for a certain afternoon to deepen missionary interest. That morning the cables had all the missionaries in Peking dead. Happily the cables were wrong, but the effect was the same; and the rallies were such as have rarely been held. Then President Clark, of the International Society and inventor of the Endeavor plan, reached London from China the day before the convention opened. He was interviewed by the daily papers, and all London heard of the convention in a way that it might not otherwise have done. The center of Christian Endeavor strength is in this country. It is difficult to get away from the center and gather a great crowd. But the Endeavorers accomplished the feat, in spite of the fact that the British committee so planned matters as to charge all who attended a sixpence admission each day. London was stirred, a difficult thing to do, and Christian union emphasized, although some returning delegates say the denominational rallies had in them a good deal of sectarianism. On the big days the turnstiles of Alexandra Park registered forty thousand admissions.

The convention was preceded by a day of prayer in City Road Chapel, and was opened with a great meeting in Albert Hall, with President Meyer, of the British Society, presiding. Every reference to America was cheered heartily, showing that the political as well as the religious is present in the average Endeavorer. Great enthusiasm followed the reading of the statistics for the



THE CART BEHORE THE MULE.

—Minneapolis Journal.

year. Secretary Baer appealed to the political as a help to Christian unity by asking, between figures, that "America" "God Save the Queen," "Blest Be the Tie that Binds," a Union Jack and the Stars and Stripes be brought into appropriate requisition. Alexandria Park and palace are seven miles north of London, an amusement scheme which has never paid. On the nearly three hundred acres the male Endeavorers camped, while the women were cared for inside the palace. The men who made strong impressions were President Clark, whose annual address was a stirring yet sensible and practical paper; the Rev. Dr. Lorimer, of Boston; the Rev. Dr. Babcock, of New York; the Rev. Dr. Joseph Parker, of City Temple, London; and especially the Rev. C. M. Sheldon, of Topeka. It seems that St. Paul's Cathedral was sought, that in it a great meeting might be held, but it was refused, although the Bishop of London went to a tent in Alexandria Park and made a welcoming speech.

Many American delegates failed to reach the convention until the closing day, owing to the disaster in New York harbor, viz., the burning of the ships the day before Endeavorers were to sail on them. During a visit to Windsor many of the American delegates saw the queen in the castle yard. The Endeavorers sang "God Save the Queen" and "Blest be the Tie that Binds," after which Her Majesty drove down their ranks, smiling and bowing graciously. Speaking of the convention upon his return General Secretary Baer said: "I think the greatest demonstration of the convention was for Christian union. Speakers vied with each other in dwelling upon that thought. Every reference to a closer relation between England and America was received with cheers. Every one seemed of the opinion that Christian Endeavor is one of the agencies, with its common methods of work and common name, to bring the nations of the world closer together."

Meetings of church young people held in this country this summer show no falling off in interest. Both the two large bodies, Luther League and Baptist Union, met in Cincinnati. The former elected a new president, its old one refusing longer to serve because he felt the honor should go elsewhere, and it has in contemplation the selection of a general secretary who shall devote his entire time to the work. What the

league is accomplishing is the bringing into better and closer relationship the various bodies of Lutherans, and it is getting and holding the young men and women in the church who were, for language and other reasons, going to other bodies or to no place and work at all. The Baptist Union is accomplishing the same thing as the league. Three years ago it got north and south together, and at the recent convention, where eight thousand delegates assembled, quite as many came from south as from north of the Ohio river. The reading courses, always prominent work of the Baptist North organization, have been taken up by the Baptists South. The union's convention next year will be held in Chicago, and the first decade's efforts will be marked off and celebrated.

Both in England and in America Methodists have been met with the question whether their Twentieth Century Fund efforts, in England for one million guineas and in America for twenty million dollars, might not cause the church to forget the spiritual part. In England, unorganized efforts have been made ever since the collection of the one million guineas began to keep spiritual interest to the front, but in America a Twentieth Century Commission has been authorized by the general conference, charged as strongly to accomplish its spiritual as is the other commission its financial purpose. Bishop Thoburn, who is not to



THE PARAMOUNT ISSUE.

—New York World.

return to India for some time, is at the head of it, and its purpose will be to so arouse the evangelical side of the church, that it may keep at or above par while the monetary campaign is on.

Methodists have already begun to elect delegates to the conference of Methodists of the world, which is to take place in London next September a year. Its first session is to be held in Old City Road Chapel, where John Wesley preached, and in the yard of which both he and his brother Charles lie buried. Some of the English Methodist bodies have their delegations complete, but American Methodists North and South have as yet but tentative lists, to be passed upon finally by the boards of bishops, yet to meet. There is tremendous pressure for places upon the delegation, in spite of the fact that each delegate is expected to pay his own expenses. This is the third world conference of Methodism to be held, the last one meeting in Washington.

Cardinals of the Church of Rome are forbidden to discuss the papal succession, either before or after a pope dies. But they and their friends do not obey the injunction. This is a Roman Catholic Jubilee Year, and the gossips have been saying that its many services might prove too much for Leo XIII., who is past ninety. Pilgrims coming back from Rome report five cardinals as favorites. They are Parrochi, Gotti, Svampa, Rampolla and Vannutelli. Cardinal Parrochi is the grand old man of the college, the son of a miller, began poor, and raised himself to his great prominence through his own ability. But he is nearing seventy and is in poor health. Cardinal Gotti is the Barefoot Carmelite, Svampa is the Archbishop of Bologna, Rampolla is the Secretary of State, and Vannutelli is the elder of two brothers in the college of that name. The tragic death of King Humbert does not change the situation. Leo XIII. has opposed the monarchy first, last and all the time, and he has so fastened his policy upon his church that his successor, whoever he is, will have to follow it. The gossips favor most Cardinal Gotti, but it is a saying that favorites never fare well in papal conclave.

Roman Catholic societies having a combined membership of six hundred thousand have agreed to federate, not for political

ends but for the spread of Catholic doctrines, and the general advance of Catholic religious interests. Each society is to retain its present identity and organization, but an elected senate will be chosen to act for all of them.

The societies are not Paulists, Jesuits, or others having members who are priests, but the Knights of Columbus, the Ancient Order of Hibernians, the Bohemian Union, the Holy Name, and all of those at present identified with the National Catholic Young Men's Union. Some of them are insurance and beneficial organizations, but emphasis is laid rather upon spiritual bodies, and spiritual uplift work. One purpose is declared to be the greater diffusion of Catholic literature and a larger support of the Catholic periodical press.



FRANCIS E. CLARK,
President International Society of Christian Endeavor.

Cardinal Satolli, who was the first apostolic delegate whom the pope of Rome ever sent to the United States, has just been raised to the prefecture or presidency of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, the great Roman Catholic missionary agency. The receipts of this society in 1899 were \$1,356,811, an increase of \$23,000 over the previous year, but an amount not so great by \$500,000 as the receipts of the Church Missionary Society of the Church of England. It is to be noted, however, that a large proportion of Roman Catholic missionary effort is put forth by the orders, the Franciscans and Benedictines especially, and by the Society of Jesus, or Jesuits. The late prefect of this famous society was Cardinal Ledochowski, the Pole, whom Prince Bismarck threw into prison, and whom Pope Pius IX. made a cardinal upon his release, in part to reward a faithful prelate and in part to spite the German chancellor. The Polish cardinal retires on account of ill health and advancing years.

There are four new and interesting things about the Presbyterian Church North, two

of them just made public by the Rev. Dr. W. H. Roberts, the stated clerk of the general assembly. They are: (1) The membership passed the 1,000,000 mark, being now 1,007,689. (2) A turn in the tide has been effected, and the growth in membership, which has been falling behind its usual ratio for several years, shows 23,782, or two and two-fifths per cent for the year, a number almost equalling the best record of ordinary years. (3) Every benevolent board is out of debt. (4) Presbyterians have a Twentieth Century Fund Commission, which has met and organized. Upon its membership are the Rev. Drs. Marcus A. Brownson, of Philadelphia; George T. Purves, who succeeded the Rev. Dr. John Hall; Richard D. Harlan, of Rochester, who is a son of Justice Harlan; Mr. John H. Converse, who makes locomotives and is at the head of the gospel tent work in Philadelphia, and the Hon. John Wanamaker. When the Old and the New School Presbyterians came together in 1871 a reunion fund amounting to almost \$8,000,000 was raised. Now it is intended to outdo that effort. If you were to support all the Presbyterian churches North and contribute all the money which they contribute to benevolent purposes, how much do you think you would need to foot the bill? Almost

exactly \$16,000,000, for that is the amount spent in maintaining them and given by them to missionary and educational purposes. That is the amount for Presbyterians North, not for the United, the Reformed, or the Southern bodies.



For several years foreign missionary secretaries of North America have held an annual conference in New York, generally in the fall, to discuss methods common to all of them. The Ecumenical Conference on Foreign Missions in April last expressed the view that greater economy of administration both at home and on the field is possible, and suggested the calling of a conference on the subject. Conditions in China having become acute, it has been decided to turn the usual conference this year to account in a discussion of what the churches ought to do with the Chinese situation, and how they may work there and elsewhere to greater effect and economy. On the day preceding the conference there is to be a meeting of all Presbyterian missionaries to China but now in this country on leave, to take account of the situation, and decide what ought to be done in rebuilding destroyed stations. The dates are September 20, 21, and 22.



ENTRANCE TO PRESBYTERIAN MISSION, WEI HIEN, CHINA.

(Destroyed by Boxers.)



FOREIGN CONSULS-GENERAL AND CONSULS AT SHANGHAI.

AN AMERICAN CONSULATE IN CHINA.

BY MARY H. KROUT.



THE United States consulate in Shanghai is one of the most important in the Far East, if not in the world. Diplomatically, it ranks with that of London, Liverpool, Paris, St. Petersburg, Rio Janeiro, Calcutta and Hongkong. This consulate comprises a small world within itself presided over by the consul-general, who is head and chief, whose word is law, whose official ultimatum, in many important emergencies, is decisive, and to whom obedience is yielded without question.

In view of the charge made against our government that it is constantly changing its consular representatives, it may be said that there have been five English, three German and three Austrian consuls-general in Shanghai since the appointment of Mr. Goodnow, the American representative, a little over two years ago. This circumstance makes him the senior consul, a matter of some importance, as will be seen.

The peculiar prerogative which he enjoys as senior consul-general makes the American representative both judge of the consular

court and the chief municipal magistrate for one thousand or more Americans who are in his consular district, and much of his time is devoted to their affairs. Sometimes it is a sailor whose ship has left him behind, after a round of dissipation on shore, or a friendless globe-trotter, or an unsuccessful commercial agent whose plans have miscarried and who finds himself alone and penniless, thousands of miles from home, in a strange land. There is no special fund available for the relief of such unfortunates, who are a burden on the hands of United States consuls the world over; but funds are raised repeatedly by private subscription among their fellow countrymen, the most generous and hospitable people to be found anywhere, and they are sent on their way, in all probability to turn up again, as needy and improvident as before.

At times these cases assume the aspect of grim tragedy, as a scar in the ceiling of one of the rooms of the consulate bears evidence—a patch of fresh plastering showing where the old was shattered by a bullet

which blew out a man's brains and then buried itself there. He was of that somewhat rare type,—too proud to betray his sad circumstances, to ask for assistance, or to face the friends, defeated and forlorn, whom he had probably left with high hopes and brilliant promise of success. He lies buried in a neglected grave in the Protestant burying-ground, the brief, sad chapter of his life closed forever. The consulate at Shanghai was the scene of still another tragedy, when a despairing creature took his life on the main stairway, shooting himself through the heart, and dying instantly.

The consul-general has the supervision of nine dependent consulates, each of which must communicate through him with the State Department in Washington, and with the legation in Peking. His powers, it will thus be seen, are very large, although they are more extended than really authoritative, his relations being advisory rather than actually those of a superior. Nevertheless, within the course of the year he endeavors personally to visit each of the nine consulates that he may acquaint himself with its workings and with the methods of its incumbent. These dependent consulates are New-chwang, Tien-Tsin, Chefoo, Chinkiang, Hankow, Foo-chow, Amoy, Chungking and Canton. Of these, Chungking, one of the most important cities in Western China, has been an open port but a comparatively short time. It is reached only by the Yang-tse, a long and difficult journey of many weeks, involving the navigation of the dangerous rapids of the Yang-tse gorges where hundreds of native boats are wrecked annually. In addition to these official visits there are important judicial duties growing out of the extraterritorial rights of foreigners living in China or carrying on business there.

No action can be taken against an American for any offense except in the American consular court, through a warrant issued by the consul-general, and upon charges preferred by him. On the other hand, if the offender is a Chinese who has committed a crime or misdemeanor within what is known as the foreign settlement—that quarter in which Americans and Europeans reside, which has been built on land secured by perpetual lease from the Imperial government—the defendant must be tried in a mixed court. This is a court in which the presiding magistrate is a Chinese with an American or European as associate judge, the two agreeing upon a verdict. The verdict in a court of this nature cannot be set aside. The

English, Germans and Americans are foremost in importance in the mixed court, since they represent the three most influential governments and those most largely represented, commercially and socially, in the foreign settlement.

Shanghai, as a municipality, can be sued only in the court of consuls—a court composed of three representatives elected by the consular body from the fourteen treaty consuls accredited to Shanghai. The three most influential take precedence in order of their seniority as follows: American, English and German. The sittings of the court of consuls are held at the consulate of the senior consul; in other words, at the American consulate, where the large drawing-room is temporarily converted into a court-room. A clerk performs his special duties as in ordinary courts, and cases are prosecuted according to the regular forms of American and English jurisprudence.

The foreign settlement of Shanghai has remained within its recent boundaries for about forty years. The town consequently greatly outgrew its limits, and it became necessary to extend them. Negotiations were begun through the consular body, and the much-needed land was at last secured, more through the personal efforts of the American consul-general than through any other of the resident consuls. For this reason the viceroy at Nanking calls the new extension "Goodnow's settlement."

With the rapid growth of Shanghai—for the "foreign cities" of the Far East grow as rapidly as those of the occident—the cases referred to the court of consuls are becoming more and more numerous and important. They usually appertain to land tenure, riparian rights, road extension and matters like those over which city governments in Europe and the United States have jurisdiction. For example, it may determine a question of right of way over land submerged at high tide along the water-front, which can be reached at low tide only by crossing holdings owned by those living adjacent to the disputed territory. Before the foreign settlement had grown to its present extent, people who held these lands extorted a heavy tax from those who were forced to cross their holdings to reach the water-front. Such disputes, in accordance with Chinese methods, were pending sometimes for twenty-five or thirty years. The court is not empowered to deal with political disputes, which are referred to the State Department and the Imperial government at Peking.



COURT OF CONSULS, SHANGHAI, HELD AT AMERICAN CONSULATE.

As the law administered in the American consular court must be general in its character, it differs from the local law of any particular state or country. The United States statutes and what is termed the common law must guide those who are officially empowered to further the ends of justice. All crimes and misdemeanors, from murder and arson down to drunkenness, come before the consul in his judicial capacity. When the sentence may not exceed ninety days' imprisonment, or the litigation does not involve a sum greater than five hundred dollars, he may sit alone, and his decision is final.

When the amount in dispute shall exceed five hundred dollars, or a longer term of imprisonment than ninety days is possible, he may have two associates, called assessors, chosen by lot, out of a list of one hundred American residents in good standing, living in the foreign settlement. This list the incoming consul-general usually makes out upon his arrival at his new post. In the event of disagreement between the consul-general and the assessors, the case may be appealed to the minister at Peking, and his decision cannot be reversed. In all such litigation in

our consulate—for the same course of procedure is observed by all—in cases involving over twenty-five hundred dollars, gold, the court of the last resort is the United States Circuit Court of California, that having been selected only for convenience, because of its proximity to China.

In cases of murder committed on land, the extreme penalty is imprisonment for life, the place where the sentence shall be served being selected by the court. When the crime has been committed at sea, on board ship, the death penalty is inflicted. This discrimination is doubtless a recognition of the necessity for absolute subordination on shipboard, an appreciation of the fact that a murder by one of a vessel's crew may lead to mutiny; that murder by a passenger is a menace to the peace and tranquility that must be guaranteed, at any cost, in such close quarters, far removed from outside aid.

There has been one execution in the United States consulate at Shanghai, a man having been hanged in the jail during the term of Consul-General Seward. There is now one prisoner serving a life sentence in the consular jail at Shanghai,—the prison being one of the authorized attachments of the

consulate, and the only American prison in China. The man killed a Chinese in Canton, while intoxicated, and the consul-general went to that port to conduct the trial. After carefully considering the evidence, the murderer was sentenced to imprisonment for life—a verdict that greatly impressed the Chinese authorities with the fair dealing of the consular court. It was certainly a striking contrast to a case that had been tried some years before, in which the defendant received a very light sentence—injustice that roused such indignation among the Chinese that they attacked and almost destroyed the foreign

into evil ways. There has never been a woman imprisoned in the consular jail at Shanghai. In cases where a woman is brought before the consul-general for grave offenses—which is very seldom—she is usually given to understand that her most prudent course is to leave the country, and this she generally can be induced to do. The consul-general, however, has no power to deport offenders of either sex or of any class. The sentences for serious crimes go into effect only with the concurrence of the minister at Peking.

Though the powers of the consular court are



DRAWING-ROOM, UNITED STATES CONSULATE, IN WHICH THE COURT OF CONSULS IS HELD.

settlement in Canton. It should be said that the prisoner now serving out his sentence is a man of fair education and able to assist in the clerical work of the consulate; he is given access to the various offices throughout the day, but is locked in his cell at night.

The sum of fifty cents a day is allowed by the United States government for the maintenance of prisoners, and they are treated with great kindness by both the consul-general and his wife. Many of them are deserters from ships, victims of the opium habit, or unfortunates who have gone out to the East in the hope of bettering their condition and have been stranded there, falling

very large in some directions, as has been shown, they are curiously restricted in others. While, very often, there is no appeal from the decision of the consul-general, who is empowered to administer the law for a large number of citizens, residents of China but actual citizens of the United States, governing them without their consent through laws in which they have never concurred, yet he has no authority to solemnize a marriage or grant a decree of divorce. The consul must witness the ceremony and the marriage may take place in the consulate. This frequently happens, as in the case of an American seaman and a Japanese woman who were

married in the consular drawing-room last January. The groom was a tall, handsome young man, and the wife, exquisitely dressed in Japanese costume, a modest and lovely young girl. The consul-general, however, was only a witness, like his wife and the two or three guests who were present, the ceremony itself being performed by the clergyman of one of the Protestant churches in Shanghai. If a record of the marriage is desired for any cause, the consul-general is present as a witness and the record is transmitted by him through the State Department in Washington.

As an example of the limitations of his official authority, the consul-general is barred from rendering an opinion on such matters as come within the province of the ordinary statutes of the various states, all of which, as we know, differ within constitutional limits in many important particulars, and by which questions pertaining to marriage and divorce are decided.

About ninety-eight per cent of all the legal business transacted in China for and by Americans is done through the medium of the Shanghai consulate. Through the wide and varied experience which the consul-general has thus acquired, cases arising in other treaty ports are referred to this consulate with the consent of the parties interested. Such a case—reported in the newspapers at the time—occurred two years ago. A ship was seized for carrying arms to the Filipinos, and detained at Canton. The case was brought before the consul-general in Shanghai and was satisfactorily settled by him.

The government of Shanghai itself, as a municipality, is as oddly complicated and as full of apparent contradictions as the prerogatives and jurisdiction of the consular court. The foreign settlement is built upon lands held, under treaty, by a perpetual lease from the Imperial government; not one foot of it is actually owned by the foreign residents. The holdings of western powers in China, with the exception of the Russians at Port Arthur, are precisely of the same nature; the land upon which they have built barracks, residences and warehouses has all been granted subject to the same condition, each and all paying a perpetual and stipulated tax to the Imperial government. In Shanghai, as elsewhere, the boundaries of these leasehold concessions are rigidly defined, and the people dwelling within these limits make and administer their own municipal laws, and virtually govern themselves. They appoint and control their own police—usually both

Sikh and Chinese, with European officers—and within the boundaries of the stipulated tract no foreigner can be arrested except upon the warrant of his own consul.

What a commentary is this upon the magnanimity and generosity of the Chinese whom we are in the habit of condemning as the most narrow-minded and illiberal of nations, and who, in our own country, are frequently treated with the grossest injustice! What would we say to the establishment of Chinese cities upon American territory, governed by Chinese laws administered by Chinese magistrates, upon payment of a slight tax levied only to maintain the title of the government and to prevent its permanent transference to the leaseholders?

No resident within the foreign settlement can deal directly with the Chinese authorities in any matter whatsoever. When any disputed question arises which is subject to appeal to the Imperial government, always over and beyond the municipality, it must be adjusted through the intermediation of the fourteen resident consuls. This regulation, with another which makes it impossible to sue the city except before the board of consuls, as individuals must be sued before their representative consuls, places the entire political and judiciary supervision in the hands of the consuls-general. Municipal law, under these conditions, cannot be enforced against an individual for the violation of purely municipal regulations, even if contrary to the general law under which he might be subject to severe penalties that the municipality might be willing to condone. This was illustrated several times in a very interesting manner during the Japan-China war. While China was hostile territory to the belligerent Japanese, the foreign concession of Shanghai—for there is an extensive native city, as well—was neutral ground of which the belligerents were able to avail themselves, and where they could not be molested. During the Taiping rebellion in 1862, no rebel was allowed to approach within twenty-five miles of the city, in accordance with a special regulation enacted at the time. When the rebels attempted to defy this prohibition, the French and English united their forces and drove them back with heavy losses.

It might be supposed that a board of control so diverse and varied as that which governs Shanghai would be divided in its opinions, and would find it difficult to agree as to ways and means. But this has not been the case, at least not to such a degree



Lyman, Goodnow, Hunter, Clerk of Court.

UNITED STATES CONSULAR COURT, SHANGHAI.

that the enactment and enforcement of salutary laws has been interfered with. The city government is as perfect as any in the world; there is a wholesome respect for law and order, and the more serious crimes are rare. The sanitation of the city is conducted on advanced principles, and the cleanliness of the streets, the admirable condition in which they are kept by continual sweeping and repairs, has justly entitled Shanghai to the title that has been given to it, "the Metropolis of the Far East."

The official duties of the consul-general as judge, arbiter and adviser, call him frequently to the nine consulates within his district. The duties of the consul-general at these outlying posts, as elsewhere, are onerous and exacting; he may be called upon to preside at the dedication of a hospital, or to intercede in some transaction when the missionaries wish to reach the ear of the exclusive and conservative Chinese authorities. These demands include prolonged and frequent controversies, the preparation and delivery of public addresses, the constant interchange of official and private hospitality, for which the government has made no financial provision, and which have the effect of very materially lessening its representative's none too liberal salary of only five thousand dollars a year. In addition to the salary —

a pittance compared to that paid the representatives of European governments — there are certain unimportant consular fees, worth about one thousand dollars more, derived chiefly from affixing the consular seal to official documents and from other notorial work.

The meager pay of our consuls is a matter of whose importance congressmen who are themselves essentially provincial can never be convinced. Knowing little of any world but that in which they have moved and had their being, entirely ignorant of the established usage of diplomacy and the cosmopolitan society in which the consular representative must dwell, they forget that a proper consideration for appearances is an absolute necessity; and pettiness and meanness, and certain sorts of small economy bring us into contempt and minimize our influence with European powers, which in their long experience have acquired a very salutary worldly wisdom. There is hardly a consulate in the world where the American representative is not the most shabbily housed, poorly served, and poorly paid man among his consular associates. Frequently his means are so inadequate that he is unable to return, in any proper degree, the social favors that have been shown him. Through parsimony that curtails expense here that the government may be wantonly lavish with certain

species of bold and notorious jobbery, its representatives abroad are often placed in the humiliating attitude of mere hangers-on—men tolerated, but not respected. It also explains why so many entirely objectionable persons are appointed to consular posts, aside from the confessed reward for purely political service, in which fitness, intelligence and ordinary good breeding cut no figure. Men of refinement, of culture and experience refuse to be so abased.

Worst of all to tell, our diplomatic representatives, harassed by the ever-present need of money, are occasionally tempted to engage in commercial or professional occupations, that are distinctly unlawful. The consular service has been involved more than once in scandals that, in the end, were disastrous and highly discreditable, from this very cause. Whenever these arguments are brought forward, the class which controls, or at least influences, consular appointments always replies: "Oh, well, if A is dissatisfied with the post B will be glad to get it;" and the fact that B is the most undeserving and incompetent person that could be selected, is of no consequence; he is willing to accept the salary with its attendant cheese-paring, or with a fixed determination to increase his stipend by every possible means, honorable or the reverse. This may be considered a slander upon our diplomatic service, but let those who are disposed to so regard it make a canvass of the consulates in Asia, the East Indies, and the British possessions in the Far East, and learn for themselves the record made by men destitute of both brains and character, who have been sent out to these remote countries, either "to get rid of them," or because it was supposed that, being so far away, their misdemeanors would be concealed. They forget that the steamship and the submarine telegraph cable have annihilated distance; and, above all, that the foreign element in oriental cities is comprised of people who are thoroughly cosmopolitan; those who bring with them all the culture and polish of European capitals—among whom the clown and the rustic cut a sorry figure indeed. The United States has had in the past men who were known to be the agents of California whisky manufacturers; the agents of gigantic monopolies who were competing with Russian and other corporations in the same line; with others who have alienated the foreign element by contracting marriage with native women, thereby ostracizing themselves and their innocent, ignorant wives

and children; or, throwing every conscientious scruple to the wind, have engaged boldly and shamelessly in the worst forms of oriental vice. There can be no hope of bettering conditions until the whole method of consular appointment, with its entirely inadequate scale of remuneration, is readjusted and reformed.

The staff of the consul-general comprises the vice-consul, marshal and jailor, interpreter, the Chinese *comprador* and a retinue of Chinese messengers.

The *comprador*, Wong Soong Dong, is an educated Chinese, a man of great wealth, the go-between, to use the Chinese term, in important transactions between the American and native authorities, through whose hands large sums of money are received and disbursed. He is the most urbane and courteous of men, with all the dignity and serenity of his race and class, and, arrayed in his splendid garments of silk and brocade, is as pleasing in appearance as he is agreeable in manners and conversation. He receives his compatriots in his own office within the consulate, and entertains them in Chinese fashion with cakes, tea and sweetmeats, and they decide among themselves just how great a "squeeze" is their lawful due from the especial transaction they may have in hand. Wong Soong Dong has held his present position for nearly thirty years; he was *comprador* at the time General Grant made his tour around the world, and he displays with much pride a souvenir given him by the "American Emperor," as the Chinese called General Grant. This is an American eagle, made of fine gold, which Wong Soong Dong wears on his watch chain. The *comprador* is paid a salary of thirty dollars a month, in gold, but he has an income from his great and varied private interests of twelve thousand dollars per annum. He retains his office because of the dignity which it confers, and it is considered highly creditable both to the man himself and to our own government that he should have been retained in his post for so many years.

Since no foreigner can communicate directly with any Chinese official on any pretext whatever, the go-between is a recognized national institution, and he is in evidence from the arrangement of a marriage to the negotiation of a treaty. So far as the United States consulate is concerned, this custom necessitates frequent communication with Peking. Upon the map Peking is apparently within a few hours' journey of Shanghai; in reality, when navigation is open

and the mails are promptly and regularly despatched, at least eight days must elapse before a reply can be received to a letter sent from Shanghai to the capital. There is now telegraphic communication between Shanghai and Peking, but the rates are exorbitant, and the Imperial telegraph, notwithstanding its imposing name, cannot be wholly relied upon.

A Chinese viceroy can confer with and receive no one who is his social or political inferior. Diplomatic precedence is as fixed as the law of the Medes and the Persians throughout the Far East, where the smallest detail of ordinary etiquette is of paramount importance. The consul-general, therefore, is the one official through whom negotiations must be transacted between his own government and the emperor's representatives. This is an additional responsibility and, probably, the most important duty imposed upon him, since it lies measurably within his province to precipitate or avert political complications that might prove very embarrassing.

The consulate in Shanghai is the only one in the Far East which conducts a regularly organized post-office. In proportion to the amount of mail it handles, it is almost as fully equipped as any office in the United States. In the mailing-room matter received by American and other steamers is carefully sorted; that for inland missions and other large distributing points being placed in its own sacks to be resorted at the place to which it is sent. Letters and important official documents, only, are sent to Peking during the winter—between the first of December and the last of March—when navigation is closed, and the mails are despatched overland, a long and difficult journey which, in the absence of roads and convenient vehicles, occupies many days.

All mail sent out through the consular post-office in Shanghai,—and this includes the correspondence of all the American firms and the American residents of the city,—is stamped, not with the yellow dragon stamps of the new Imperial service, but the familiar stamps that are used in the United States. They can be bought in large or small quantities. About seventy sacks of mail matter are received by the regular mail steamers from San Francisco, and when it arrives nearly the entire consular force, irrespective of their positions, fall to work to help distribute the letters, parcels and papers. These are not disposed of in the haphazard fashion that prevails in so many of the

consulates, where letters are so frequently mislaid or hopelessly lost, but are placed in lettered boxes, to which no one but the vice-consul or his assistant has access. The globe-trotter, sojourning temporarily in Shanghai, can therefore count with almost as much certainty as at home on receiving his letters safely and promptly. Considering the great distance they have traveled, surprisingly few ever go astray. This is largely due to the perfect system that prevails.

The mail addressed to the consulate itself is very heavy, amounting to hundreds of letters received and despatched each week. These letters relate to all manner of subjects, official and personal. Many of them are inquiries as to business opportunities and investments in the Far East, with others pertaining to religious, political and educational matters; still others concern individuals—men and even women, who have disappeared from their homes in the United States, and have been vaguely heard of among the flotsam and jetsam that ebbs and flows through this great open port. Upon the replies all manner of strange and important contingencies depend—the settlement of estates, the discovery and identification of heirs, the setting aside of marriage contracts, and the countless complications and consequences that go to make up the most solemn tragedies of life. The present consul-general is extremely painstaking and methodical, and it is safe to say that every item of any consequence—with many that are the reverse—of this voluminous correspondence receives his personal notice, as his prompt replies generally attest.

With all its other departments the consulate has its land-office where deeds are officially registered. The so-called Torrens land system is in force in the settlement, as elsewhere in China. If land is sold the old deed is returned to the Imperial government, from which the title was acquired, and by which the lease is held in perpetuity, and a new deed is issued. This does away with the labor of making out abstracts and proving titles, although it deprives attorneys of at least one profitable source of income. Under this system a new title is issued with every reconveyance of land within the municipality. Twelve hundred such registrations have been made in the consular land-office.

The entire volume of American trade with Northern China—the densely populated district adjacent to the Gulf of Pechili, which is now the chief field of American activity—

comes within the jurisdiction of the consulate of Shanghai; that for the southern provinces being referred to Hongkong. This consulate, therefore, is the feeder for other commercial centers like Cheefoo, Tien-Tsin, New-chwang, Chinkiang and Hankow. American imports, cottons, drills, flour, petroleum, tobacco and such of our manufactures as the Chinese buy, are billed to Shanghai and trans-shipped from that port. Nearly all imports for North China and the valley of the Yang-tse, which is the chief sphere of British activity as well, are sent to Shanghai, bought by the traders or their agents, and sent up the river or the coast in the small steamers of the local trade.

Since the occupation of the Philippines by the United States, the business ordinarily transacted in the American consulate in Shanghai has increased fivefold, and there has been a proportionate increase in others of the more important eastern consulates, an increase that has been chiefly in the interest of American trade and commerce.

Frequently the agents of corporations organized in the United States are Germans or English. It is probably not fully understood in America that, in the event of misunderstanding or difficulty with the Chinese authorities, the disputed question must be referred, not to the American consulate, but to that of the agent, German or English as the case may be. A peculiar example of consular influence came to the knowledge of the writer during her residence in Shanghai. A commercial association in one

of the eastern cities sent an agent to China, paying him a large salary. He was a German and went to Canton where he remained almost the whole time of his sojourn, a resident of the German consulate. All the information he received concerning American interests in that port was obtained from the consular representative of the German empire, and it is very obvious that, however honest the agent's intent, information received through such a medium must have been more or less prejudiced. No one can doubt this who has any personal knowledge of the jealousy with which the growth of American trade in the Far East is watched by the European powers.

One would suppose it to be imperatively necessary that Americans insist that they be represented in the East by their compatriots, not only to simplify the difficulties of dealing with the authorities — especially the Chinese authorities who are the keenest and wildest commercial class upon the globe, — but because they best understand the energetic and progressive American methods of doing business. But it is a common occurrence for American consuls in all the larger treaty ports to look on and watch contentions over the rights and prerogatives of American corporations disputed by the Chinese on one hand and by the European agent and consul on the other — none of whom clearly understand the point at issue, judged from a purely American standpoint.

The United States consulate in Shanghai



OFFICE OF UNITED STATES CONSUL-GENERAL.

is a well-constructed five-story building, in the very heart of the business center, midway between the Bund and the Bubbling Well road. The jail and shipping offices are on the ground floor; the *comprador* and the land agent occupy the front rooms on the first floor—using the term in its English significance—while the post-office and consular court are in the rear. On the second floor are the offices of the consul and vice-consul, and the drawing-room occupies the third. The remainder of the building is set apart for the family and servants.

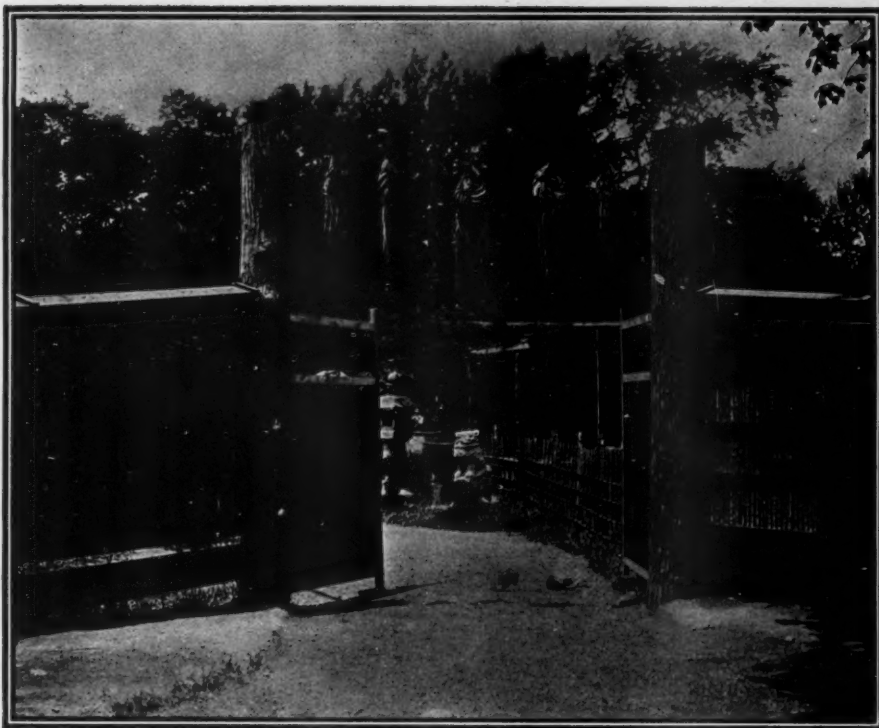
The consular drawing-room is utilized in many ways; it is here, as has been said, that the court of consuls—which must not be confused with the consular court—is held; and educational and other organizations whose membership is largely American also meet here. Twice a month it is set apart for the sessions of the American Woman's Literary Club, which has been modeled after such institutions in the United States. Mrs. Helen E. Rich, the president, and the wife of the consul-general have been largely instrumental in organizing and holding it together. As a matter of course, the wife of the consul-general, as the hostess of the consulate, receives her friends one afternoon—Tuesday—of each week, and a certain number of ceremonious official luncheons and dinners, with the formal observance of the national holidays, must be given at regular intervals throughout the year.

With all the many factions that spring up in such a community, the consulate becomes a sort of common ground whereon people may meet and amicably agree to disagree, forgetting their small resentments and remembering only that they are citizens of a common country, living in temporary exile. It will thus be seen that, in all its many and diverse departments, the consulate is a small world within itself—American territory coming under the *ægis* of American law, and under the protection of the American flag which floats over it perpetually.

Before concluding it may be pertinent to touch briefly upon a measure recently recommended by the secretary of state. This is that our government shall send out to China a number of young men, educated in American universities, to acquire the Chinese language, and to act, then, as interpreters to our diplomatic representatives. This wise course Great Britain has always pursued, and she, no doubt, owes to this policy that knowledge of eastern peoples which has enabled her to retain her hold upon her own eastern possessions, and so often to obtain the advantage where she is in competition with other western nations. Nothing could be more apparent than the wisdom of this proposition of the secretary of state. The rule of the Chinese official is so autocratic that the interpreter hardly dare present a question without bias, fearing the official displeasure and dreading its inevitable consequences. More than this, what the author of "Chinese Characteristics" has cleverly termed the national talent for "indirection" is another serious stumbling-block in the way of a clear understanding between the diplomat and the interpreter. No Chinese can be induced to consider a straightforward question, or to make a direct and literal statement. It is the land of circumlocution, and the Chinese has a certain mental twist which is inherent; he excels in concealing his real opinions by the use of excessive metaphor. The calm, exact representations of the American interpreter would serve, in many instances, to lessen labor of a trivial nature which could be performed by a competent subordinate, leaving the consular representative free for more responsible work which, of itself, is sufficient to absorb his entire strength and time.

And if this is true now, it will be doubly true within the next five years when the claims of Europe in the almost certain dismemberment of China come up for adjudication in the courts of the western powers.





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ENTRANCE TO THE TEA-GARDEN.

A BIT OF JAPAN IN AMERICA.

BY VINCENT VAN MARTER BEEDE.



TABLET legend in a tea-garden at Omori, Japan, declares that "the sight of the plum-blossom causes the ink to flow in the writing-room," and one is inclined to endorse the words when the delicate, blended sweetness of unnamable flowers greets him before he has put foot across the entrance of a Japanese tea-garden situate half an hour's railway journey from New York, and all but on the side of Orange Mountain, New Jersey. Strong contrasts are often painful, sometimes pleasing. To leave the murk and hurly-burly of a great city, to look upon things green and growing, to alight at a depot where deliberation reigns, and finally to see sunlight striking a strangely attractive bamboo fence—such procedure presents strong contrasts, and yet is not too theatrical in arrangement.

The fence leaves room at its base for any

active child to crawl through—yet none has done so, and circus managers will do well to adopt this form of Japanese astuteness in reference to long-skirted tents. The main entrance gates are barred and cross-barred with polished bamboo which summer showers seem only to improve. The string of dangling tassels over the gate is too unusual not to be symbolic of welcome. A picture as if fresh removed from a screen is confined by the gate-posts. The sky is a strong Japanese blue, and the weeping willows are Japanese "by position," if not "by nature," to put it grammatically. The portion of an arbor, the gravel walk losing itself among trees, the *ishidoros* (stone lamps), idols, and gargoyle-like images, and the tea-houses with their gay awnings, are harmonious in every detail, for Japanese landscape-gardening is pure art. Thanks to certain "foreign devils" (no offense) for keeping out of the

screen while we look. Now the *tableau* is really *vivant*, for a coolie of small stature has busied himself about a plant and moves away, a *jinrikisha* in tow.

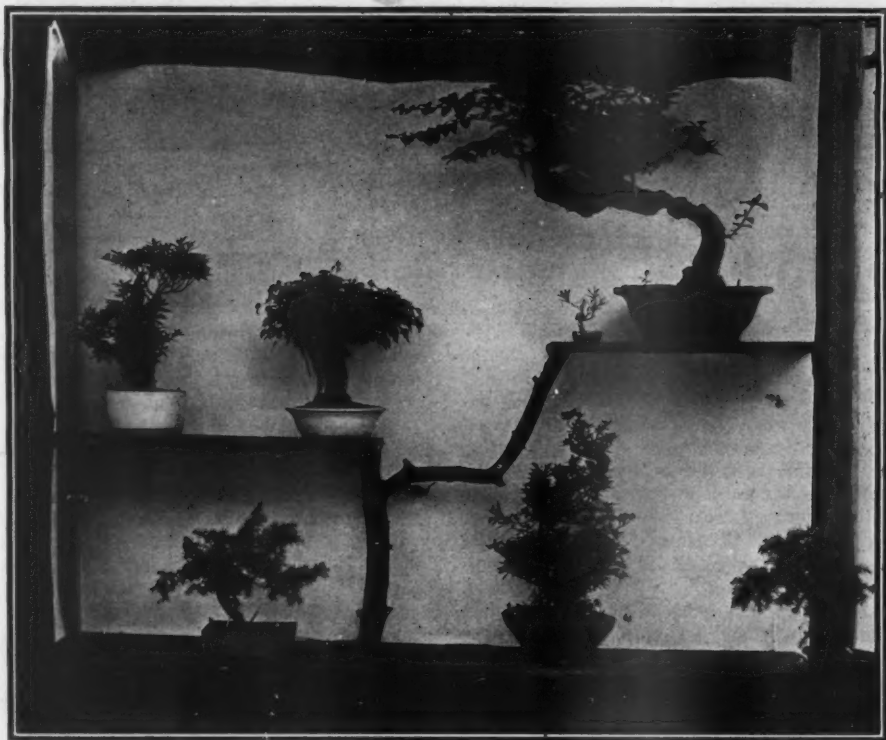
This is July. In three months four acres of crude American landscape-gardening have been converted into a tea-garden by Japanese who learned their art in such marvelous gardens as those of the famous Count Okuma, the one-legged statesman who bids fair to be Japan's next premier. The gardens of this nobleman at Waseda, on the outskirts of Tokio, are valued at millions of dollars. Every morning when he is at his villa the count is borne through his shrubbery, for gardening is with him a passionate hobby. Many of the choicest flora in this American garden are tokens of his generosity and of his desire to awaken in us commercial westerners a little of the disinterested æstheticism of the east.

Japanese tea of the genuine brew is not to be resisted, and the Rest-House close by the tea-room is furnished with wide seats in deference to American custom. Red and

white draperies stir overhead, and tapestries of wistaria (*fuji*) will offer next year at this time penetrating incense in purple censers. The tea is strong and of exquisite flavor. The leaves are pounded to powder, and the pinch placed in your cup is covered with boiling water.

The actual tea-room is void of benches and therefore bound to be strictly ornamental in chair-ridden America. Its one wall is white cotton cloth tightly stretched. Against this simple background are brought out in vivid relief pots of azaleas, narcissi, maples and junipers. Again a screen-like effect. A gardener, noting our interest, concernedly moved a pot a fraction of an inch to the left; evidently the position of the plant had deviated a hair's-breadth from the complicated canons of the Arrangement of Flowers. We approved of the act in wise and smiling ignorance, feeling inwardly grateful, just the same, that there exists a flower-culture in which the artistic sense of fitness is as keen as the desire to sell so many at so much.

Words failed us when we moved along



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DECORATIVE ARRANGEMENT OF JAPANESE PLANTS AND DWARF TREES.



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THE RAREST DWARFED TREE OUTSIDE OF JAPAN.

arbor paths hemmed in by dwarfed trees and shrubs. If it had not been for our friend the gardener, we would have passed by with a modicum of interest the rarest dwarfed tree outside of Japan, and one of the rarest in the Land of the Cherry-Blossom itself. This oddly symmetrical, pine-like pygmy of a tree is a *hibo-shibe* (*thaya obertesa nana*), which ceased to grow these ten centuries back and would be difficult to purchase at ten thousand dollars. Its gnarled branches — gnarled for a distinct artistic reason by the hand of a Buddhist priest — are laden with invisible burdens of religious lore, the accumulation of a thousand years. Many a priest in the ancient temple brought himself into rapt contemplation of Infinite Bliss by gazing long at this tree, the symbol of eternity.

Tiny trees as perfect in their dwarfhood as though they had attained full stature, grew sturdily — rather, stopped growing — in shallow porcelain dishes. A two-foot maple aged seventy-five years had leaved as greenly as the fifty-foot cousin on our lawn at home. These diminutive growths reminded us of Stevenson's verses concerning "The Little Land." One needs but to bring his eyes on a level with a miniature magnolia to find himself among the elves. Some of

these trees are dwarfs among dwarfs. A hornbeam six inches high clung to a three-inch "boulder," and a juniper of the same size was the center of attraction in a tiny garden where a lakelet bathed the foot of a rocky bluff. A winding path, strewn with carefully-chosen stepping-stones, led to the water, in which a porcelain coolie was watching a porcelain horse in the act of drinking. An atmosphere genuinely eastern surrounded the three-foot landscape.

In the entrance room of the forcing-houses a huge package of tobacco used for soil enrichment gave forth a pungent odor, and there were supplies of porcelain and copper vases warranted to bring water to the mouth of a connoisseur. And who but a Japanese could conceive of so graceful a carrying-box as the "horse-tubs," and the boxes of lacquered *papier mâché*?

At the foot of Silken Canopy Mountain (a hill in miniature) there are such delicious details of landscape-gardening as it is safe to say not even geometrical Versailles can afford. Where by a prosaic lakeside in prosaic America can one find, in a bamboo cage, a black-and-white crane symbolic of long-livedness, and reputed, by reason of his scarlet cap, to be two hundred years old? This trim bird, plucked from a temple



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THE CERULEAN LAKE, WITH GONDOLA.



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A CORNER OF THE GARDEN.

lotus-pond, was too nervous for Mr. Hewitt's efforts at a snap-shot. Exquisite purple Japanese iris had been planted close to his bars, but the flowers had no interest for him. Next season *Seki-sui-chi* (Cerulean Lake) will be gay with white and blue lotus-flowers. Possibly some tired traveler will be tempted to munch a lotus-leaf or two in the Heart-Cleansing Summer-House. This artistic bit of architecture on one side looks out upon the lake, and on the other upon a cascade which unfortunately does not flow.

By the shore of the lake stand cranes and turtles constructed of foliage trained over patterns of withes. The spindling legs of the cranes are the growing trunks of dwarfed trees. The birds stand in lifelike attitudes of feeding and listening. On the slope of Silken Canopy Mountain rabbits and dogs of shrubbery cock their ears saucily in the direction of the sour-visaged and moss-stained image of the god Inari. *Ishidoros*, stumps of trees designed as seats for pilgrims, and a cluster of shrubs, surround this



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THE RAINBOW BRIDGE AND MINIATURE ISLAND.

A gondola is moored to the house, and a coolie will paddle you about for a small tip.

Islands big and little—big only in the Japanese sense—are in the Cerulean Lake. Nearly all are reached by foot-bridges, but one, a plant-covered boulder, is sacred to Buddha, who, in the form of a statuette, guards the lake. The Rainbow Bridge can be crossed, but the undertaking would be truly difficult were it not for cleats. Its abrupt span is suggestive of a box-turtle as well as a rainbow, and besides being a pretty conceit, is a clever piece of carpentry.

shrine. Perhaps—for we know them only by hearsay—among these shrubs are *nantens*, with red and white berries and leaves that whisper ill-luck; the shrub whose fragrant blossoms are likened to Buddha's fingers; and the *guzuru-ha*, from which it is said no leaf falls until another has grown behind it, thus indicating that a father is to see his son full grown before the former dies. At any rate, the garden is full of meaning even to cold-blooded Saxons, and to sit in the shrine of Inari is to drink one's fill of oriental fancy.

THE SONGS OF FREEDOM.

BY LEON MEAD.



LD Fletcher of Saltoun said: "If I may make the songs of a nation, I care not who makes its laws." The great majority of poets have failed to realize fully such an ambition. In many instances bards have aimed too far above the heads of the people, having written to please themselves rather than the masses. Shelley, for example, was the worshiper of an ideal liberty which only scholars can pretend to understand. No one disputes that many of Shelley's lines contain the quintessence of poetry; but his mystifying subtleties prevent him from being popularly understood or appreciated, especially in regard to his ideas of liberty. Byron's freedom songs are open to the same criticism.

Out of the vast mass of poetic literature the number of national songs adapted for permanent use is surprisingly small. Of heroic ballads, stirring lyrics, folk and religious songs there is no end; but freedom songs, with the unmistakable ring which thrills the pulses of a whole people who never tire of repeating the inspired refrains, are indeed few. Many otherwise praiseworthy songs are too deep intellectually or too discursive to catch the public fancy. They fail to crystallize in melodic form the sentiments, the national passions and heart-burnings of the people to whom they are addressed. The genuine song of freedom has usually been the product of some tremendous patriotic impulse, some epoch-making crisis. Moreover, the great song of freedom depends upon another important essential, namely, its singing quality. Its meter must not falter or limp or be affected by the poet's mannerisms. It must be mellifluous, but characteristic and distinctive. The words must fit the music and the music must harmonize with the words. Burns's perfect ear for melody is shown in every one of his lines. But none the less marked was his power to move the feelings and emotions. Note, too, the remarkable grace and tunefulness of Thomas Moore's Irish melodies and national songs. Their very titles are poetically suggestive. A composer could desire no more inspiring themes than these: "Go Where Glory Waits Thee," "The Harp That Once Through Tara's Halls," "Lay His Sword by His Side," "'Tis the Last

Rose of Summer," "Oft in the Stilly Night."

Not a few songs possessing a full measure of patriotic fire and fervor have been so unhappily cast in metrical arrangement as wholly to lack that indispensable singing quality which has been mentioned. Others have been absolutely spoiled by an unsympathetic musical treatment.

Doubtless the most successful authors of freedom songs have recognized the invaluable aid music contributes to them; for it has been their practice to write words to old martial airs that people could not forget. In this connection an interesting question presents itself as to which gives a song its permanent vogue, the words or the music. It frequently happens that people can remember an air when they have forgotten the words. They seldom remember the words and forget the tune. It does not seem as though any more mental exertion were required to retain the one than the other. The fact that a person forgets the words sooner than the air accompanying them does not prove that the tune is the more important adjunct of the composition. For it is certain that the music instrumentally rendered never produces the same enthusiastic effect as when properly sung. This, however, is scarcely germane to the subject, and the digression may be ended with the suggestion that the words and music should equally share the honors.

The United States being the largest, the grandest, the most advanced of the comparatively few republics of the world, what is more natural than that it should produce the greatest number of songs of freedom? In our country the spirit of liberty has had a healthy growth from the beginning.

The first and foremost in our budget of freedom songs is "America," sometimes called, from its initial line, "My Country, 'Tis of Thee." The author, the late Samuel Francis Smith, D. D., born in Boston, October 21, 1808, was a divinity student at Andover, Massachusetts, in 1832, when a number of music-books were loaned to him by the famous Dr. Lowell Mason, to whom they had been presented by a friend, William C. Woodbridge, shortly after the latter's return from Germany. In one of these

books Mr. Smith found a song entitled "Heil dir im Siegerkranz," the words of which were written by Heinrich Harries, a Holstein clergyman, in celebration of the birth of Christian VII. of Denmark. The melody of this song was that of "God Save the Queen," which the reverend gentleman,

About three years later he died, never dreaming what wide influence his music would have upon the feelings and affairs of men. Fifty years after Carey composed "God Save the Queen," it was published in Germany to the words "Heil dir im Siegerkranz," and became the national air of the German empire.

THE AMERICAN HYMN.

Words and Music by M. KELLER.

SOPRANO.
mf

ALTO.
1. Speed our Re - pub - lic, O Fa - ther on high! Lead us in path - ways of jus - tice and right;
2. Fore - most in bat - tle for Free - dom to stand, We rush to arms when a - roused by its call;
3. Faith - ful and hon - est to friend and to foe - Will - ing to die in hu - man - i - ty's cause -
4. Rise up, proud ex - gle, rise up to the clouds, Spread thy broad wings o'er this fair west - ern world;

TENOR.

BASS.
mf *f*

Rul - ers, as well as the ruled, "One and all," Gir - die with vir - tue the ar - mor, of might!
Still as of yore, when George Washington led, Thun - ders our war cry: We con - quer or fall!
Thus we de - fy all ty - ran - ni - cal pow'r, While we con - tend for our Un - ion and laws!
Fling from thy beak our dear ban - ner of old - Show that it still is for free - dom un - fur - d!

ff *mf* *cres.* *f*

Hail! three times hail to our coun - try and flag! Rul - ers as well as the ruled, "One and all,"
Hail! three times hail to our coun - try and flag! Still as of yore, when George Washington led,
Hail! three times hail to our coun - try and flag! Thus we de - fy all ty - ran - ni - cal pow'r,
Hail! three times hail to our coun - try and flag! Fling from thy beak our dear ban - ner of old -

ff *mf* *cres.* *f*

Gir - die with vir - tue the ar - mor of might! Hail, three times hail to our coun - try and flag!
Thun - ders our war cry: we con - quer, or, fall! Hail, three times hail to our coun - try and flag!
While we con - tend for our Un - ion and laws! Hail, three times hail to our coun - try and flag!
Show that it still is for Free - dom un - fur - d! Hail, three times hail to our coun - try and flag!

ff

Heinrich Harries, made use of. It was composed and the words for it were written by an Englishman, Henry Carey, to commemorate the capture of Portobello, in 1739, by Admiral Vernon. At a public dinner given the following year, Mr. Carey first sang it.

Dr. Smith had written a poem, and, soon after Dr. Mason loaned him the German music-books, he fitted the words to the air of "God Save the Queen." "America" was first sung in public at a Sunday-school celebration, July 4, 1832, in the Park Street

Church, Boston. Commencing in 1842, Dr. Smith was for twelve years pastor of the First Baptist Church, in Newton Centre, Massachusetts, and during that period also edited the *Christian Review*. For more than half a century he was a citizen of Newton, Massachusetts. Every one is so familiar with Dr. Smith's song of freedom that it will suffice to quote the first stanza simply as a reminder of it:

My Country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrim's pride,
From ev'ry mountain-side
Let freedom ring.

"The American Hymn," which is less spirited and impressive than "America," is still popularly esteemed and frequently sung on important public occasions, particularly in Boston. It was written and composed by Matthias Keller shortly after the Civil war, in competition for a prize of five hundred dollars, offered by a committee of gentlemen for the best national hymn. The prize was awarded to Mr. Keller. He was born in Ulm, Württemberg, March 20, 1813. At the age of sixteen he became first violinist in the Royal Chapel at Stuttgart; and, after a thorough course of study in harmony and composition under the eminent Ritter von Seyfried at Vienna, he was chosen band-master for the Third Royal Brigade. Seven years later, in 1846, he came to America, and located in Philadelphia, where he soon became known as a violinist and a maker of violins. He was a conductor of English and German opera in New York when he composed his prize hymn, which was rendered by a chorus of ten thousand five hundred voices and an orchestra of eleven hundred musicians at the "Peace Jubilee," in Boston, organized by the late P. S. Gilmore, in 1869. Thereafter Mr. Keller resided in Boston until his death. As "The American Hymn" is not so generally well known as other American songs of freedom, it is given in its entirety on page 575.

For the National Peace Festival, 1872, Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes wrote the following beautiful words, which were sung on that occasion to the music of Keller's "American Hymn":

ANGEL OF PEACE.

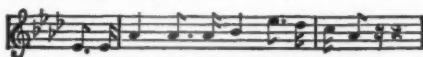
Angel of Peace, thou hast wandered too long!
Spread thy white wings to the sunshine of love!
Come while our voices are blended in song,—
Fly to our ark like the storm-beaten dove!
Fly to our ark on the wings of the dove,—

Speed o'er the far-sounding billows of song,
Crown'd with thine olive leaf garland of love—
Angel of Peace, thou hast waited too long!

Brothers we meet, on this altar of thine,
Mingling the gifts we have gathered for thee,
Sweet with the odors of myrtle and pine,
Breeze of the prairie and breath of the sea,
Meadow and mountain and forest and sea!
Sweet is the fragrance of myrtle and pine,
Sweeter the incense we offer to thee,
Brothers once more round this altar of thine!

Angels of Bethlehem, answer the strain!
Hark! a new birth-song is filling the sky!
Loud as the storm-wind that tumbles the main,
Bid the full breath of the organ reply,
Let the loud tempest of voices reply,—
Roll its long surge like the earth shaking main!
Swell the vast song till it mounts to the sky!—
Angels of Bethlehem echo the strain!

The great standby of the American people for the Fourth of July and other patriotic occasions is the "Red, White, and Blue, or Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean." The tune commencing thus:



1 O Co-lum-bia! the gem of the o-cean,

is familiar to the English-speaking race on both sides of the Atlantic. The British version runs:

Britannia, the pride of the ocean,
The home of the brave and the free,
The shrine of each sailor's devotion,
What land can compare unto thee?

Beyond question the American words, written by David T. Shaw, were set to the English air, "The Red, White, and Blue." But Shaw's lines have a rhythmical swing all their own and will live as long as the republic.

COLUMBIA! THE GEM OF THE OCEAN.

O Columbia! the gem of the ocean,
The home of the brave and the free,
The shrine of each patriot's devotion,
A world offers homage to thee.
Thy mandates make heroes assemble,
When Liberty's form stands in view,
Thy banners make tyranny tremble,
When borne by the red, white, and blue.

CHORUS.

When borne by the red, white, and blue,
When borne by the red, white, and blue,
Thy banners make tyranny tremble,
When borne by the red, white and blue.

When war winged its wide desolation,
And threatened the land to deform,
The ark then of freedom's foundation,
Columbia rode safe thro' the storm;
With her garlands of vict'ry around her,
When so proudly she bore her brave crew,
With her flag floating proudly before her—
The boast of the red, white, and blue.

CHORUS.

The boast of the red, white, and blue,
The boast of the red, white, and blue,
With her flag floating proudly before her —
The boast of the red, white, and blue.

The wine-cup, the wine-cup bring hither,
And fill you it true to the brim,
May the wreaths they have won never wither,
Nor the star of their glory grow dim;
May the service united ne'er sever,
But they to their colors prove true!
The army and navy forever —
Three cheers for the red, white, and blue!

CHORUS.

Three cheers for the red, white, and blue,
Three cheers for the red, white, and blue,
The army and navy forever —
Three cheers for the red, white, and blue!

The old favorite

HAIL COLUMBIA



Hail, Co-lum - bia, hap - py land! Hail, ye heroes! heaven-born band!

is scarcely less widely known and used than
"The Red, White and Blue." Here is the
first stanza:

Hail, Columbia, happy land!
Hail, ye heroes, heaven-born band!
Who fought and bled in freedom's cause,
Who fought and bled in freedom's cause,
And when the storm of war was gone,
Enjoyed the peace your valor won;
Let Independence be your boast
Ever mindful what it cost;
Ever grateful for the prize,
Let its altar reach the skies;
Firm, united, let us be,
Rallying round our liberty!
As a band of brothers joined,
Peace and safety we shall find.

The author of the words of "Hail Columbia" was Joseph Hopkinson, who was born in Philadelphia, November 12, 1770, his death occurring there June 15, 1842. In his native city Mr. Hopkinson became a prominent lawyer and judge. He wrote the words of his famous song in 1798, under the following circumstances: A war with France was thought to be inevitable, and partisan factions were in a fever of excitement. A young singer of some talent announced his benefit at a theater in Philadelphia. As the time for the performance drew near the young man became discouraged at his prospect of success. He happened to be acquainted with Judge Hopkinson and, as a *dernier ressort*, called on the latter one Saturday afternoon and stated that he feared a loss instead of a benefit. But he believed that if he could secure a patriotic song adapted to the then popular tune of "The President's March" (composed by a German

musician named Professor Phyla or Fazles, who was musical director at the old John Street Theater, New York City), he might depend on a full house. The judge promised to see what he could do, and the next day handed the young man the song, which was announced on Monday morning. That evening the theater was packed to the doors with an enthusiastic crowd, as was the case, night after night, through the entire season. The song was vociferously encored and repeated several times each night, the audience joining in the chorus. Large assemblies of citizens, including members of congress, sang it nightly on the streets, so strongly imbued with its sentiments were all classes and parties. After all, there is nothing like a brisk, rousing, patriotic song to knit together the hearts of men.

Who has not heard "Yankee Doodle"? Even those who have no ear for music can distinguish this rattling tune. The origin of "Yankee Doodle" [always disputed] has been attributed to the following incident: In the summer of 1755 the British army lay encamped on the east bank of the Hudson river, a little south of the city of Albany, awaiting reinforcements of militia from the eastern states, previous to marching on Ticonderoga. During the month of June these raw levies poured into camp, company after company, each man differently armed, equipped and accoutered from his neighbors. Their *outré* appearance furnished much amusement to the British officers. Dr. Schuckburgh, an English surgeon, composed the tune of "Yankee Doodle," and arranged it to words which were gravely dedicated to the new recruits. The joke took, and so the tune was handed down. But as a reply to the taunts and ridicule leveled at the Americans in the British versions of "Yankee Doodle," the former played the tune at the battle of Lexington, and again at the surrender of Burgoyne. Mr. Elson, in a recent book of his, alludes to the matter in this wise:

"At the surrender of Lord Cornwallis at Yorktown, in 1781, there came up a peculiar matter of music for decision. The Americans had been lenient in many of the details of the surrender, but on one point they were inflexible. The British had always made it a point to demand, at the surrender of an enemy, that the bands of the captives should play their national music, thus humiliating the conquered by dragging their melody in the dust with them. They had exacted this of the American general, Lincoln, at the surrender of Charleston. And now the American who was conducting the negotiations, Colonel Laurens, directed that Lord Cornwallis's sword should be received by General Lincoln, and that the army, on marching out to lay down its arms, should play either a British or German air. The latter alternative was to humiliate the Hessians.

There was no help for it. On October 19 Cornwallis's army, 7,247 in number, with 840 seamen, marched out with colors furled and cased, their bands playing an old English tune entitled 'The World Turned Upside Down,' which they undoubtedly thought appropriate to the occasion. The American bands now played 'Yankee Doodle.'

The following version was written by General George P. Morris, of Philadelphia:

Once on a time old Johnny Bull flew into a raging fury,
And swore that Jonathan should have no trials, sir, by jury,—

That no elections should be held across the briny waters;
"And now," said he, "I'll tax the tea of all his sons and daughters."

Then down he sat in burly state, and blustered like a grandee,
And in derision made a tune called "Yankee Doodle Dandy."

"Yankee doodle—these are facts—Yankee doodle dandy;
My son of wax, your tea I'll tax; you—Yankee doodle dandy."

John sent the tea from o'er the sea, with heavy duties rated,
But whether hyson or bohea, I never heard it stated.

Then Jonathan to pout began—he laid a strong embargo—
"I'll drink no tea, by Jove!" so he threw overboard the cargo.

Then Johnny sent a regiment, big words and looks to bandy,
Whose martial band, when near the land, played "Yankee Doodle Dandy."

Yankee doodle—keep it up—Yankee doodle dandy—
I'll poison with your tax your cup; you—Yankee doodle dandy.

A long war then they had, in which John was at last defeated,
And "Yankee Doodle" was the march to which his troops retreated.

'Cute Jonathan, to see them fly, could not restrain his laughter,
"That tune," said he, "suits to a T, I'll sing it ever after."

Old Johnny's face, to his disgrace, was flushed with beer and brandy,
E'en while he swore to sing no more this "Yankee Doodle Dandy."

Yankee doodle—ho, ha, he!—Yankee doodle dandy;
We kept the tune, but not the tea—Yankee doodle dandy.

I've told you now the origin of this most lively ditty,
Which Johnny Bull dislikes "as dull and stupid"—
what a pity!

With "Hail Columbia" it is sung, in chorus full and hearty,—
On land and main we breathe the strain John made for his tea-party.

No matter how we rhyme the words, the music speaks them handy,
And where's the fair can't sing the air of "Yankee Doodle Dandy?"

Yankee doodle, firm and true—Yankee doodle dandy;
Yankee doodle doodle doo, Yankee doodle dandy.

Another of our freedom songs, held in undying favor, is "The Star-Spangled Banner." The matchless words of this song were written by Francis Scott Key, and set to the music of an old air called "Adams

and Liberty," composed by Dr. Samuel Arnold. Key was born in Frederick county, Maryland, August 1, 1779, and died in Washington, January 11, 1843.

"E Pluribus Unum," written by Captain G. W. Cutter, is a favorite song, particularly among the members of the Grand Army of the Republic. Only the first stanza is quoted:

Though many and bright are the stars that appear
In that flag by our country unfurled,
And the stripes that are swelling in majesty there,
Like a rainbow adorning the world;
Their lights are unsullied as those in the sky,
By a deed that our fathers have done;
And they're leagued in as true and as holy a tie,
In their motto of "Many in One."

Among our national hymn-writers none stands on a higher pedestal than Dr. Abraham Coles. He was very successful in this line, his poems being filled with what we apprehend as inspiration. To the air "America" he set words entitled "My Native Land" that have been greatly admired and often sung. The last stanza is singularly strong:

God of our fathers, bless,
Exalt in righteousness
This land of ours!
Be Right our lofty aim,
Our title and our claim
To high and higher fame
Among the Powers!

It has been asserted by various authorities that the French language is organically and structurally unadapted for melodious songs and operas. This probably is true to a peculiar degree. But certainly the great song of freedom of the French, "The Marseillaise," is an exception to this rule, if rule it can be called. A few days after the fall of the Bastille, in July, 1789, this wonderful hymn was written by Claude Joseph Rouget de Lisle and set to the music of a favorite air. De Lisle was born at Montaignes Louis-le-Saunier, May 10, 1760, and died June 27, 1836. In his day he was a celebrated poet, violinist and singer. "The Marseillaise," though of purely revolutionary character, has an indescribably inspiring effect when vigorously rendered before a concourse of people. The noble strains set the veins tingling and frequently overwhelm the emotions—of our French friends. One writer has said: "It is to be hoped by many of the more quiet minds that France will soon be favored with a more reverential and patriotic hymn." But it may be seriously doubted whether they will ever have another to equal it. The English version of "The Marseillaise" is given on the following pages:

THE MARSEILLAISE HYMN.

Fieramente assai.



1. Ye sons of France, a - wake to glo - ry! Hark! Hark! what
 2. Now, now the dan - g'rous storm is roll - ing, Which treach'rous
 3. With lux - u - ry and pride sur - round - ed, The vile, in -
 4. O lib - er - ty! - can man re - sign . . thee, Once hav - ing

my - riads bid you rise! Your chil - dren, wives, and grand - sires
 kings' con fed - 'rate raise; The dogs of war, let loose, are
 sa - tiate des - pots dare, (Their thirst of gold and power un -
 felt thy gen - 'rous flame? Can dun - geons, bolts and bars con -

boa - ry; Be - hold their tears and hear their cries, Be - hold their
 howl - ing, And 'lo! our walls and ei - ties blazet And shall we
 bound - ed,) To meet and vend the light and air. Like beasts of
 fine thee? Or whips thy no ble spir - it tame? Too long the

tears and hear their cries! Shall hate - ful ty - rants mis - chiefs
 base - ly view the ruin, While law - less force with guilt - y
 bur - den would they load us - Like gods would bid their slaves a
 world has wept, be - wailing That false - hood's dag - ger ty - rants

THE SONGS OF FREEDOM.

THE MARSEILLAISE HYMN (Concluded.)

breed - ing With hire - ling hosts, a ruf - fi - an band, Af -
 strida, Spreads des - o - la - tion far and wide, With
 dore— But man - is man— and who is more? But
 wield— But free - dom is our sword and shield, But

f

fright and des - o - late the land, While peace and lib - er - ty lie bleed-ing! To
 des - o - la - tion far and wide, With crimes and blood his hands em-bru - ing? To
 man - is man—and who is more? Then shall they long - er lash and goad us? To
 free - dom is our sword and shield, And all their arts are un - a - vail - ing. To

arms, to arms, ye brave! Th'a-veng - ing sword un-sheath! March on, March

ff

on, all hearts re - solved On vic - to - ry or death.

"The Chant of the Girondins" is also dear to the sons of France. The first stanza runs:

By the voice of her cannon alarming,
Fair France bids her children arise;
Brave soldiers around us are arming,
On, on, 'tis our mother who cries!
Mourir pour la patrie! mourir pour la patrie!
'Tis the death, 'tis the death for the brave and the free;
'Tis the death for the brave, 'tis the death for the brave
and the free.

Soon after the proclamation of the "Republic of the United States of Brazil" the minister of the interior ordered a competition among the native composers for a national hymn. Medeiros Albuquerque wrote the words and Leopoldo Miguez composed the music of the successful ode. The length of the piece, and its elaborate musical prelude and finale, permit me to give only the words:

May the glorious sun shed a flood of light
O'er Brazil, with its hallowed sod,
Despots never again will our land affright—
Never more will we groan 'neath the rod.
Then with hymns of glory resounding,
With new hopes for the land we adore,
Loyal hearts for our country rebounding,
Let our song ring from mountain to shore.

CHORUS.

Liberty! liberty! open wide your pinions grand;
Thro' tempest dire and battle's fire,
Oh, guard our native land.

The eyes of the Day-God ne'er more will see
The slave, in his chains, pine and die,
We are brothers who'd die for our liberty,
Tyrants all! we your pow'rs defy!
All are free in our glorious nation,
In the future united are we,
While our flag waves with wild exultation,
We will sing of our land of the free.

CHORUS.—Liberty! liberty! etc.

From the Ypiranga, hark! 'tis the cry sublime
Of faith and of hope for our land,
Come, arise! oh, Brazil, 'tis the holy time,
Forward, all, 'tis your country's command,
From thy minds the royal purple banish,
And in glory advance to the fore,
Then, Brazil, all our foemen will vanish,
And triumphant thou'lt be evermore.

The Italians, who have the most felicitous of singing languages, are very proud of their national hymn, an idea of which may be obtained from the following excellent English version, there being too much of the music to give conveniently in these pages:

All forward!
All forward!

All forward to battle, the trumpets are crying,
All forward! all forward! our old flag is flying!
When Liberty calls us we linger no longer,

Rebels, come on! though a thousand to one!
Liberty! Liberty! deathless and glorious!
Under thy banner thy sons are victorious,
Free souls are valiant, and strong arms are stronger,
God shall go with us and battle be won.

CHORUS.

Hurrah for the banner! Hurrah for the banner!
Hurrah for the banner, the flag of the free!

All forward!
All forward!

All forward for Freedom! In terrible splendor
She comes to the loyal who die to defend her;
Her stars and stripes o'er the wild wave of battle,
Shall float in the heavens to welcome us on.
All forward to glory, though life-blood is pouring,
Where bright swords are flashing and cannons are
roaring,
Welcome to death in the bullets' quick rattle,
Fighting or falling shall freedom be won.

CHORUS.—Hurrah for the banner, etc.

All forward!
All forward!

All forward to conquer! where free hearts are beating,
Death to the coward who dreams of retreating!
Liberty calls us from mountains and valley,
Waving her banner she leads to the fight;
Forward! all forward! the trumpets are crying;
The drum beats to arms, our old flag is flying,
Stout hearts and strong hands around it shall rally,
Forward to battle for God and the Right.

CHORUS.—Hurrah for the banner, etc.

I am not aware that Peru has any special song of freedom, but the national march of Peru is a stirring military composition that the soldiers of that little republic need not be ashamed to honor. Mexico has a creditable freedom song, the music of which is by Jaime Nunó. The English version, by M. Barnett, is as follows:

At the loud cry of war all assemble,
Then your swords and your steeds all prepare,
And the earth to its center shall tremble,
When the cannon's deep roar rends the air,
And the earth to its center shall tremble,
When the cannon's deep roar rends the air.

Oh, my country, entwine on thy temples
Boughs of olive so fresh and so vernal,
When inscribed in the heavens eternal,
Blessed peace for all the land thou dost see;
But if stranger and foe in their boldness,
Dare to tread on thy soil they must perish;
Then oh! my country, this thought only cherish
Every son is but a soldier for thee,
Every son is but a soldier for thee.

The national hymn of the Argentine Republic, written by Dr. De Vincento Lopez, is complicated and imitative in character, and is deemed impracticable for reproduction here. The national anthem of Chile, of which the music is too long and monotonous to give here, is said to have been written

THE HERDSMAN'S SONG OF SWITZERLAND.

Moderato.

To Swiss, in stran - ger's land, sing ne'er His moun - tain dit - ties

fresh and fair. Or tear - drops thou'lt see fall - ing; His heart with pain Will long in vain

For all the strain's re-call - ing! A - ll du - li bi - la ho, la da - li bi - la ho, la

da - li bi - la ho, la da - li bi - la ho, ja ho li ho la ho ja ho!

and its music—by Carnicer—composed immediately after their decisive victory at the battle of Maipa (April 5, 1818). This destroyed the last Spanish army and brought to a glorious termination the long struggle for independence. Utterly routed was the foreign foe, and its veteran general, Osorio, fled from the field to a Spanish man-of-war at Talcahuano. The music of the Chilean national anthem, thus composed while the roar of battle was still in the air, may be said to describe the various stages of the battle of Maipa: the advance of the skirmishers on the run, the solid volleys of infantry in line of battle, the heavy fire of the artillery and the shouts of victory. Then comes the chorus, in which the nation solemnly swears, repeating its vow three times as if swearing before a saint, that Chile shall be either the grave of the free or the asylum against tyranny. The fact that Chile refused to make a treaty of friendship with Spain for twenty-six years emphasizes the first stanza of the anthem, which runs thus:

The strife and the warfare is ended,
And we hear the glad rejoicing of the free!
He who yesterday was our invader
Can no longer a brother be.
On the field now our banners are gleaming,
Three centuries of stain thus redeeming!
And at last we are free and victorious,
Here in gladness our triumph revealing;
For the heritage of heroes is Freedom,
At whose feet sweet victory is kneeling,
At whose feet sweet victory doth kneel.

The tune of "God Save the Queen" is the national air of Switzerland, but it also has the "Herdsmen's Song" which is so typical that it is given on the opposite page.

Poor little Poland, though not a republic, has made the most frantic and pathetic efforts to become one, and naturally her patriots have produced a number of freedom songs. We, who enjoy all the blessings and emoluments of liberty, may take unto ourselves a grateful lesson in the apparently hopeless but never-despairing cry of Poland. The Cuban song of freedom is doubtless familiar to most readers of this magazine, as it has been given in print so often during the last three years.

As to the songs that came into existence during the Civil war, such as "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," "When Johnny Comes Marching Home," "Marching Through Georgia," etc., it may be said that they

served a great purpose and were potential factors in the result. On one occasion a Confederate officer said, when he heard the songs of the soldiers of the north, "Gentlemen, if we had your songs we'd have licked you out of your boots!"

Fittingly may this article be concluded with the freedom song of the Boers. It was arranged by C. F. Van Rees, but the identity of the composer is not definitely known. All the adherents of the South African republics are now singing this hymn, with dogged vim.

The translation given on page 584 was made by Rev. Maurice G. Hansen, of East Orange, New Jersey, who has also made a spirited rendering of "Wilhelmus van Nassouwen," the national hymn of the Netherlands. Of his version of the Boer war-song Mr. Hansen says:

"As to the song itself, it is rather a crude composition, but it has the right ring. It breathes the spirit of those who fought in the Eighty Years' War with Spain and of our Revolution. It has some literary merit, however, appearing in the delicate but marked distinction between 'volk,' 'land' and 'Staat;' and also in the meter, which has been exactly preserved throughout the stanzas. As to the translation I have made it as nearly exact as possible."

Another version by an unknown translator presents the *volkslied* in these words:

Right nobly gave, voor-trekkers brave,
Their blood, their lives, their all
For Freedom's right in Death's despite,
They fought at duty's call.
Ho, burghers! High our banner waveth
The standard of the free,
No foreign yoke our land enslaveth,
Here reigneth liberty.
'Tis Heaven's command here we should stand,
And aye defend the volk and land.

What realm so fair, so richly fraught
With treasures ever new?
Where Nature bath her wonders wrought
And freely spread to view!
Ho, burghers old! be up and singing,
God save the Volken land,
This, burghers, new, your anthem ringing
O'er veld, o'er hill, o'er strand,
And burghers all, stand ye or fall
For country's hearths and homes at country's call.

With wisdom, Lord, our rulers guide,
And these thy people bless;
May we with nations all abide
In peace and righteousness.
To Thee, whose mighty arm hath shielded
Thy volk in bye-gone days,
To Thee alone be humbly yielded
All glory, honor, praise.
God guard our land, our own dear land,
Our children's home, their Fatherland.



THE SONGS OF FREEDOM.

FREEDOM SONG OF THE BOERS.

Allegro moderato.

Kent gij dat volk vol hei - den - moed, En toch zoo lang ge -
 Know ye the folk of fear - less soul Though long oppressed by

knécht? Het heeft ge - of - ferd goed en bloed, Voor vrij - heid en voor
 might? They sa - cri - fied their blood, their all, For free - dom and for

recht; Komt bur - gers! laat de vlag - gen wap' - ren, Ons lij - den is voor -
 right; Come, bur - gers, let our flags be stream - ing, Sub - mit not pa - tient -

bij; Roemt in den de - gen onz - rer dap' - ren, Dat vrij - e volk zijn
 ty; The broadswords of our braves be gleam - ing, A peo - ple free are

wij! Dat vrij - e volk, Dat vrij - e volk, Dat vrij - e, vrij - e volk zijn wij!
 we! A people free, A people free, A people free, yes, free are. we!

Know ye the land, but seldom sought,
 And yet so rich and fair?
 Where Nature her great wonders wrought,
 And lavishes her care?

Transvaalers, free your hearts with singing,
 'Tis there we took our stand;
 Where echoes of our joyous guns are ringing
 There is our Fatherland,
 That glorious land,
 That glorious land,
 There is, there is, our Fatherland.

Know ye the State — a child at school
 'Mong other realms it may be;
 But still the mighty British rule
 Did once declare it free.

Transvaalers, vainly have we striven —
 Our lot's but pain and hate;
 But God to us has rescue given,
 And we possess our State.
 Praise be to God,
 Praise be to God,
 Praise God for Land and State.

A SOCIETY BELLE IN THE REIGN OF LOUIS XIV.

(Mme. de Sévigné.)

BY JAMES A. HARRISON.

(Professor of Teutonic Languages, University of Virginia.)



T the corner of two old streets in Paris, one filled with fine old houses and stately Renaissance doorways, the other associated with the loves of the Duc d'Orléans and a beautiful Jewess, stands a small palace built just four and a half centuries ago. The Marais, where it stands, was once the fashionable quarter of Paris, and so remarkable was the building that Mansart (of Mansard roof notoriety) declined to touch it when he was asked to restore the mansion, except to add his characteristic roof and a row of Ionic pilasters to the inner façade of the court. In 1677, more than one hundred and thirty years after it was built, the palace became vacant: this was the Hôtel Carnavalet.

As the sentimental pilgrim, full of the passion and of the memories of other days, lingers inquiringly before this ancient building, almost coeval with the discovery of America, he looks up and sees a main building flanked by two pavilions and guarded by sculptured lions from the chisel of the celebrated sculptor Jean Goujon, who adorned the Louvre. Entering the court-yard beneath a bold arch from which springs a smiling and lovely woman-figure, standing a-tiptoe on a charming mask, our pilgrim fronts the mutilated 'scutcheon of the house bearing the "canting arms" of Carnavalet. Each side of the door is inlaid as it were with chiseled lions, victories, bucklers, and allegorical "fames" wrought out in that vermiculated rock-work such as the artists of Louis XIV.'s time delighted in.

Inside one sees with surprise that the palace has been transformed into a museum, — a municipal museum, and the stately rooms are full of reminiscences of the Revolution and of early France. Here, for example, are the prison-doors of the *conciergerie* from the cells of Mme. Roland and Robespierre; there is one of the official contemporary notices of the execution of Louis XVI.; yonder is one of the official busts of Citizen Marat "erected in all the halls of sections in Paris, after his assassination." In another room is the arm-chair in which

poor old Voltaire, white-haired, wrinkled, and grimacing expired with a jest on his lips in his eighty-fifth year.

But the Hôtel Carnavalet was a museum long before the municipality seized upon it and converted it into a home of historic bric-à-brac, for here the very air is redolent of a woman who has attained the great honor of being the most celebrated letter-writer that ever lived. Talk of your Cicero, your Abelard and Héloïse, your Erasmus, your Horace Walpole; talk of your Cowper, your Lady Mary Wortley Montague, your Lord Byron as letter-writers; not one of them, eloquent, distinguished, gifted as he may be, can bear comparison, in the estimation of those best entitled to judge, with this woman who from 1677 to 1696 lived in the Hôtel Carnavalet.

Pictures and pastels of this charming creature remain by which we can summon up an accurate vision of what she was in lineament and expression — our "Society Belle in the Reign of Louis XIV.," who is no other than Marie de Rabutin-Chantal, better known to us as Mme. de Sévigné, a woman who has received the superb honor of being the first writer whose works have been published in the monumental edition of the "Grands Écrivains de la France," preceding even those of Corneille, Racine, and Molière.*

The fourteen octavo volumes of this collection of her letters — for she wrote nothing else — contain the most precious and intimate details of the private and court life of a reign the longest and most memorable in the long and memorable history of France — the reign of Louis XIV.

The pastel of Mme. de Sévigné painted by Vauiteuil, the only picture of incontestable authenticity that remains, makes us ask: Was she pretty? — the most natural question in the world to ask about a belle. An answer to this question may be made by the statement that when, shortly after her early marriage to the Marquis de Sévigné, her young husband who fell mortally wounded in a duel, half bachelor Paris, so to speak,

*This study is based upon the fourteen octavo volumes of this edition of her correspondence.

offered itself as substitute to the bereaved widow, including the proud blood of the Turennes, the Contis, the Rohans, the Du Ludes. "When I first saw her," writes a contemporary, "in an open carriage seated between her son and her daughter, the three resembled Latona seated between the young Apollo and the little Diana, glowing with charm and beauty."

Translated into unmythological prose, the pastel shows us a plump, blond-haired, sparkling-eyed woman of thirty or forty, of the Rubens type such as we see in the nymphs and graces of the celebrated master—very white, very golden-locked, very smiling, possessing the singular peculiarity of eyes of different colors. The head is surmounted by a black velvet cap pointed at the parting of the hair; over the ears protrude, in the *coiffure* of the time, three drooping ringlets, and stray frizzlets of delicately curled gold shade a high and massive brow beneath which lovely eyes twinkle with scarcely suppressed mirth. The neck—not too slender—is girdled with a string of pearls, and a half-humorous, half-ironical mouth, speaking in its sensitiveness and its intelligence, completes the picture of the *grande dame*, herself a marquise, who is to introduce us to the fashionable circles of the time.

For be it known that all through these nearly fifteen hundred letters we are admitted only to the most *élite* society; princes and princesses, dukes and duchesses, counts and countesses, marquises and marchionesses alone figure in this delectable correspondence. The *people*, in Louis XIV.'s time, had not yet come into existence. Mme. de Sévigné does not ignore them; she does not even know that they exist. We must not scold the good lady for this. When she took up her abode in the Hôtel Carnavalet in 1677, she had already been twenty years and more in high life, and she continued to reign nearly twenty years longer until the wonderful seventeenth century was about to topple over into the eighteenth. Moral near-sightedness has always been one of the mental characteristics of the *grand seigneur* of France, and this peculiarity was accompanied down to the Revolution by a physical obliquity of vision which prevented him from seeing anybody not of his own "class."

What is the most interesting thing in all this voluminous correspondence, unearthed, as Lamartine says, from the dust of the Château de Grignan where it lay mouldering for forty years? It is the Marquise de Sévigné herself. It is not granted to every

one to paint one's own self in fifteen hundred letters written or received, each letter a palette full of color adding here a tint and there a stroke until a portrait of the woman emerges admirable in distinctness and individuality.

Let us study this society belle for a little while under the twofold aspect of the woman and the work.

Until she is twenty-eight we know almost absolutely nothing of her except that her cousin Bussy, to whom they wanted to marry her, spitefully said, "she was the prettiest girl in the world—for somebody else's wife." The early death of her mother threw her, her education, and her fortune under the control of her uncle, the Abbé Coulanges, who, good soul, couldn't keep her out of such society and such affiliations as we see in the pages of Brantôme, in the later days of Louis XIII. and his languid queen, the Spanish Anne of Austria. This good lady spent her time curling her golden locks, twirling her Moorish fan, and listening to theorbos and lute accompanying the sweet airs of Andalusia.

At eighteen she was a married woman, wedded to a bold and handsome cavalier of ancient lineage, dashing courage, and dissipated habits. Of him it was said—characteristically enough of the century—that "he loved everybody, but nobody so lovable as his wife." These butterflies lingered so long over their honeymoon that a contemporary poet addressed them some satirical verses, asking when they should quit their nest in Brittany and return to Paris.

The marquise (who had married her for her money) soon tired of his brilliant wife, turned into a "gay Lothario" of the most pronounced description, and died in a duel fought with a rival over the charms of one of his numerous lady loves.

"Love," says the French critic Taine, "has very little place in France"; and one can well gather testimony thereof in these letters, for never once, after the first burst of tears and mortification, does she even mention her husband's name. Knowing the woman's irrepressible nature, we cannot blame her for emerging in due time from the clouds (always silver-lined for her) of widowhood, radiant as the Latona to whom she has been likened, immediately surrounded (as we see from the letters and memoirs of the time) by a throng of adorers eager to laugh at her wit and enjoy her conversation. A prince of the blood, Conti; the great general, Turenne; the superintendent of finances, Fouquet; counts and marquises;

the Duc de Rohan, whose proud motto was:

"Roi, je ne puis,
Duc, je ne daigne,
Rohan je suis;"

were among her suitors. Were it not that Richelieu's niece, a social leader, had prohibited French widows from wearing green, our cheerful heroine might have appeared in the evergreen tint as indicative of her ever-bubbling spirits. In 1654 (when she was twenty-eight) she begins to write, rather late in life, like those other great women, George Eliot and George Sand. Her cousin called her "cold"—one of the characteristics of shining things. All the society of that day was what we should call "wild," a society in which the widow as rather satirically described by the great preacher Bossuet—a saint "buried in the tomb of her husband"—would find herself singularly out of place. Her girlish trials with the fickle marquis had had the effect of summer light; they ripened her into the perfect woman who for forty-two years showed no signs of autumnal coloring. In an age when, as her spiteful cousin remarked, "men changed wives as they changed horses" (an allusion to Mme. de Sévigné's thrice-married son-in-law), she remained constant to her first love. The good lady herself excused this fashion in men by saying of a man who had married again only three months after the death of his wife: "He has eaten salt all his life and won't do without it; three months of widowerhood seem three centuries to him."

Her discouraging experience with the marquis might have entitled her to dream at least of indemnification; but her temperament was made up of phlegm rather than of fire; and her son and daughter both had the same *asbestos* nature, according to La Rochefoucauld.

Have you ever thought of the great difference—the impassable gulf—that lies between the two little French words, *amour* and *amitié*? The two root in the same Latin original, but they are as different as fire and phosphorescence. It was said of Mme. de Sévigné that all her "fire" was in her mind; in an age when everybody married two and three times over, she alone seemed an iceberg whom no radiations of flattery or fine talk could melt—sparkling, beautiful, but icy cold. The fact is she became at twenty-six or twenty-seven that most dangerous of fascinating things—a bewitching widow with fifteen or twenty "strings" to her bow. Her knowledge of human nature was profound, and she used it so skilfully that

she kept her swains for years in delightfully ambiguous situations, alternating between hope and fear, played against each other with all the intelligence of an adroit tactician, a Célimène who could charm even a "misanthrope" and make him believe that he was the favored one of five hundred lovers.

So when her clumsy Italian teacher, the poet Ménage, foolishly fell in love with her, she didn't spew him out with an indignant and final No! but waved him off with a radiant smile that said, Farewell, but not forever! Come again!

It was Ménage's fad to fall in love with accomplished women, far above him in the social sphere, and celebrate them in Latin, French and Italian verse; a delicate homage to which De Sévigné was very susceptible, as she was herself a *femme savante* of the first magnitude; but the little lady after many letters proved obdurate even to these polyglot attacks. Finally, in a burst of rage and despair, he calls her "*La tigresse au cœur d'acier*," and threatens to "bury her memory in the blackest night."

This "memory," however, was not for Ménage to "bury." She was one of those artlessly artful literary widows whose slightly pathetic turn of mind (in letters) produced a magnetic effect on her lovers; the very way in which she said *adieu* at the end of one of these epistles would have drawn Old Sindbad's heart out of him.

For all of these folks,—for Ménage, for Bussy, for the all-powerful financier Fouquet, for the gallant Turenne, for the grandmaster of artillery Du Lude, she overflowed with the affection expressed by the long word *amitié* but not with that expressed by the little word *amour*; all the while producing such a dazzlement before their eyes that they couldn't tell one from the other.

In fact, if there is one word—and one alone—which could embrace fully this remarkable woman in its ample wings, it is the word *amie*—friend—for seldom indeed has such a friend ever lived. Half the gallants of the time wanted to marry her, and she invariably gave the old, old answer: "I'll be delighted to be your friend—your sister, but—" This *but* would be followed by a long dash—into the streets by the disconsolate lover who, never disheartened, would return again to the charge under the spell of those inimitable "speckled eyes" (*paupières bigarrées*).

"I have a thousand friends," cries she; "I'm quite ashamed of it. I don't know really why people esteem me so much." In

her correspondence she floats amid this vast friendship as serenely and magnificently as a great swan sailing over the unruffled water; the simple explanation is the Scriptural one: she "loved much." By this she even charmed the pessimist La Rochefoucauld whose bitter *Maximes* treasure up as in a phial all the bad temper of the time, concentrated. So well did she govern herself by the practice of both courtesy and religion that there were but few traces in her innumerable letters of spleen or spite. She rails delightfully; she tells amusing stories on her friends; but her malice is always smiling, her claws are sheathed in velvet; her speckled eyes see rose-color in everything. "*Bon, bonne*" is the favorite word. "This is my old thesis," says she, "that will one day get me stoned: the public is neither crazy nor unjust."

And thus this amiable society belle, envied by the most wicked and corrupted circle that ever lived out of old Babylon or imperial Rome, gives the lie to the moralist Pascal, her contemporary, who wrote:

"Human life is a perpetual illusion. People only deceive and flatter each other. Nobody speaks of us in our presence as they speak of us when we are gone. . . . Few friendships would subsist if each of us knew what his friend said of him when he is no longer there."

The admirable discretion of the woman was a part of her very being; she never fully opened her heart even to her daughter. She confessed, indeed, that she did occasionally have "grayish-brown thoughts that, towards night, became perfectly black"; but borne upon the buoyant optimism of her benevolent nature, she acted like living sunshine on those around her—on gloomy Cardinal de Retz, on grave Mme. de Lafayette, on the soured courtiers who entered her climate, as it were, to enjoy the golden light of Italy, the sunny luxuriance of a most overflowing nature. She possessed the rare quality of making each one believe that he or she was the favored cavalier or dame of her heart; so that Napoleon, on reading her wonderful letters about Foucquet, said that those were curious letters to write about a man who was only a "friend!" Napoleon, however, knew little of either love or friendship, and of course could not understand Mme. de Sévigné's way of loving her friends.

In her old age, far towards the end of the brilliant seventeenth century, she remembered and enjoyed over again the enthusiasms of her youth, as one might go back to the old fairy tales and Arabian Nights of childhood.

She was a girl when Corneille burst upon France with his Homeric swing and his throng of stately heroes speaking the language of the gods; and into her young heart sank the romances of Scudéry and La Calprenède with all their passion, sentimentality and, it may be, folly; but there they remained, a precious influence in her early education, an exquisite aroma in her paling memory, things on which she had fed and dreamed and built herself up into a type of the marvelous French woman of two hundred years ago.

But as we pensively walk up and down this old Hôtel Carnavalet, may we not try to people its rooms at least with the phantoms of the gay cavaliers and courtly dames that once traversed its spaces? If a man is known by his friends, still more is a woman; to attempt a presentation of Mme. de Sévigné without her friends would indeed be an injustice, like leaving the sunlight out of a Turner landscape. She was envired all her life by smiles, by appreciation, by admiration, even though her pecuniary troubles were often grievous and the early part of her life was entangled in all the anguish and the bloodshed of the civil war of the Fronde.

"Love me, love my dog" is a proverb which in connection with Mme. de Sévigné was "love me, love my children"; for Mme. de Sévigné and her daughter, Mme. de Grignan, were the Damon and Pythias of the seventeenth century, and as to Charles de Sévigné and his mother, they might be called the Orestes and Pylades of the court of Louis XIV. One can understand the mother's love for the son, for he absolutely worshiped her, and though dissipated, wild, fickle and fantastic, the typical gay and mocking man-about-town of the time, his escapades never seem to have cost her a tear. He was so witty, genial, and full of conversation that when he returned from the Dutch wars to the family home of Les Rochers in Brittany, wounded, she forgot and forgave freely, called him "*le petit ami*," and reveled in his delightful company.

With her daughter it was different. Towards her she was a sort of human volcano, always in eruption. We read of the love of Jonathan and David, of Abelard and Héloïse, of Tasso and Leonora, of the Brownings in our day, of human and divine loves scattered up and down the pages of history; but none of these seems to have equaled the extraordinary vehemence of Mme. de Sévigné's adoration of her daughter. To it we owe this incomparable mass of letters

—which Lamartine justly calls “the epistolary history of the reign of Louis XIV.” Every epithet of love, affection, caressing tenderness that human ingenuity can devise to lavish on the daughter far away in Provence, in the south of France, is lavished on her as prodigally as a white camellia blooms in our own south in the heart of winter. One wonders what this correspondence, laden with love, filled with a whole encyclopedia of pet names, spun out with the “linked sweetness” of passionate and endearing adjectives, must have cost in an age before penny-posts and daily mails, and dollars, not cents, had to be paid on letters. Throughout these letters she is actually on her knees to her daughter, worshiping, flattering, wheedling, coaxing, supplicating her to write, to answer, to forgive imaginary omissions and commissions; and this daughter appears to be an unlovely creature bred in and imbued with the cold Cartesian philosophy, a human iceberg, chilling all that came near her.

No two pictures hanging in the wonderful picture-gallery of Versailles could be more unlike than these two women: the delicate, mincing features of the daughter are full of combined pride and timidity, disdain and reticence, severity and self-consciousness; she blushed if you looked at her, and was so easily embarrassed that once at the king's card-table she awkwardly turned all the money over on the floor, and never forgave one of the royal dukes for laughing at her awkwardness.

Her cruelly sensitive nature, so touch-me-not in quality, seemed fearfully out of place in the high-born circle where the least *gaucherie* was stigmatized as a crime. She teased or taunted everybody around her and her bad manners cost her the large fortune of Cardinal de Retz, who was about to leave her his property. Even her mother reproached her with a taste for melancholy and despair.

A nature of this sort, self-tormenting, full of itself, haughty and yet prudish, unconscious of what true moral equilibrium is, born in the purple yet detesting it, is rather to be pitied than attacked. Perhaps her mother, all sympathy, full of parental insight as she was, understood her better than her critical contemporaries, and this may be the key to the astonishing fluency of compliment and over-appreciation with which she literally pursues her daughter from the beginning to the end of the letters.

Apart from her children, she enjoyed the friendship of all the *grande*s and *grandes*

dames of the period from 1654 to 1696. One entire volume of the fourteen on which this study is based is devoted to an alphabetically arranged list of the people to whom she wrote and who wrote to her; almost all literary and social France. In and out they flash, these gay and charming apparitions of a time long gone by, their jeweled fingers sparkling as they pass, their laces and ruffles and velvets crisp and crackling in the air, the men with swords and periwigs, the women rouged, curled, frilled and furbelowed with the mountainous millinery of the period; all talking in the half-sentimental, half-mocking style of the Hôtel de Rambouillet where Mlle. de Scudéry was the queen regnant and delightful foolishness of all sorts was talked. These men and women were brought up on the Scudéry romances of “Le Grand Cyrus” and “Clélie,” and the like — novels of ten volumes in seven thousand pages slightly veiling contemporary events under a transparent gauze of antiquity, suggesting in England the enormous prolixities of “Sir Charles Grandison” and “Clarissa Harlowe.”

Her special friends are the Grignan family, the Coulanges, Cardinal de Retz, the Arnaulds of Port Royal, Mme. de Lafayette (the celebrated writer of the first real French novel), La Rochefoucauld, the maxim-writer, the widow Scarron who afterwards rose to be the grand Mme. de Maintenon, and her malicious but sprightly cousin Bussy, author of the famous “Histoire Amoureuse des Gaules,” — the man who called her eyes “speckled!” Especially fascinating were the Coulanges, husband and wife, full of stir, movement, wit and epigram, always on the street or in the salon, flying hither and thither on social function intent, now at Versailles where princes and duchesses were their intimate friends, now at Paris in their own brilliant circle; passing entire seasons in the country-houses of the nobility, — in Rome, Germany, or Italy as the humor seizes them. True, this well-bred couple did not live together on very harmonious terms, but at least there were no scandalous scenes, and perfect propriety reigned at home. Like some people's sweetmeats, — hermetically sealed up and open only for company, — these good people, all animation, talk, effervescence and laughter abroad, closed down the hatches as if for a storm at home, and reveled in inexhaustible — silence.

In this singular age external polish had spread so far that the characters in Racine abuse each other in the most beautiful and harmonious language. The very “insults,”

as Sainte-Beuve said, were "exquisite"; and if a verbal ink-stand were flung at your head, it was full of an ambrosial fluid that only immortalized you. Happy man or woman to be embalmed in an alexandrine of Boileau, a sonnet of Voiture, or a fable of La Fontaine!

This refinement is noticeable all through the letters of Mme. de Sévigné, which were never intended for publication but were the unstudied outpourings of an overflowing heart.

And this brings us to study the work after studying the woman.

V. Cousin, the eminent critic, remarks that in the early part of the seventeenth century letter-writing became fashionable, letters, "portraits," and conversations occupying the place of honor in the romances of the time. Thus, the favorite Scudéry is characterized by all these, as Richardson tells his marvelous story, in the same way. The *me* — the *ego* — what I do and say — was the supremely important thing in this century of suddenly and gigantically awakened self. Other distinguished writers of the same age, such as the first Balzac, Pascal, and the poet-diplomat Voiture (even more renowned for his practical jokes than for his poems), put their principal works in the form of letters.

But if we compare these *composed* letters with the spontaneous, natural, easy writing of Mme. de Sévigné, intended for no eye but the receiver's, what a difference is to be observed! Voiture is always Voiture — on stilts, in the clouds, addressing sonnets to his lady's eyebrow, artificially sentimental; the same Voiture at Brussels, Rome, Paris, or Madrid; bred in the pompous school of artificial gallantry, full of ingenious phrases learned from the *précieuses*, posing and mincing, with head lackadaisically hung on one side, without sincerity or seriousness.

Voiture, a member of the French Academy (founded in 1635) was beaten in his own chosen style by two remarkable women of the same time: first by the famous romance-writer, Madeleine de Scudéry, already mentioned, and then by our "society belle," Mme. de Sévigné. Mlle. de Scudéry was all publicity: her whole life was lived in public, for the public, and before the public; everything she said and did was published. Living to be nearly a hundred, she covered almost the entire century, and was its idolized fiction-writer. Even the king devoured her books, filled as they were with interminable letters, episodes, digressions, conversations and sentimentalities, written with a gush and

prolixity that delighted the salons and literary circles of the city. So great were her gifts that she was actually proposed for one of the *fauteuils* in the newly-founded Academy.

Mme. de Sévigné, on the other hand, was all privacy: she never wrote anything for publication. When almost by accident after her death in 1696, the daughter of her cousin Bussy-Rabutin resolved to publish her father's correspondence, many of the Sévigné letters were found among them. The public were so charmed that Bayle, compiler-author of the well-known dictionary, declared she deserved a place among the illustrious women of her time, and a Jesuit published a Latin poem on the art of letter-writing in which he proclaimed Mme. de Sévigné to be the model, "one of her letters demanding more time to read than she employed in writing it."*

Yet she never writes to the same person alike; each exercises upon her a distinguishable influence. Endowed with absolute powers of expression, — social expression, — she presents a different Mme. de Sévigné to each one. To one she is coy, to another loquacious. Her favorite expression to a familiar and beloved correspondent is that she "throws the bride on the neck of her pen and lets it trot on," pit-a-pat; and it trots all over Paris in a perfectly delightful way. It is really fascinating to see the tact with which this model mother-in-law treats her son-in-law, Comte de Grignan, lieutenant-general of Provence, brother of an archbishop. There is no bickering or cat-calling or sarcasm; seldom any marked advice or, if there is, it is always of the soundest, and the amiable correspondent exhausts herself in flattering allusions, pleasant compliments, and a thousand ways of saying those nice little things which after all tend so preciously to make life more tolerable. On the one subject of debt alone is she implacable, — the ruinous debts of the *grandes* of the time contracted at the gaming-table, and among others of Comte de Grignan himself. The count and countess kept up almost regal state in Provence where they lived in an ancient feudal castle that crowned a high hill about whose skirts and declivities clung a miserable village full of half-fed retainers. This castle — now in ruins — had been magnificently modernized in the style of Louis XIV.; all Provence, they said, was entertained there, and play ran high. Hence empty pockets and frantic appeals to mother-

*G. Boissier: Lady C. Jackson's "Old Paris."

in-law Sévigné for cash, which this admirable economist would answer first with the sum required, second, with an inimitable letter written with all the grace and irony of Pascal, and last, with a withdrawal from the Hôtel Carnavalet into the country-house at Les Rochers for six months or a year, where new sums would be laid up for new demands by rigid daily and monthly economies.

This quaint old château of Les Rochers, three hundred miles from Paris, which required a week to reach by horse and coach in the days of the excellent marquise, still stands quaint as ever about its central tower of the fifteenth century, its parterres, chapel, and park where jasmine, vines and orange trees are cultivated and where Le Nôtre, the celebrated landscape-gardener of Versailles, has laid a hand. The avenues of trees she planted are still there, called by the names she gave them, more dense and umbrageous of course than they were two hundred years ago, but substantially the same.

From here it was that much of this remarkable letter-work went forth, work which constitutes to the historian and the sociologist so vivid a commentary on the times, so invaluable a series of documents for the study of the inner life of France almost from the death of Richelieu, in 1642, to the decade succeeding the revocation of the Edict of Nantes in 1684. Yet through all the sprightliness, the wit, the gayety there penetrates (as M. Boissier remarks) an ever-increasing murmur of misery, of discontent, of grinding poverty, of incredible inhumanity of landlord to tenant. The letters begin just after Charles I. has been beheaded in England and when the civil wars of the Fronde are rending France asunder, about the time when the Thirty Years' War in Germany ceases (1648); continue through the Dutch and Spanish wars, and end in 1696, just nineteen years before Louis XIV. dies in splendid misery at Versailles.

For fifty years Mme. de Sévigné had enjoyed uninterrupted health, when suddenly she awoke to find she had nerves and — knees, a twinge of rheumatism shot across her system, settled in her joints, and reminded her that even she was amenable to the ordinary rules of hygiene and humanity. Her ensuing rheumatic experiences introduce us to a most amusing series of letters from the Saratoga of the seventeenth century — Vichy, whither she goes periodically for the summer parboiling. Her pages reflect the curious *materia medica* and therapeutics of the time: cathartics taken after the full of

the moon; sea-water drunk for hydrophobia; amber chewed to improve the complexion; and dogs given a deadly drink to carry off your disease vicariously!

Of one old lady she writes: "She came here to get well of her seventy-six years, of which she was ill." Of another shaking with "apoplexy," she thinks she can shake it off by drinking the waters.

Chocolate, coffee, and tea were just then coming into fashion, and wonderful are the tales she tells about them. Coffee is rendered "innocuous" by mingling cream or honey with it. Chocolate, she tells Mme. de Grignan, made a little boy she knew as black as the devil! and a certain German landgrave, who was dying, drank forty cups of tea and — didn't die!

The funniest doctors in the world are Molière's, but Mme. de Sévigné's quacks and quackeries are almost as funny: the men who prescribe potable gold (the "Keely Cure" of the time), *bouillon* of vipers, powdered crayfish eyes, etc.; the sympathizers; the people who poulticed and plastered you, then buried the poultice, whereupon the poulticed spot perspired and stopped aching. The queen herself was thus plastered, — and miraculously recovered.

Fifty years of perfect health followed by twenty of poultices, plasters, watering-places, and purges: such is the medical record of this female phenomenon. Almost as sparkling as vichy water itself are her letters from Vichy when she began to visit the springs and tell the things she saw and heard there.

But the time comes when even this indefatigable letter-writer has to drop the pen and think of "the great change": she who had preached so eloquently and beautifully to others of death must herself, late in the aging century, "cross the dark water." Almost a Protestant in the liberality of her convictions, she had placed over the high altar of her chapel at Les Rochers:

Soli Deo honor et gloria.

Gracious, piquant, *spirituelle*, vivacious to the last, this daughter of the Grand Age is as much a belle at seventy as she had been when she listened to the glorious rhythm of Bossuet's sermons, when she dropped in at a first night's performance of a play of Corneille or Racine, or when she read in manuscript a timidly circulated fable of La Fontaine. Her mobile imagination and playful manner made her universally admired and quoted; her private letters were copied and

read to admiring circles; one of her friends describes her as personally lovely to the last.

The "last" came at the Château de Grignan where she was on a visit to her daughter. Smallpox, that awful scourge of the seventeenth century, which did not even spare Louis XIV. or the highest nobility of Europe, before the days of inoculation, attacked and

destroyed this gifted woman who, as her son-in-law related in an obituary letter, "faced death with an astonishing firmness and submission." "It is very tiresome to live in the grace of God," remarked a contemporary; but everybody (adds a commentator) wanted to *die* in it.

Mme. de Sévigné did.



THREE CHURCHES IN PARIS.



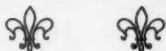
BY CAROLINE SHELDON.



NOTRE DAME.

Around its grey old walls, the rush and roar
Of the great city's traffic beats. They bear
The curious carven shapes of men and beasts,
Weird fancies of the ages gone: kings, saints,
A vision of the judgment, when the books
Of time shall all be opened, and the deeds
Of men, or good or evil, all revealed.
In tracery of iron light as lace,
Blossom and spread the flowers and leaves that rob
The oaken doors of half their frowning grim,
Like clustering vines that cover with their fresh
And vigorous life, the face of some great cliff,
Which, looking o'er the barren deep, upholds
A light that beckons mariners along the way
To peaceful havens and the joys of home.
Within, the clustered pillars,—like the trunks
Of some old forest of the elder time,
When strange great beasts, and monstrous forms uncouth
Possessed the earth, and Adam's race was not —
Uphold the springing arches of the roof
When thoughts of gazing worshippers are lost
In awe, in reverence, and adoring prayer.
Far-off, the organ sounds, a deep-toned voice,
Like some kind storm that purifies, not harms,
And chanting of the unseen choristers
Is heard, and rises, mixed with curling clouds
Of incense, circling to the Eternal Throne.
For centuries the stately pile has stood,
And round it wars and tumults surged,
Shaking the thrones of kings and faith of men.

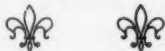
But when the smoke of strife has cleared away
 And frenzy in the storm-tossed souls burned out,
 The temple stood and stands, an emblem fit
 Of Him who changes not nor turns, though earth
 Should pass away, and mountain tops be bowed
 To meet the tossing billows of the sea.



LA SAINTE CHAPELLE.



Closed round by walls wherein is heard all day,
 And day by day, the strife of tongues and sound
 Of voices clamoring o'er "rights" and "wrongs"
 And privilege and precedent, and all
 The weighty nothings for which men spend life
 And thought and strength and unavailing care,
 A tiny chapel lifts its heavenward-soaring spire,
 Invites the soul away from strife to peace,
 And bids it read, in glowing colors writ,
 A song of praise sent down from far-off times,
 When men still spent themselves to win by force
 Back from the Infidels the grave of Christ.
 Through glowing casements rich with colors fair
 And bright, the golden sun streams in and lights
 This jewel-casket formed by ancient faith,
 Where pious Louis, saintly King of France,
 Placed for safe keeping what he valued more
 Than his crown-jewels or his regal state —
 The precious bones and relics brought from far,
 Memorials of still more holy souls
 Whose deeds and words were ever calling on
 To greater purity, more perfect faith.



LA CHAPELLE DU NAZARÈNE.



Away from the great veins of civic life,
 In a quiet street, but little known to those
 Who seek in the gay city by the Seine
 Only the scenes of mirth and revel, or old

THREE CHURCHES IN PARIS.

Remembrances of those whose deeds are sung
 In chronicles and lays, or who have won
 From passing ages that strange thing called fame,
 There stands apart from observation of the throng
 An obscure building, modest, low, and small,
 Upon whose front is graven a homely scene,
 Wherein a lad of tender years, and sweet
 Mild face, works with an old man at a bench,
 Such as in any odd, by-Paris street
 May well be found.

Here a wise priest
 Gathers the lads within his parish-bounds
 To learn how holy and how great is toil
 When sanctified by thoughts of Him who came
 To tread through weary years the paths of men,
 And teach them how to bear the load of life,
 By doing all things in the one Great Name.



THE THREE.



Three temples of the Living God; one, vast
 And stately as a forest of the prime;
 One, small and glittering as a bit of work
 Done by a goldsmith, or some unknown monk
 To illuminate the missal of a queen;
 And one, all bare and plain, but full of work
 Grown sacred through sweet child-like thoughts of God,
 And loving service to the sons of men.
 "Which is the best?" We know not. God is in all
 That points the soul toward higher things;
 And He who gave the pattern in the Mount,
 For curiously-wrought wood and beaten gold,
 And curtains all of purple, red, and blue,
 And fine-twined linen, pure and soft and white,
 He it was who named the sons of song
 To chant high praise within the temple-court,
 And He it was who said in after time,
 "Who would be great, must follow me — and serve."

THE ART OF THE AMERICAN INDIAN.

BY CHAS. H. BARTLETT.

MR. James Mooney has shown us that spirituality is the red man's predominant trait. Anyone who reads this author's important work entitled "The Ghost-Dance Religion,"—one of the most remarkable of the Smithsonian publications—must feel that Mr. Mooney's wide research and careful judgment give his words the weight of authority in such a matter. And the reader must the more readily yield his assent when he considers the Indian's incessant prayers—especially those of the old-time Indian.

But Mr. Schoolcraft, one of the earliest and one of the most devoted of the Smithsonian workers, goes a step farther. After a lifetime's experience with the Indians of seventy-five years ago—the eastern Indians—he declares in his *Journal* that the red man's predominant quality of mind is *ideality*, that union of the spiritual with a love of the beautiful and the sublime. That the red man was powerfully affected by the beautiful and the sublime is fully attested by the wealth of tradition, story and legend with which he marked every natural object that could excite the wonder of a rational mind, and every scene whose beauty or grandeur appeals to the emotional nature of man. The very names which he applied, and which in many cases still cling to such objects and localities, are eloquent of his appreciation, for they are touchingly suggestive.

Spirituality and ideality! Is it because of such traits that the world has felt such an interest in the Indian? Is it these traits that have given the clear, bell-like tone to his oratory? Was it from such a source that he drew the strength of his impassioned character? But if these conclusions of Mr. Mooney and Mr. Schoolcraft are right, then it would follow that the Indian, as he

comes into our life, will excel along the line of the fine arts, and that his achievements in the past must demonstrate in some degree his fitness for such work.

It is easy to test the strength of his endowment in the matter of his art instincts. In the first place, travelers returning from a sojourn in the Indian villages have often told of the Indian boy, with a piece of charcoal and a board, who, despite the lack of instruction, was able to produce an outline drawing in which all could recognize the features of the guest. Or, one may recall that the teachers in the Indian schools say that their charges, when they have learned the use of a pencil, fall to making carpet and wall-paper designs, of unique patterns, patterns supplied from the keen observations taken in by their Indian eyes when they were birds with the birds and squirrels with the squirrels. And then one may cite examples of Indian basketry in which gracefulness in form vies with the plaited design worked out in harmonious bits of color.

When designs are spoken of, one's thoughts fly quickly to the southwest country and the marvelous patterns on its ancient and on its modern pottery wares. Here are seen all the intricacies of the fret and the meander applied with such grace as would have made them fit models for any age of Hellenic art. The assertion will seem only just, if one will turn to the elegant patterns which Mr. W. H. Holmes and Mr. Frank Cushing have copied for us as they found them on the pottery of the Little Colorado and that of the modern Zunis, patterns that nestle to place on the inner surface of a common ladle, or on the outward curves of a water-jar, or follow the rim of a wide-mouthed bowl. (See Nos. 1, 2, 4, 6 and 7.) The mazy lines of these exquisite figures do



No. 1.—PAINTED DECORATION, PUEBLO.



No. 2.—PAINTED DESIGN, EXTERIOR OF VASE

indeed suggest the rich decorative effects of ancient Greek art. They also raise at once the question of European influence. But only a little research will lay to rest such



No. 3.—PAINTING OF SACRED BUTTERFLY OF ZUNI INDIANS.

questions; for one may easily discover that these designs all have their peculiar Indian meaning and are, in most cases, religious symbols. A pattern very often met with, that of the linked scroll running through serrate lines (See No. 5), is supposed to have had its origin in the Aztec pictographic sign for water.

And there are the Navajo blankets—who can say enough for them? Say enough for those precious fabrics the best of which are



No. 4.—PAINTED DESIGN, EXTERIOR OF BOWL.

seldom to be bought with a price but are reserved for the uses of the dead? In the graves of the Navajos there are triumphs of art moldering away such as might put to shame many of the famous looms of the earth. No. 8 is an example of the best work of these weavers. It is said that the weaver has been known to draw the design in sand on the floor at his side before such a blanket is begun. This one, like No. 9, shows the elaborate diamond pattern with serrated lines, a very difficult kind of work and truly wonderful as the product of their simple hand loom. It is made from thread spun from their native wool, and is aflame with brilliant native colors, red, yellow, blue, green, black and white.

While there is no doubt that the artistic features in the pottery and the fabrics of the southwest are intensely Indian, yet it is

impossible to say at this date to what degree that art was stimulated by foreign influence at the hands of the early friars in their missionary labors. But one may easily escape all such complications and learn the same lessons concerning the Indian's endowment, by a study of those art products that beyond all question have survived from the old life preceeding the advent of our race. For, if one will look into the mounds and will search for the ancient tombs along the banks of our rivers, streams and the connected lakes, and if he will visit again and again the old fireplaces that dot our land in countless numbers, showing where the lodges once stood,—if one will do these things, one may recover full and sufficient evidences telling how powerfully his art impulses swayed the motives and desires of the red man.

The red Americans, like every other race, found in art an expression of their faith. Therefore we may glance at some of the ruling influences in their religious life, so that we may understand their art. It seems strange indeed that a man who could seek the scalp of his enemy and treasure it as a precious trophy should have known a faith so gentle and so full of love. Because of this religious belief, and in spite of his warlike nature, the Indian cultivated a spirit of genuine affection toward all the lower forms of animal life. Except as his necessities required, he would not kill bird or beast. He spoke of them as his brothers, and often when returning successful from the chase, he was gloomy and despondent, fearing lest in the excitement of the hour he had



No. 5.—BOWL.

destroyed life which he should have spared. Before he slew a deer or bear he spoke to the animal, giving some reason for the deed,

how he needed the animal's flesh or his warm coat. Even the venomous serpent he would not harm, and small creeping things he would not purposely molest. And so benign was his religious system that each department of the animal kingdom was provided with a little divinity to look after its affairs. Thus the Spirit of the Great Swan looked after all swans, the Spirit of the Great Turtle controlled all turtledom, and so on through the list, every kind of an animal having its own protecting spirit to guard its interests and punish its enemies. These divinities—who were under the control of the Great Spirit—felt a great interest in the human race, and any one of them might become the protecting genius of any particular man.

To find what one of these spirits was thus concerned in him, the youth in all the tribes went apart to fast and pray. He chose some secluded spot and constructed for himself a bower, or place of concealment, by tying together the tops of a few saplings and covering them with green boughs. Here he sat in meditation, fasting for two days—sometimes for a longer period—and from time to time calling on the Great Spirit. When his fast was done, he stepped forth from the bower. If the first animal that appeared to him was a rabbit, then he knew that the Spirit of the Great Rabbit had sent this representative of his kingdom, so that the youth might understand that this particular spirit would be his presiding genius through life. If possible, the youth secured

other characteristic part of the animal was preserved, as the rabbit's foot. And this may have been the origin of our superstition concerning the pedal extremity of that crea-



No. 7.—PAINTED DESIGN, EXTERIOR OF BOWL.



No. 6.—PAINTED DESIGN WITHIN BOWL OF DIPPER.

the rabbit that had brought this message and preserved its skin, and this he kept near at hand while he lived. At times, some

ture, the southern negroes deriving the belief from the Cherokees. Henceforth, the rabbit would be to this youth a sacred animal, and he must neither harm it nor partake of its flesh. In after years, when on the war-path, the youth and his companions would not set out guards at night, except under conditions of extreme peril. Such precautions would be superfluous and irreverent; for the youth commended himself to the Spirit of the Great Rabbit, while the others appealed to their tutelary divinities, and all reposed in the ample security of ghostly guardians.

An important act of worship with the Greeks and Romans was accomplished when they had laid the flesh of animals in the midst of the altar fires, since they believed that the incense ascending therefrom was very grateful to the Ruler of High Heaven. The Indian expressed the same idea in his own way. He supposed that the tobacco plant was created for his especial benefit, and that the little cloud rising from the pipe-bowl supplied a very pleasant savor for the Great Spirit. In this way smoking was primarily an act of worship, the worship of the Great Spirit. But the Indian's meditations on the Supreme Being would call to mind the subordinate divinity presiding over his affairs and deserving his constant and grateful recognition. What, then, was more natural than the red man's effort to offer

such recognition by fashioning the pipe-bowl after the well-known form of his protecting divinity? So we may suppose that the youth who at the end of his fast saw a rabbit in



No. 8.—NAVAJO BLANKET.

the grass was he who worked out the rabbit pipe shown in figure No. 10. This pipe is made of a compact brown sandstone. Long use has well-nigh obliterated the markings on its surface, but enough remains to show that the eyes were once prominent, as the ears still are, while the general contour of the body was correctly and neatly defined. The specimen was found on the site of an ancient town of the Miamis with whose inhabitants La Salle made a treaty in 1681.

No. 12 shows an animal form so conventionalized as to make classification impossible. It is from Kansas, and is made from the soft Manhattan limestone. The recurrence of the same animal form in their pipe-bowls, as one after another was found to be under the protection of the same divinity, would quite naturally introduce in time conventional designs indicating more than they expressed. Thus, No. 14 is a pretty little pipe-bowl whose design is so modified that one can only guess that its original prototype may have been a cocoon, the maker's protecting divinity having been one that presided over some of the larger moths, or possibly such a delicate little deity as the Spirit of the Great Butterfly. No. 15 seems very significant. It is a sandstone pipe,

but of no great beauty because the original finish has quite disappeared from long exposure to the elements. But on examination it is seen to represent a snake's head, having an eye on each side and a pair of nostrils at the tip end of the bowl. What at first seem to be curious markings over one eye and under the other and along the top of the head, on careful inspection prove to be so many baby snakes. One readily recalls that in the case of many species of snakes the young are often seen to work their way about the head of the parent serpent and to disappear within her mouth at the approach of danger. The mother of snakes and her children, too! Such were the messengers from the Spirit of the Great Serpent, and so this Indian set himself the task of crowding them all on his pipe-bowl.

No. 20 is a good example of a fine slate pipe in which the bowl rises from the middle of a curved base. One part of the base could be held in the hand while the other part, containing the mouthpiece, was applied to the lips. This pipe is characteristic of the mounds, and its type seems to



No. 9.—NAVAJO BLANKET.

have been that of a bent bow. No. 21 and perhaps No. 23 are modifications of the same design. Even in the large pipes the receptacle for the tobacco is often quite small,

One-fourth of a common cigarette just fills the bowl of No. 23. It would seem that such tiny pipes must have been for purely ceremonial purposes, as in worship. But this is not necessarily so, for the Koreans today make use of such pipes, preferring to relight frequently and have a cool smoke. The type of No. 18 is certainly the grooved stone ax, and the thought is the same as in No. 20—a desire to invoke the Great Spirit's aid in the use of their weapons. It is the characteristic pipe-bowl in use during the historic period, and may mark the warlike thoughts and purposes stimulated by the exigencies of the Indians' evil day. Nos. 16 and 17 are diminutive and slightly modified examples of the No. 18 type. As if following out this idea in the Indian mind, the early traders supplied the warriors with a steel tomahawk in which the head, or part above the eye, was fashioned into a pipe-bowl, and the handle was used for a stem.

Any collection of the old pipes will show that most of them are made of sandstone or some kind of slate. Yet they were sometimes worked out of the most refractory varieties of rock. One made of white



No. 10.—RABBIT PIPE.

quartzite recently came to light. Happy the traveler in the olden days to whom they offered the pipe in token of peace, good will, hospitality. And how the translucent

walls of this little white one must have glowed as the grateful fires of the fragrant narcotic burnt low in the bowl! Even so for the guest glowed the fires of friendship in the heart of his host.



No. 11.—HUMAN HEAD.

The grotesque face on the sandstone pipe No. 13, and the one cut on a smooth pebble, No. 24, remind us of the fact that the red man sometimes addressed his prayers to the Spirit of Evil. The Ottawas refused to entertain the teachings of Hiawatha, because the latter when a young man was on familiar terms with the Evil Spirit. Peculiar markings, such as those about the eyes in both these figures and the faint lines on the chin of No. 13, are regarded by many as evidences of tattooing. But it is hard to see why they may not have been the well-known use of paint, such as the Indian has always relied on when he would make his countenance terrible to his enemies. Creations like these led the way to better efforts in their carved figures involving the features of the human face, as in the stone medallion, No. 26, and in the unfinished sandstone pipe, No. 27. The latter is decorated with five faces, two of which are shown here. The material is a very soft sandstone, so that the carvings are not well preserved, but enough remains to show that this object came from the hands of an artist. The specimen was picked up near a spring, in St. Joseph county, Indiana, not far from the spot where the head shown in No. 11 was found. The latter is of sandstone and is about one-half life size. Like the faces in No. 27, it seems to be an attempt to set forth the features of an individual. It is one of several such heads that have been found in this same part of Indiana, but none of the others compare with it in execution. Making due allowance for changes which its long exposure has entailed, one sees in this



No. 12.

No. 13.

No. 14.

No. 15.

No. 16.

No. 17.

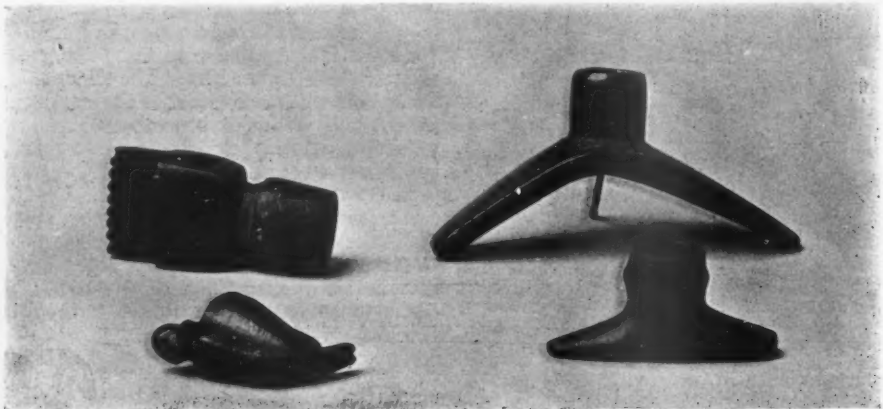
EXAMPLES OF INDIAN STONE PIPES AND AXES.

solemn face a veritable triumph of aboriginal skill. Something oriental in the expression, together with the downcast eyes, suggests the meditations of the Buddhist; but the features are those of the primitive American. Could those stone lips break the silence of the centuries, they "could a strange tale unfold."

Closely related to these pipes and images is a vast number of strange and often beautiful carvings, objects worked out of Silurian, or banded slate, and representing very many of the native mammals, birds, and even insects. Some of the animal forms are shown in figures 28 to 31. Notice the large conventionalized eyes in No. 28. No. 38 is a beautiful slate specimen, of which Nos. 37 and 40 may be variations. It is popularly known as a "butterfly ceremonial stone," the idea prevailing that it represented the butterfly and stood for some feature in the red man's faith. It may have been the American parallel to the scarabæus symbol of the Egyptians, "an emblem of the

sun, or of life." The writer has seen two of these "butterflies" that were made out of rose-colored quartz. Rose quartz readily absorbs moisture, taking on a darker tint when it does so, and fading out again as the watery vapor disappears. So these pink "butterflies" must have been veritable barometers, prophesying the storm by their blushes. Such manifestations, however obscure, would not fail to hold the attention of the Indian. Nor could they have lessened the ceremonial significance of the object. The conventional figure appearing so often in Zuni decoration and shown in No. 3 is the sacred butterfly that helped to bring the warm weather from the "land of perpetual summer."

Through a wide belt of country, extending from the region of the Great Lakes well into the southern states, and from the Atlantic coast to the western plains, is found an interesting variety of the ancient potter's wares. Prevailingly the vessels are large, sometimes holding a half bushel or more,



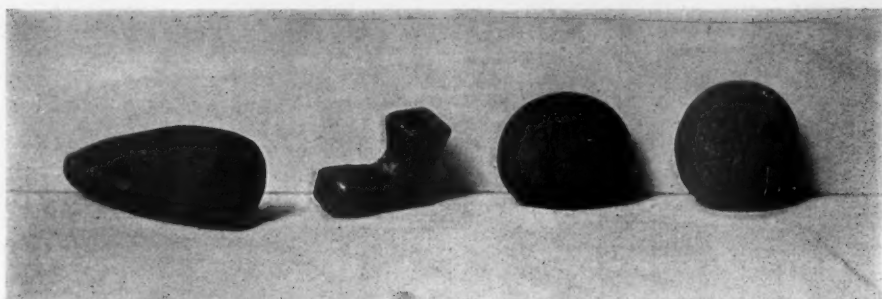
No. 18.

No. 19.

No. 20.

No. 21.

AX, HUMAN FIGURE AND BOW TYPES OF PIPES.



No. 22.

No. 23.

No. 24.

No. 25.

VARIOUS FORMS OF INDIAN PIPES.

but ranging down to the size of a sugar-bowl. Externally they are covered with cloth impressions, the markings in general being quite distinct and showing at least six different methods of weaving. Two fragments of this cloth were found recently on the bank of the Maumee in northwestern Ohio. They were perfectly preserved, having lain embedded in a great mass of mineral paint. One fragment was brown in color and was apparently made from the wool of the buffalo. The thread was coarse but very light and soft. The other piece resembled a fair grade of white cotton duck, but having the breast feathers of the swan (?) carefully interwoven with the goods, after the manner of the Mexican feather cloth. These and other remains of textile fabrics found in the mounds, taken in connection with the cloth markings on the abundant potsherds, show that the old Indian weavers

of the Mississippi valley knew well the mysteries of their cunning art.

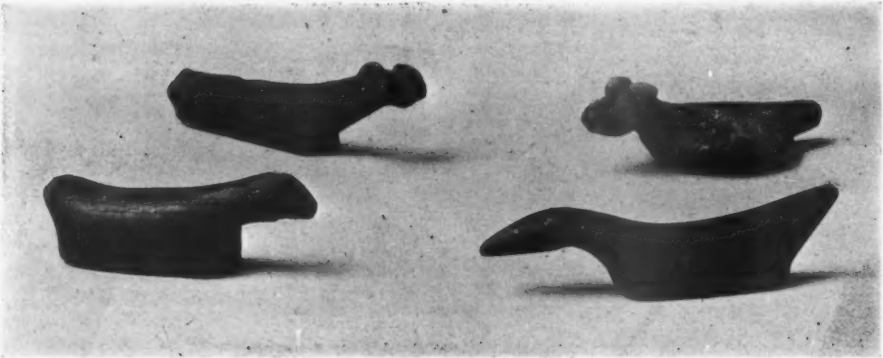
It is probable that these cloth-marked vessels were made in a bag. Any fragment will show that the walls consist of three layers, the inner smooth surface, the outer one with its impressions, and an intervening one consisting mainly of the material obtained from granite rocks crushed fine. These vessels have doubtless lost some element from the composition of their walls, so that their strength is not what it was when they were in use. The periphery in the case of well-nigh every vessel carries some kind of an ornamental design, serrations or pinches or scallops or shell impressions. Sometimes a series of buttons has been pressed outward, encircling the rim of the vase or bowl, or a ridge has been formed and its summit criss-crossed with diagonal lines, or marked with curious punctures made by the cross-



No. 26.—DISC WITH HUMAN FACE.



No. 27.—HUMAN FACE PIPE.



No. 29.

No. 28.

No. 30.
No. 31.

CEREMONIAL STONES IN ANIMAL FORMS.

section of a quill, or reed. Indeed, there are not two of these vessels showing the same peripheral decorations, while there is scarcely one to be met with that fails to tell the story of the artistic impulse that everywhere in the work of the red man struggles to find expression. Nos. 32 and 35 are good illustrations of this class of wares. The latter was found in the midst of abundant human remains, at a burial-place in the bank of the St. Joseph river, Indiana. Many holes had been drilled through its walls. Three of them are in plain view in the illustration, just below the line of the vessel's greatest diameter. In the southwest tribes, a vase is spoken of as having life, and the ring emitted when its side is

tapped is thought to be the outcry of that life. This funeral urn might then have been perforated so as to allow the "life" to make its escape and accompany the departing spirit of the mortal.

Near No. 35 was found the large fragment which is shown in the restoration, No. 33. The latter was unquestionably a contemporary of the former, and yet is a very different kind of pottery, a kind frequently met with in the mounds. These vessels do not, in general, show cloth impressions, and when such markings occur they are purely for ornamentation. Nor do their walls show the inner and the outer layer with the intervening arrangement of granite sand. The clean exterior surface very often carries elaborate



No. 32 — CLOTH-MARKED VESSEL.



No. 33. — OLLA, OR WATER VESSEL.



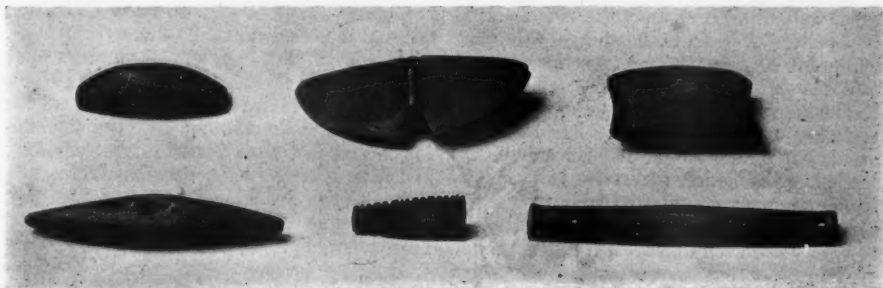
No. 34.—VASE FROM IOWA.



No. 35.—CLOTH MARKED VESSEL.

designs in part applied with a stamp, or die, and in part worked out with some pointed instrument. They are well tempered and seem much more durable than the cloth-marked vessels. Fragments of the former show the same color throughout, while cloth-marked ones may be red on the outside, yellow or white on the inside, with the intervening layer black. This second variety was made by some process that admitted of greater freedom in modeling. It therefore assumes extremely varied forms, often graceful and showing remarkable fertility in the conceptions of the potter. While these vessels altogether lack any coating that could be called an enamel—and, in fact, those of the Mississippi valley seldom show even a polish—yet, so far as concerns their design, they deserve a place among the world's treasures of things truly artistic. The designs themselves are apparently far in advance of many other features in the red

man's culture; for it must be remembered that in most of the affairs of their life these old potters were in a very primitive condition. Look at these water-bottles from Arkansas, and the pretty device of a bowl from Illinois, and the Iowa vase with its stamped patterns and its embossed ornamentation. Surely, it was an artist's soul with which heaven endowed the man of our wilderness! His vases and bowls and water-bottles and ollas, and his patiently wrought devices in stone, and the elaborate figures in his fine cloths,—these things contribute testimony as forcible as it is pleasing and go far to establish the red man's claim to gifts that are among the best things of earth. Indeed, Mr. Schoolcraft's conclusion concerning the Indian's ideality seems a close approach to the truth, when it is known what the latter could accomplish as a cloth-maker, a carver in stone, and a worker in clay.

No. 36.
No. 37.No. 38.
No. 39.No. 40.
No. 41.

CEREMONIAL STONES.

A NEW PHILOSOPHY OF FASHION.

BY HELEN G. ECOR.



WHEN our forefathers were transplanted to the western continent they brought hither the spirit of English jurisprudence, government and theology; systems which had slowly developed out of sociological conditions. From this common heritage England and America have eliminated much that has been outgrown, and will cast off more which already shows signs of obsolescence. Our ancestors brought with them also the methods of dress which prevailed in the mother country. These were not Saxon in derivation, but had been acquired from their French neighbors. Neither England nor America has had a distinctively national dress. For centuries Paris has dictated the fashions of highly civilized nations. In the weary years of animosity between England and France, Saxon self-assertion has never reached the point of discrediting Parisian modes. Americans, rejoicing in the fact that their country can produce everything which Americans need, are, nevertheless, satisfied with fashions of foreign manufacture. Yet the prestige of France, as the leader of fashions, has been her great misfortune, for it originated in the selfishness and vanity of her court and noblesse. Extravagance of attire was a chief factor in the prodigalities which prepared an overtaxed people for the revolutionary retribution. The skill and technique of the French in minute details have doubtless delayed the development of great industries.

Today France has swung into line with the great nations which supply the real needs of the world. A court no longer sets the pace of wanton splendor. The latest fashions are first disported by those women, enemies of the home, who in Paris are surrounded by all the amenities of refined life. Such fashions are based on the vulgar and sensual idea of rendering the wearer attractive to the opposite sex. They appeal to the lower nature. Shall we wonder at extravagance, at inanity, at vanity and even immodesty? It is related of Gladstone that he once met a celebrated lecturer on his way to address an art class. "Tell those artists," said he, "that they can only paint the beautiful out of beautiful hearts." A Greater Philosopher very per-

tinently asked, "Do men gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles?" Can we ever expect intelligence of purpose or purity of feeling in fashions emanating from such a source? What we want is not a modification of existing fashions but a change in *motif*. America, England and the new France should join in a movement for the introduction of fashions worthy of their women. The new France especially, in both character and taste, is well endowed for leadership in such a movement.

The call to decisive action is emphasized by the advance of truth in all departments of human thought. In physiology, in philosophy, in psychology, and in religion, new worlds are constantly coming into view. In these various departments women have achieved renown as thinkers and explorers. Only when they approach the subject of dress does the modern educational impulse cease. Is it fitting that the enlightened women of the twentieth century should submit to the decrees of the fashion-monger? Shall they confess that on this subject they are still in a state of childhood and tutelage? The power of educated womanhood should make itself felt in the realms of practical life. Intelligence in dress will come only through education, which, as defined by Professor Huxley, "is the instruction of the intellect in the laws of Nature and the fashioning of the affections and of the will into an earnest and loving desire to move in harmony with those laws. Anything which professes to call itself education must be tried by this standard; and if it fails to stand the test, I will not call it education, whatever may be the force of authority or of numbers upon the other side." This large idea of education, which includes the training of the affections and the will, must be the dominating motive in the movement for better dress.

There is a growing demand for a new philosophy of dress, or, we might better say, a philosophy of dress, for has there ever been any philosophy other than that of the trader's pocketbook? That there is a science of dress, that its laws are immutable and universal is recognized by those who have given serious thought to this problem. Indeed the premonitory symptoms of a renaiss-

sance are already appearing in England and America. No great movement springs suddenly into existence. It is anticipated by individual effort, goes through a period of tentative thought, comes to full consciousness through practical endeavor. A decided tendency exists among thoughtful women to assert the right of reason in this direction. A growing dissatisfaction with accepted theories, an increasing refinement of taste, a greater familiarity with the principles of decoration, a quickening of the moral sense, these are heralds of coming emancipation. A few women, with courage born of intelligence, eschew fashion-plates, and dress in accordance with their theories. It is the aim of this article to show the laws underlying beautiful and rational dress, and the means by which, in our judgment, a desultory movement for rational fashions may be made permanent and far-reaching.

The science of dress is based on the law of necessity and on the demand of the æsthetic nature for beauty. We are brought back from personal opinions concerning necessity and beauty to an intelligent interrogation of nature. This is the method of both science and art; we give them our allegiance only as we recognize their fidelity to law. The first aim of scientific dress is to set up a true standard of beauty in the feminine form. To whom shall we go for authoritative answer? We appeal from the judgment of the corset factory and the dressmaker to the divine prototype. We have no right to individual opinion, just as we have no private judgment concerning the spread of the oak or the pattern of the fern. The periods of false art in history have been those in which men ceased to question nature, scorned the study of anatomy and adopted arbitrary standards of beauty. The return to true art has been characterized by a reverent return to the study of nature. The great artist is he who lovingly interprets creative thought. If the ideals of fashion vary from the prototype, the deflection is the measure of false art.

The normal outlines of the feminine body are exquisitely modeled. From the armpit the lines flow in delicate outward curves into the powerful hips. Measurements upon uncivilized women show a difference of only a few inches in the girth of chest and waist. The line of the abdomen from the base of the sternum is a gentle convex. The trunk of the body, depository of all the vital organs, is marvelously devised to give the utmost flexibility and grace. This is accomplished by the jointing of the spinal column.

The bones of the leg play only at the knee and ankle, while the bone of the back plays at every point of the vertebra. Conventional dress ignores all this exquisite workmanship. It reduces the delicate curves to straight lines, the abdominal convex to a concave, diminishes the waist girth and by so much raises the shoulders, thrusts the breast into undue prominence and exaggerates the hips. The inflexible corset is equivalent to the substitution of a straight bone in place of the sinuous vertebra. Thus we have a conventional body, as the Chinese have a conventional foot. The task of education here is not only to compel intelligent recognition for the divine ideal, but to train the inclinations and the will into an earnest desire for its realization.

When we have established as our standard of excellence the creative ideal of beauty, we are confronted by the law of necessity in the adaptation of dress. Conventional dress attempts to conform the human figure to the prevailing fashion. Science and art conform the fashion to the human figure. Before the sculptor drapes his statue, he makes a perfect model of the nude body.

It is this law of necessity, or the adaptation of means to ends, that challenges our admiration in natural science. Every form of animate being serves a purpose without which the whole is incomplete. The modern system of education develops in the child the spirit of interrogation. Why is this flower-stalk clothed with bristles? Why is this blossom salver-shaped? Observe, says the teacher, how perfectly the ear is fitted to receive sound, the eye to absorb light, the hand to seize an object. What must be the habitat and characteristics of this animal as indicated by its structure? In art the same law prevails. Every line has a reason. That which the artist omits is as significant as that which he portrays. The writer may not use language loosely. The masterpiece is distinguished from the commonplace by the accurate choice of words as well as by the beauty of sentiment. These principles, recognized in science and art, give the key to philosophical dress. The human body is not a dummy on which the dressmaker may hang whatever design the passing season brings. The human body is the perfection of organic form. Its marvelous powers and functions are beyond the comprehension of the sage. Following the methods of science, dress must adapt itself to the laws of this complex and delicately constructed organism. The needs of the body are supreme. The

structure of clothing is subordinate to those needs and is governed by them. What will promote equable circulation, distribute weight, afford uniform heat, secure the best ventilation? Does this garment lend itself to the delicate flexion of joint and muscle? Is the natural contour of the body preserved? What style of garment is best suited to labor and exercise; what will meet the exigencies of storm and calm, heat and cold? What shoe gives greatest ease in walking; does this hat give due shade and protection? Does this line harmonize with the erect position of the body; does this sleeve correspond in form to the shape of the arm? There is a *raison d'être* for the fashion of each garment; that reason is the adaptation to the purpose which it is intended to serve. Every detail must give an adequate answer to the why of its construction. The æsthetics of dress are held by inexorable law to the utilities. Scientists declare that "every touch of beauty is but the flower of a deeply-rooted necessity." Decoration, then, is the elaboration of utilities. There is no antagonism between science and beauty. Science simply chastens and exalts the artistic feeling. We learn to distinguish between good and bad fashions through the application of recognized laws of art criticism, just as we learn the worth of literature, or feel the laws of literary art.

The right choice of color is an effective value in scientific dress. Like all highest and best things, color is beyond the scope of rules, "something that cannot be taught." Nature is the source of true inspiration. How daring yet how grateful are her combinations. With endless diversity there is yet perfect unity. The color which brings all these varieties into tone-harmony is green. From the deep black of the hemlock to the silver of the poplar there is constant blending and gradation. The meanest flower that grows gathers up from the earth just the emerald setting its hue demands. The heavens spread before us another scheme of color. That unfathomable distance we call blue sky blends every passing cloud into harmony. Rivers and lakes lend themselves to the symphony and mingle the tints of earth and sky. Pure tones are rarely found in the general landscape. The verdure of the meadow is softened by daisies which in the distance present a silvery olive, or the buttercup reduces the vividness by its tones of yellow. The grass itself is flowered and gay. When nature gives gorgeousness of effect it is always in infinitesimal forms.

An oriole, a poppy, or a butterfly is a mere point of rich light. The glory of the sunset endures for a moment, then the twilight descends. Those who have visited the Aquarium in New York catch a glimpse of the mysteries of the sea. Ingenuity exhausts itself in every variety of form and color. These exquisite creatures are veritable birds of the water. Yet they too are only points of light in the abyss of the ocean.

Costume painters have only begun to appreciate the color schemes of nature as applied to decoration. The oriental, more skilled than the western artificer, in both color and textile, makes constant use of green. It appears in rug and drapery as a background of illumination. If we take nature as the norm we are compelled to the choice of subdued color schemes. The endless shades of olive, silver-gray and butter-nut, with the lower tones of autumn sedge and russet-brown, are restful and unobtrusive, as body colors. Brilliant effects in trimming should be in comparatively small touches, to keep up the analogy. For more delicate and airy combinations the sky presents studies of inexhaustible variety. This is but a hint of the use to which we may put the suggestions growing out of nature study. By keeping the mind open a new world of thought is revealed. On this point nature is authoritative; we cannot question the color schemes presented by beast, bird, mineral and flower. The combinations of the loom may well be questioned. Design and color are frequently so violent that we turn for relief to the wrong side of the fabric. When the loom is adjusted to the schemes of nature there will be an end of criticism. For example, the designer is working out a scheme in tan. The study is a red squirrel, with delicate line of black and broad relief of cream white. Who shall question the color scheme of the meadow-lark in dead grass, gray and brown, with shield of yellow and black? or our plain brown robin with breast of Pompeian red? The sea-gull and the gray squirrel suggest exquisite schemes of gray; the owl is a study in brown and black. The humble burdock, of pure olive, with veinings of liquid green and under surface of silver-gray, suggests the value of different shades of the same color.

The difficult problem in the study of color is adaptation to the individual. That which is personally becoming depends upon the coloring of the wearer. For this reason there can never be a fashionable color in scientific dress. The color scheme of the

individual decides that of the apparel and changes only as advancing years bleach the hair and dull the complexion.

The ornamentation of dress is subject to the laws which are recognized in all art study. Elegance is sought through simplicity. The "beautiful is not distinguishable from the true." Every adornment, whether it be gem, ribbon, or lace, must have a purpose—to clasp, to fasten, to finish. The tendency is to minimize the indiscriminate use of precious stones, like the diamond, ruby and emerald, and to encourage the use of the commoner metals and minerals in bolder forms, after the oriental method. Such ornaments may be a part of the color scheme of the costume, as oxidized silver on gray, or used to focus the color, like jet with black, or topaz with yellow and ruddy brown. The diamond is in disfavor, because its brilliancy subordinates the wearer to the ornament.

Intelligence in fashions, it appears, will come only through the application of intelligence to the subject of dress. To organize any general movement in this direction demands earnest and persistent effort. The serious obstacle in our problem is the tyranny of trade, with its enormous investments and its command of the sources of exchange. Trusts and industrial combinations multiply on every hand. The most insidious, the most unsuspected combine is that of pattern-makers, manufacturers and dealers. Each spring and autumn these promoters decree some variation in style,—it may be slight, it may be great,—which will keep up a brisk market. The color of our hose, the depth of the mourning band is regulated by trade. Against this bossism there is absolute inertia. Its victims show no spirit of insurrection. Women challenge the shifting styles no more than they do the tides of the sea. With unquestioning submission they rip out in the spring what they inserted in the fall; they repudiate today that which they eagerly sought yesterday. The purpose of trade is neither felt nor seen. As soon as the inertia is overcome, remedy is at hand. A strike here would succeed where others fail. This combination does not deal with necessities. We cannot live without bread and coal, but we can live without the latest styles. Trade always adjusts itself to the demands of the purchaser. The despotism of manufacturer and dealer will cease when women combine to demand stability in modes and intelligence in design.

Whether we will or not the eye is con-

stantly educated in every new fashion. There is no escape from the fashion-monger. We may ascend to the heights of the Rockies, *la mode* has found its way to the mountain inn. Illustrated catalogues are placed for free distribution on the counters of the dry-goods shop. The country dress-maker is supplied with the latest fashion-plates. The daily press, the religious paper, the new book, all are up to date in illustration. The pattern-maker is equally insistent. The most intricate design, carefully notched and explained, is yours for a few cents. We take up our daily paper for the news from the seat of war; we are greeted with a cut of the latest design, "a coupon, ten cents and a pattern." Ready-made clothing is as cheap and more "smart" than home-made. The mantua-maker is trained in conventional methods and scornfully resists departure. Non-conformity is difficult and painful. To resist the traditionalism of dress is as thankless as to contend against the inherited opinions of a religious creed.

To organize any movement against arbitrary fashion we must make a straight path. Knowledge must be diffused, practical methods submitted, dressmakers trained, inventors encouraged, vehicles of communication established. The necessary means of culture must be widely distributed. True culture is not that of a few privileged individuals but that of the many. We shall establish a bureau of intelligent fashions only as we make it absolutely democratic. Not what the *élite* but what the multitude wear is really the fashion.

Dress as a science must advance by the same method that has developed other learned professions. As an example of this method we may study the historical development of medicine. The revolt against superstition and empirical practice began in the periods of intellectual activity. A few scholars here and there protested against the follies of medieval literature and remedies. First a school, then collections of schools, were established. The study of anatomy led to the discovery of physiological processes. Investigators in various departments gave accurate contributions. By unceasing research and experiment the study of medicine assumed the proportions of an exact science. With the advent of the hospital came the clinic and the skilled operator. Today medical journals and health journals are scattered broadcast, and physiology is taught in the public school.

To organize a movement for intelligent

fashions the same agencies are required as in other departments of science. First, a school of design, which in process of time will become schools of design, should be established. The object of this school would be to provide systematic and comprehensive training in this difficult branch of decorative art, and to be a sort of bureau of intelligence open to the average woman. The curriculum should include:

First.—A general course in anatomy and physiology, with special reference to the relation of clothing to the health, development and activities of the body.

Second.—Artistic anatomy; free-hand drawing of the outlines and proportions of the human figure; study of the masterpieces of antique and modern art.

Third.—Physical training: The object of this course should be not only to secure the physical and mental well-being of the pupil but to educate the eye to recognize and demand the poise, the carriage, the movements and breathing of the normal body.

Fourth.—Colors: Courses of study in the observation of the color-schemes of nature; flesh-tints and the harmonies and contrasts which they demand. The resources of this department as to art properties may be well-nigh inexhaustible: collections of moths, butterflies, birds, skins of animals, minerals, plants and flowers. Out-of-door classes should take the student into field and wood under the guidance of sympathetic teachers.

Fifth.—Historic art; study of dress in different periods, among all peoples; picturesque costume.

Sixth.—Ornamentation and textiles; the principles of decoration and their application to dress; jewels and fabrics.

Seventh.—Sewing and such methods of draughting, cutting and fitting as are essential to correct dress.

Eighth.—Designing: In this department pupils should be encouraged to design underclothing, gowns, bonnets and hats, wraps and ornaments embodying the principles of correct dress. The aim should be to encourage originality and inventiveness.

Ninth.—The economics and ethics of dress.

The school should be equipped with models, casts and photographs from the masterpieces of classic, modern and picturesque art. Collections of tapestries, artistic fabrics, metals and jewels would be valuable adjuncts. Prizes for the best designs for costumes for various occasions should be offered not only to the pupils but to outside artists, thus enlisting the best talent of the country. The school should issue a periodical devoted to rational dress and kindred subjects. Connected with the school should be a salesroom for the exhibition and sale of patterns, designs and costumes. This department should supply every article necessary for rational dress at the lowest prices. It should be the

purpose not only to give practical information but to answer the more difficult questions pertaining to the æsthetics of dress.

In these days when men and women of wealth devote their fortunes to the common good, it is not utopian to propose a school of this kind. Already many distinguished women and philanthropists are identified with the cause. We may feel assured that in the fulness of time a school of design for dress will be established. Ruskin and Morris are the great forerunners in this renaissance of true art.

As now conducted dressmaking does not rank among the noble arts. It is dominated by arbitrary rules and ministers to personal vanity. But, approached as a philosophical study, the profession is raised to a dignity becoming so serious a subject. As a producing cause of ninety per cent of the sickness visited upon woman, dress should form a subdivision of medical science; one of the greatest departments of industry and commerce, it enters into the economic problems of our day; the most difficult branch of applied decoration, it is an art study; emphasizing the inequalities of modern life, where, as Thackeray puts it, one set of men have purple and fine linen and the other "rags for garments and dogs for comforters," it is an essential part of our social questions; as an index of public morals it claims a place in our ethics.

To bring woman's apparel up to present-day needs is a demand of progressive civilization. Woman's new relation to the industrial world calls for the evolution of clothing suited to her new activities. Her relation to the social world has also changed. To attract through personal beauty and personal adornment lurks at the root of our present system. In an age of comradeship and coöperation between men and women this spirit must give place to considerations of comfort and good taste. We can hardly estimate the gain which would come to the world through the introduction of intelligent fashions; deliverance from petty cares and unnecessary burdens; improved health, physical vigor and nerve equilibrium; new graces of mind and heart; a womanhood of true dignity.



THE SHRINKAGE OF THE PLANET.

BY JACK LONDON.



HAT a tremendous affair it was, the world of Homer, with its indeterminate boundaries, vast regions, and immeasurable distances. The Mediterranean and the Euxine were illimitable stretches of ocean waste over which years could be spent in endless wandering. On their mysterious shores were the improbable homes of impossible peoples. The Great Sea, the Broad Sea, the Boundless Sea; the Ethiopians "dwelling far away, the most distant of men," and the Cimmerians, "covered with darkness and cloud," where "baleful night is spread over timid mortals." Phœnicia was a sore journey, Egypt simply unattainable, while the Pillars of Hercules marked the extreme edge of the universe. Ulysses was nine days in sailing from Ismarus, the city of the Ciconians, to the country of the Lotus-eaters—a period of time which today would breed anxiety in the hearts of the underwriters should it be occupied by the slowest tramp steamer in traversing the Mediterranean and Black Seas from Gibraltar to Sebastopol.

Homer's world, restricted to less than a drummer's circuit, was nevertheless immense, surrounded by a thin veneer of universe—the Stream of Ocean. But how it has shrunk! Today, precisely charted, weighed, and measured, a thousand times larger than his, it is become a tiny speck, gyrating to immutable law through a universe the bounds of which have been pushed incalculably back. The light of Algol shines upon it—a light which travels at one hundred and ninety thousand miles per second, yet requires forty-seven years to reach its destination. And the denizens of this puny ball have come to know that Algol possesses an invisible companion, three and a quarter millions of miles away, and that the twain move in their respective orbits at rates of fifty-five and twenty-six miles per second. They also know that beyond it are great chasms of space, innumerable worlds, and vast sidereal systems.

While much of the shrinkage to which the planet has been subjected is due to the increased knowledge of mathematics and physics, an equal, if not greater, portion may be ascribed to the perfection of the means

of locomotion and communication. The enlargement of stellar space, demonstrating with stunning force the insignificance of the earth, has been negative in its effect; but the quickening of travel and intercourse, by making the earth's parts accessible and knitting them together, has been positive.

The advantage of the animal over the vegetable kingdom is obvious. The cabbage, should its environment tend to become worse, must live it out, or die; the rabbit may move on in quest of a better. But after all, the swift-footed creatures are circumscribed in their wanderings. The first large river almost inevitably bars their way, and certainly the first salt sea becomes an impassable obstacle. Better locomotion may be classed as one of the prime aims of the old natural selection; for in that primordial day the race was to the swift as surely as the battle to the strong. But man, already preëminent in the common domain because of other faculties, was not content with the one form of locomotion afforded by his lower limbs. He swam in the sea, and still better, becoming aware of the buoyant virtues of wood, learned to navigate its surface. Likewise from among the land animals he chose the more likely to bear him and his burdens. The next step was the domestication of these useful aids. Here, in its organic significance, natural selection ceased to concern itself with locomotion. Man had displayed his impatience at her tedious methods and his own superiority in the hastening of affairs. Thenceforth he must depend upon himself, and faster-swimming or faster-running men ceased to be bred. The one, half-amphibian, breasting the water with muscular arms, could no longer hope to overtake or escape an enemy who propelled a fire-hollowed tree-trunk by means of a wooden paddle; nor could the other, trusting to his own nimbleness, compete with a foe who careered wildly across the plain on the back of a half-broken stallion.

So, in that dim day, man took upon himself the task of increasing his dominion over space and time, and right nobly has he acquitted himself. Because of it he became a road-builder and a bridge-builder; likewise, he wove clumsy sails of rush and

matting. At a very remote period he must also have recognized that force moves along the lines of least resistance, and in virtue thereof, placed upon his craft rude keels which enabled him to beat to windward in a sea-way. As he excelled in these humble arts, just so did he add to his power over his less progressive fellows and lay the foundations for the first glimmering civilizations—crude they were beyond conception, sporadic and ephemeral, but each formed a necessary part of the groundwork upon which was to rise the mighty civilization of our latter-day world.

Divorced from the general history of man's upward climb, it would seem incredible that so long a time should elapse between the moment of his first improvements over nature in the matter of locomotion and that of the radical changes he was ultimately to compass. The principles which were his before history was, were his, neither more nor less, even to the present century. He utilized improved applications, but the principles of themselves were ever the same, whether in the war chariots of Achilles and Pharaoh or the mail coach and diligence of the European traveler, the cavalry of the Huns or of Prince Rupert, the triremes and galleys of Greece and Rome or the East Indiamen and clipper ships of the last century. But when the moment came to alter the methods of travel, the change was so sweeping that it may be safely classed as a revolution. Though the discovery of steam attaches to the honor of the last century, the potency of the new power was not felt till the beginning of this. By 1800 small steamers were being used for coasting purposes in England; 1830 witnessed the opening of the Liverpool and Manchester railway; while it was not until 1838 that the Atlantic was first crossed by the steamships *Great Western* and *Sirius*. In 1869 the east was made next door neighbor to the west. Over almost the same ground where had toiled the caravans of a thousand generations, the Suez canal was dug. Clive, during his first trip, was a year and a half en route from England to India; were he alive today he could journey to Calcutta in twenty-two days. After reading De Quincey's hyperbolic description of the English mail coach, one cannot down the desire to place that remarkable man on the pilot of the White Mail or Fast Express.

But this tremendous change in the means of locomotion meant far more than the mere rapid transit of men from place to place.

Until then, though its influence and worth cannot be overestimated, commerce had eked out a precarious and costly existence. The fortuitous played too large a part in the trade of men. The mischances by land and sea, the mistakes and delays, were adverse elements of no mean proportions. But improved locomotion meant improved carrying, and commerce received an impetus as remarkable as it was unexpected. In his fondest fancies, James Watt could not have foreseen even the approximate result of his invention, the Hercules which was to spring from the puny child of his brain and hands. An illuminating spectacle, were it possible, would be afforded by summoning him from among the Shades to a place in the engine-room of an ocean grayhound. The humblest trimmer would treat him with the indulgence of a child; while an oiler, a greasy nimbus about his head and in his hand, as scepter, a long-snouted can, would indeed appear to him a demigod and ruler of forces beyond his ken.

It has ever been the world's dictum that empire and commerce go hand in hand. In the past the one was impossible without the other. Rome gathered to herself the wealth of the Mediterranean nations, and it was only by an unwise distribution of it that she became emasculated and lost both power and trade. With a just system of economics it were highly probable that she could have for centuries held back the welling tide of Germanic peoples. When upon her ruins rose the institutions of the conquering Teutons, commerce slipped away, and with it, empire. In the present, empire and commerce have become interdependent. Such wonders has the industrial revolution wrought in a few swift decades, and so great has been the shrinkage of the planet, that the industrial nations are already feeling the imperative demand for foreign markets. The favored portions of the earth are occupied. From their seats in the temperate zones the militant commercial nations proceed to the exploitation of the tropics, and for the possession of these they rush to war hot-footed. Like wolves at the end of a gorge, they wrangle over the fragments. There are no more planets, no more fragments, and they are yet hungry. There are no longer Cimmerians and Ethiopians, in wide-stretching lands, awaiting them. On either hand they confront the naked poles, and they recoil from unnavigable space to an intenser struggle among themselves. And the while the planet shrinks beneath their very grasp.

Of this struggle one thing may be safely predicated; a commercial power must be a sea power. Upon the control of the sea depends the control of trade. Carthage threatened Rome till she lost her navy; and then, for thirteen days the smoke of her burning rose to the skies, and the ground was plowed and sown with salt on the site of her most splendid edifices. The cities of Italy were the world's merchants till new trade routes were discovered and the dominion of the sea passed on to the west and fell into other hands. Spain and Portugal, inaugurating an era of maritime discovery, divided the new world between them, but gave way before a breed of sea rovers, who, after many generations of attachment to the soil, had returned to their ancient element. With the destruction of her Armada, Spain's colossal dream of colonial empire passed away. Against the new power Holland strove in vain, and when France acknowledged the superiority of the Briton upon the sea, she at the same time relinquished her designs upon the world. Hampered by her feeble navy, her contest for supremacy upon the land was her last effort, and with the passing of Napoleon she retired within herself to struggle with herself as best she might. For fifty years England held undisputed sway upon the sea, controlled markets, and domineered trade, laying, during that period, the foundations of her empire. Since then other naval powers have arisen, their attitudes bearing significantly upon the future; for they have learned that the mastery of the world belongs to the masters of the sea.

That many of the phases of this world-shrinkage are pathetic, goes without question. There is much to condemn in the rise of the economic over the imaginative spirit, much for which the energetic Philistine can never atone. Perhaps the deepest pathos of all may be found in the spectacle of John Ruskin weeping at the profanation of the world by the vandalism of the age. Steam launches violate the sanctity of the Venetian canals, where Xerxes bridged the Hellen-spont ply the filthy funnels of our modern shipping, electric cars run beneath the shadow of the pyramids, and it was only the other day that Lord Kitchener was in a railroad wreck near the site of ancient Luxor. But there is always the other side. If the economic man has defiled temples and despoiled nature, he has also preserved. He has policed the world and parked it, reduced the dangers of life and limb, made the tenure

of existence less precarious, and rendered a general relapse of society impossible. There can never again be an intellectual holocaust, such as the burning of the Alexandrian library. Civilizations may wax and wane, but the totality of knowledge cannot decrease. With the possible exception of a few trade secrets, arts and sciences may be discarded, but they can never be lost. And these things must remain true until the end of man's time upon the earth.

Up to yesterday, communication for any distance beyond the sound of the human voice or the sight of the human eye was bound up with locomotion. A letter presupposed a carrier. The messenger started with the message, and he could not but avail himself of the prevailing modes of travel. If the voyage to Australia required four months, four months were required for communication; by no known means could this time be lessened. But with the advent of the telegraph and telephone, communication and locomotion were divorced. In a few hours, at most, that could be performed which by the old way would have required months. In 1837 the needle telegraph was invented, and nine years later the Electric Telegraph Company was formed for the purpose of bringing it into general use. Government postal systems also came into being, later to consolidate into an international union and to group the nations of the earth into a local neighborhood. The effects of all this are obvious, and no fitter illustration may be presented than the fact that today, in the matter of communication, the Klondike is virtually nearer to Boston than was Bunker Hill in the time of Warren.

A contemporaneous and remarkable shrinkage of a vast stretch of territory may be instanced in the northland. From its rise at Lake Linderman, the Yukon runs twenty-five hundred miles to Bering sea, traversing an almost unknown region the remote recesses of which had never felt the moccasined foot of the pathfinder. At occasional intervals men wallowed into its dismal fastnesses, or emerged, gaunt and famine-worn. But in the fall of 1896 a great gold-strike was made—greater than any since the days of California and Australia; yet, so rude were the means of communication, nearly a year elapsed before the news of it reached the eager ear of the world. Passionate pilgrims disembarked their outfits at Dyea. Over the terrible Chilcoot Pass the trail led to the lakes,

thirty miles away. Carriage was yet in its most primitive stage, the road-builder and bridge-builder unheard of. With heavy packs upon their backs, men plunged waist-deep into hideous quagmires, bridged mountain torrents by felling trees across them, toiled against the precipitous slopes of the ice-worn mountains, and crossed the dizzy faces of innumerable glaciers. When, after incalculable toil they reached the lakes, they went into the woods, sawed pine trees into lumber by hand, and built it into boats. In these, overloaded, unseaworthy, they battled down the long chain of lakes. Within the memory of the writer there lingers the picture of a sheltered nook on the shores of Lake LeBarge, in which half a thousand gold seekers lay storm-bound. Day after day they struggled against the seas in the teeth of a northerly gale, and night after night returned to their camps, repulsed but not disheartened. At the rapids they ran their boats through, hit or miss, and after infinite toil and hardship, on the breast of a jarring ice-flood, arrived at the Klondike. From the beach at Dyea to the eddy below the Barracks at Dawson, they had paid for their temerity the tax of human life demanded by the elements. A year later, so great had the country shrunk, the tourist on disembarking from the ocean steamship took his seat in a modern railway coach. A few hours later, at Lake Bennet, he stepped aboard a commodious river steamer. At the rapids he rode around on a tramway to take passage on another steamer below. And in a few hours more he was in Dawson, without having once soiled the luster of his civilized foot-gear. Did he wish to communicate with the outside world, he strolled into the telegraph office. A few short months before, he would have written a letter and deemed himself favored above mortals were it delivered within the year.

From man's drawing the world closer and closer together, his own affairs and institutions have consolidated. Concentration may typify the chief movement of the age — concentration, classification, order; the reduction of friction between the parts of the social organism. The urban tendency of the rural populations led to terrible congestion in the great cities. There was stifling and impure air, and lo, rapid transit at once attacked the evil. Every great city has become but the nucleus of a greater city which surrounds it; the one the seat of

business, the other the seat of domestic happiness. Between the two, night and morning, by electric road, steam railway and bicycle path, ebbs and flows the middle-class population. And in the same direction lies the remedy for the tenement evil. In the cleansing country air the slum cannot exist. Improvement in roadbeds and the means of locomotion, a tremor of altruism, a little legislation, and the city by day will sleep in the country by night.

What a play-ball has this planet of ours become! Steam has made its parts accessible and drawn them closer together. The telegraph annihilates space and time. Each morning every part knows what every other part is thinking, contemplating, or doing. A discovery in a German laboratory is being demonstrated in San Francisco within twenty-four hours. A book, written in South Africa, is published by simultaneous copyright in every English-speaking country, and on the following day is in the hands of the translators. The death of an obscure missionary in China, or of a whisky smuggler in the South Seas, is dished up, the world over, with the morning toast. The wheat output of Argentine or the gold of Klondike is known wherever men meet and trade. Shrinkage or centralization has been such that the humblest clerk in any metropolis may place his hand on the pulse of the world. And because of all this, everywhere is growing order and organization. The church, the state; men, women, and children; the criminal and the minioned law, the honest man and the thief, industry and commerce, capital and labor, the trades and the professions, the arts and the sciences — all are organizing for pleasure, profit, policy, or intellectual pursuit. They have come to know the strength of numbers, solidly phalanxed and driving onward with singleness of purpose. These purposes may be various and many, but one and all, ever discovering new mutual interests and objects, obeying a law which is beyond them, these petty aggregations draw closer together, forming greater aggregations and congeries of aggregations. And these, in turn, vaguely merging each into each, present glimmering adumbrations of a coming human solidarity which shall be man's crowning glory. A general welfare of society which shall redound to the welfare of its units; a true altruism, not subversive to the individual ego. A shrunken planet; an expanded humanity!

SOME THINGS WE OWE TO GREECE.

BY CHARLES C. TAYLOR.



Y the influence of Greece mankind has been brought to a clearer and better comprehension of its duties. Her ideas of philosophy and law followed the conquering Romans, led to the civilization of the barbarians of northern and western Europe, and had no small part in firmly establishing a pure religion. Artists and scientists, poets and orators, philosophers and statesmen have never ceased to turn to Greece for help and inspiration. The names of Lycurgus and Solon, Plato and Aristotle, Homer and Pindar, Phidias and Praxiteles, Demosthenes and Æschines will live as long as men care for learning or culture.

In his "History of Greece," George W. Botsford gives this summing up of the reasons for a careful study of Greek history: "The ancient Greeks were the most gifted race the world has known,—a people with whose achievements in government and law, in literature, science, and art, every intelligent person ought to be acquainted."

It is well to know what these people did for themselves, but when the influence exerted by the ancient Greeks upon modern life is realized, the importance of the study of their history and achievements is better appreciated. The Greeks did much for the centuries in which their state flourished, and today, more than two thousand years after its strength began to wane, the impress of their thought is still to be felt. The old Greek state, its laws and forms of government, are known only to history, its statues and temples are in ruins, the theories of its sages in regard to questions of philosophy and science have been supplanted by later ideas and discoveries, but the civilization of the present age has been based upon foundations laid by that nation. Though America is separated from ancient Greece by twenty centuries and thousands of miles, even here her influence is potent in many phases of life.

IN LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE.

In literature the Greeks were the masters of the world. Their language itself was a marvel of beauty. Homer's great epic—the "Iliad"—has never been equaled. The tragic poets, Æschylus, Sophocles, and

Euripides, were men whose genius opened the way for all future dramatists. Pindar was the greatest lyric poet the world has ever known. Herodotus, Thucydides and Xenophon wrote histories that have served as models for many of their successors. In oratory, Demosthenes was without a peer, while Plato and Aristotle expressed their philosophic learning with such regard to literary rules that such of their productions as are still extant are entitled to a place in literature. The influence exerted upon modern thought by these men and their brilliant associates is incalculable.

The English language, in its written form, is made up of modified Greek characters. It has incorporated into itself thousands of Greek words, and even employs entire phrases once used in old Athens. In connection with religion, art and literature hundreds of Greek words are in daily use. The number of scientific terms is rapidly increasing, and almost without exception they are taken from Greek sources. A large proportion of the words in the English language of today have been acquired either directly from their Greek originals or indirectly through French and Latin influences. Rome copied from Greece, France took lessons from Rome, and modern English is derived from these sources.

IN LAW AND GOVERNMENT.

"Among those treasures of Hellas, possessed as heirlooms by the world of today," says Botsford, "there is perhaps none which we should prize so highly as the ideas of intellectual and political liberty which the Greeks were the first to conceive and make real."

In the second half of the eighteenth century a revolution in literary taste took place throughout western Europe. Hitherto the literature of Rome had been regarded more highly than that of Greece. Now the study of Greek literature, art and history became the fashion. This revival of interest in matters pertaining to Greece had a direct and enduring effect upon America. The educated men of the colonies were inspired by the republican ideals set forth in the Greek works they read, and incorporated many of

them in the new government. Like the United States, Greece was a democracy. There government by the people originated, here it has reached its highest stage of development. There liberty took its rise, here it has attained full stature. The government of Greece was an evolution; it was constantly changing. Therefore only a few of its most permanent features are mentioned here. The union of the old Greek state was not compact. The country is so divided by mountain ranges and arms of the sea that communication is difficult; the state was composed of cities, and its politics was city politics. For these reasons local self-government was carried to a high degree of efficiency. The representative plan found a place in the Greek system of government. The Athenians had a popular legislative body—the Assembly—in which every citizen might speak and vote. To serve as a check upon the popular body, a Council of Five Hundred was chosen by the Assembly. Furthermore the control of the courts was removed from the Assembly, and they were free from its influence. For a time the chief executive officer—the Archon—was elected by the people. A comparison of these points with our system of national and state government will show a remarkable similarity.

IN SCULPTURE AND ARCHITECTURE.

Not only did the Greeks excel in literature, but in sculpture and architecture they were without a rival. The symmetry of their statues and the beautiful lines of their temples have been the wonder and admiration of succeeding ages. Schools of design employ copies of their statues as models for instruction, while our homes and art galleries are adorned by examples of the skill of Phidias, Polycletus, and Praxiteles. These facts make necessary some knowledge of the history of Greek art. During the closing years of the eighteenth century Greek architecture so dominated American and, in fact, all modern architecture, that no other influence was apparent. Through numerous channels and for various reasons details of Greek architecture have been scattered all over our land. Thousands of dwelling-houses in the eastern part of the United States, and hundreds of public buildings throughout the country show Greek details in their construction. The suggestions offered by Greek architecture are of great assistance to the modern designer of buildings, and he is not slow to take advantage of them. Examples

of Greek art are before us every day, exerting an influence of which we may be unaware.

IN SCIENCE.

While the natural sciences are not so heavily indebted to Greece as are literature and art, yet even here we are under no small obligation to the Greeks. Geography, mathematics and medicine were studied by the Greek philosophers; and, though in the present extent of our knowledge we may smile at their small beginnings, it is futile to deny or to disparage the influence of the spirit of investigation displayed by these men. Aristotle's works on anatomy and natural history are esteemed for their accuracy by scientists of the present day. Euclid's studies in geometry, and Archimedes's investigations of the laws of mechanics go to prove that they worked to some purpose. Hipparchus was the founder of scientific astronomy; Eratosthenes made a fairly accurate determination of the circumference of the earth, Aristarchus held that the earth revolves about the sun as a fixed center, and rotates on its axis; while Hippocrates, whose works form the basis of modern medical science, will be known for all time as the "Father of Medicine." Though we have vastly improved upon their methods, and have widened the scope of their inquiries, the ancient Greeks were the real source of the thirst for scientific learning.

IN PHILOSOPHY.

In the age of Socrates, Plato and Aristotle, philosophy began to assume a definite form. These men were the successors of Thales and Pythagoras, who had been leaders of schools of philosophy in the sixth century before Christ. Questions concerning the end of life, the pursuit of happiness, and man's duty to his fellow man were answered by those who had pondered long. The principles of moral and ethical philosophy were for the first time clearly enunciated. Several schools of philosophy sprang up, among the more important being the Stoics, the Epicureans, the Sceptics, and the Neo-Platonists. It was not until the sixth century of the Christian era that the Greek schools were closed by an imperial edict published by the Roman emperor, Justinian. For a thousand years the world had received instruction from them upon the highest themes. In the middle ages speculative philosophy took the form called scholasticism,

at the revival of learning Descartes and Bacon led opposing schools of philosophic thought, and so, through Locke and Hume, Kant and Hegel, Alcott and Emerson, the results of the studies of the ancient Greeks have been developed and expanded into the philosophic systems of the present day.

A thorough knowledge of Greece, its his-

tory, literature and art, is a prime requisite of a liberal education. The ancient Greek systems of thought will attract and influence the best minds of the race through succeeding centuries; for just as Greece has always been in the van of intellectual conquest, so will its influence never cease to inspire men to better, nobler efforts.

GERMAN AND RUSSIAN EXPERIMENTS IN COSMOPOLITAN EDUCATION.

BY A. M. LOEHR.



WITHOUT in the least disparaging our American educational and social institutions, it cannot be denied that Europe is daily growing more and more democratic and cosmopolitan, and is instituting educational and social reforms which we cannot afford to disregard entirely. Germany, for instance, has long since recognized "*Seelengemeinschaft*"—community of souls—and established its Pestalozzi-Froebel House in Berlin, thereby providing intellectual and industrial training for all ranks and classes. Berlin's latest trend, however, is cosmopolitan, and provides for an interchange of city and country children. This enables the poorer classes of Berlin, whose means may be inadequate for family outings, to send their children to the country, the lakes and the mountains, by offering similar accommodations in the city to children from such localities, for the same length of time. The society promoting the scheme is of the opinion that there are many families, even of means, who would eagerly avail themselves of the broadening influences of city life for their children did they not lack the time or the opportunity of placing their children where they would be well cared for while in the city. Under the conditions governing the exchange, the children would naturally fare well, as each family would treat its little guests as it would have its own children treated by their hosts. The plan has been favorably received by all classes, and it is to be expanded, so as to make it international, by an exchange of children from foreign lands. In this way the services of French and English tutors and governesses may be dispensed with. The advantages are obvious: better health, broader views, higher ideals and a com-

munity of interests, intellectual, industrial and commercial.

St. Petersburg has advanced still another step by introducing games and plays—supplemented by agricultural pursuits and agronomic lectures—near the village of Strelny. Originally an economical expedient of a number of students, men and women of slender means, the plan was soon enthusiastically received by all ranks and classes of Russia. The youthful czarina, Grand-Duke Constantine, professors, students and landed proprietors are now interested in the promotion of the scheme, which has met with enormous success in many of the provinces. Beginning a year ago with one hundred poor children, the number rapidly increased to five hundred. Soon the children of the better classes, pupils of high schools and colleges, turned eagerly to an activity which was invigorating body and soul alike. When an enrolment of three thousand was reached, branch societies were established, which are steadily increasing in number and membership. The immediate object of the scheme is to cultivate a love for nature in children. The pupils readily follow instructions and take a deep interest in the work of field and garden, looking upon the periods of rest as a sort of punishment. During the winter months lectures in agronomy serve to keep alive the interest in practical work. The experiment proves that the desire to learn is in exact proportion to the character of the study and the method of presentation.

It would seem that Russia has herein found the nucleus for the solution of many of the problems which confront American cities: congestion of population, vice, ignorance, low wages, and child-labor. Efforts are being made everywhere to benefit children

during the long school vacations. Public play-grounds, school gardens and vacation schools have been established and are productive of good results. Yet they are not the real thing; for, back of all, looms the specter of compulsory education, parental schools and juvenile courts. If it were possible, it would be far better to nip evil in the bud than to attempt to provide a cure-all, when it has outgrown our control.

As Zola has well pointed out, work and again work is the source of happiness; but, as Tolstoy has added, excessive labor, ceaseless activity, is also the source of evil; while toil, supplemented by leisure and introspection, is the cherished ideal of true manhood. The desire for the highest ideals of life is not found in idleness, but in hard work, and it is lost when excessive bodily activity crushes it out, leaving no hours for reflection to again excite and stimulate it. Constant endeavor along the same line produces human machines, and these machines are often intellectually unsound; whereas every new thought, every new science, advances the intellectual and moral growth. Evil has no room where true culture prevails, and self-reliance is at the base of true manhood. It is because these German and Russian schemes provide for a balance of mental and physical powers, that they should commend themselves to our consideration.

Our rural schools close several months earlier than our city schools, and the country schoolhouse then stands deserted during the long vacation. So-called "vacation" schools—popular and commendable—are held in city buildings, often in congested districts. By utilizing the rural schoolhouse for them and modifying the German and Russian plans, the true vacation spirit might be fostered in an entire change of scene and occupation.

Under the supervision of the teachers, the pupils might be organized in squads, each squad being given a two weeks' outing at a rural school. A few acres of land might be secured for cultivation, and a temporary structure erected for sleeping accommodations. The ground could be cultivated from seed-time to harvest, by the children working in squads under the direction of an overseer, and the household duties could be similarly performed. Parents should be rigorously excluded from the little settlement, in order to give free play to the children's individuality. The manual labor would receive an increased zest from the

excursions and study connected with it; and the evenings might be devoted to lectures on agricultural subjects, which would also be of interest to the rural population. With careful management, the establishment ought to be self-supporting, and beneficial to the best interests of the surrounding farming community. On the other hand, it should not degenerate into a money-making scheme. The producers ought to be the consumers, and incidentals might be provided from the board and tuition paid by the adult students, who become teachers at the same time. This, at least, seems to be the Russian as well as the German plan: lecturers and teachers, theoretical and practical, offering their services free of charge, for the benefit accruing to themselves. It is the old Froebelian ideal made real: "Come, let us for our children live." Then, too, the children have the proud self-consciousness of being self-supporting during their outings. Before public play-grounds were organized, it was said that there was no room for them, yet space was found and can still be found for them. And so with tracts for agricultural purposes: as soon as they are necessary they become possible.

Among the manifold advantages to be gained from such a course of instruction, character-building stands foremost. As Frithjof Nansen, lecturing on modern education, said, in substance: "It is astonishing how little character and how few ideals our children have; this is due to the enervating influence of literature and politics. Education should make them self-reliant and teach them to deny themselves luxuries. Formerly we had to make everything we wished to use. That formed character and strengthened individuality. All the strength I possess is due to the severe training in out-door labor, which the modern excrescence, sport, cannot supply.

Such a system of education would further tend to keep many children from the workshops, factories and stores, where their presence tends to reduce adult wages, and exposes them to temptations. Instead, many would choose agricultural pursuits on the vast tracts of unoccupied lands which still abound.

It would quicken the sympathies and broaden the intellectual outlook of the future business man, capitalist and laborer, as well as of the farmer. It would serve to dignify labor, bridge over class distinctions and lead to a larger and fuller life.

INTENSIVE STUDY OF LYRIC POETRY.

BY BENJAMIN A. HEYDRICK.

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HE three chief classes of poetry, epic, lyric, and dramatic, have already been distinguished in Professor Pattee's article in the January CHAUTAUQUAN. It is the purpose of this paper to study carefully the characteristics of lyric poetry as illustrated in examples from the works of Whittier. The first step in the study of any literary work is to gain an idea of it as a whole. This can best be done by a single rapid reading, at a sitting if possible.

With a lyric this is easily done. The first poem to be studied is "The Shoemakers," from Whittier's "Songs of Labor."

THE SHOEMAKERS.

Ho! workers of the old time styled
The Gentle Craft of Leather!
Young brothers of the ancient guild,
Stand forth once more together!
Call out again your long array,
In the olden, merry manner!
Once more, on gay St. Crispin's day,
Fling out your blazoned banner!

Rap, rap! upon the well-worn stone
How falls the polished hammer!
Rap, rap! the measured sound has grown
A quick and merry clamor.
Now shape the sole! now deftly curl
The glossy vamp around it,
And bless the while the bright-eyed girl
Whose gentle fingers bound it!

For you, along the Spanish main
A hundred keels are ploughing;
For you, the Indian on the plain
His lasso-coil is throwing;
For you, deep glens with hemlock dark
The woodman's fire is lighting;
For you, upon the oak's gray bark,
The woodman's axe is smiting.

For you, from Carolina's pine
The rosin-gum is stealing;
For you, the dark-eyed Florentine
Her silken skein is reeling;
For you, the dizzy goatherd roams
His rugged Alpine ledges;
For you, round all her shepherd homes,
Bloom England's thorny hedges.

The foremost still, by day or night,
On moated mound or heather,
Where'er the need of trampled right
Brought toiling men together;
Where the free burghers from the wall
Defied the mail-clad master,
Than yours, at Freedom's trumpet call,
No craftsmen rallied faster.

Let foplings sneer, let fools deride,—
Ye heed no idle scorner;
Free hands and hearts are still your pride,
And duty done, your honor.
Ye dare to trust, for honest fame,
The jury Time empanels,
And leave to truth each noble name
Which glorifies your annals.

Thy songs, Hans Sachs, are living yet,
In strong and hearty German;
And Bloomfield's lay, and Gifford's wit,
And patriot fame of Sherman;
Still from his book, a mystic seer,
The soul of Behmen teaches,
And England's priestcraft shakes to hear
Of Fox's leathern breeches.

The foot is yours; where'er it falls,
It treads your well-wrought leather,
On earthen floor, in marble halls,
On carpet, or on heather.
Still there the sweetest charm is found
Of matron grace or vestal's,
As Hebe's foot bora nectar round
Among the old celestials!

Rap, rap! your stout and bluff brogan,
With footsteps slow and weary,
May wander where the sky's blue span
Shuts down upon the prairie.
On beauty's foot your slippers glance,
By Saratoga's fountains,
Or twinkle down the summer dance
Beneath the Crystal Mountains!

The red brick to the mason's hand,
The brown earth to the tiller's,
The shoe in yours shall wealth command,
Like fairy Cinderella's!
As they who shunned the household maid
Beheld the crown upon her,
So you shall see your toil repaid
With hearth and home and honor.

Then let the toast be freely quaffed,
In water cool and brimming,—
"All honor to the good old craft,
Its merry men and women!"
Call out again your long array,
In the old time's pleasant manner:
Once more, on gay St. Crispin's day,
Fling out his blazoned banner!

A lyric poem, by definition, deals with emotion. As this emotion may be of various kinds, lyrics are divided into various classes. This may be called a lyric of praise, celebrating not an individual but a class. In form it is a song, the other divisions of lyric poetry being the ode and the sonnet.

The next step after classification is to determine the central theme of the poem.

Every lyric has a central theme; it is built up around some emotion as a core. The nature of this emotion has been roughly indicated by the classification; it now remains to state this more definitely. The central theme of "The Shoemakers" may be given as the dignity of the shoemaker's craft.

The mood of the poem now calls for consideration. The emotion underlying a lyric may be treated in various ways: a poem on love may be light and graceful, or deep and tender, or sad. Here the mood is light in the opening stanzas, deepening to earnestness in the fifth, sixth and seventh stanzas.

The movement of the poem, or general metrical effect, may be noted next. To observe this, it is necessary to read the poem aloud, when its light, swift movement is at once apparent. The sound is pleasing, but hardly fine enough to be called musical. Minor poetic effects are the use of imitative words, "Rap, rap"; the alliteration, as in "blazoned banner"; the repetition of the phrase "For you" in the third and fourth stanzas, and the parallel structure of these stanzas. Note also that in the concluding lines part of the opening stanza is repeated, a device which rounds off the poem, and gives a certain unity of effect.

Turning now to the style of the poem, its diction is simple, yet not quite that of prose. The language of poetry usually differs somewhat from that of prose, and in such expressions as "vestal," "quaffed," etc., we find examples of poetic diction. The style in general is characterized by spontaneity: as usual with Whittier, the poem comes from the heart, and appears the free outpouring of emotion rather than the result of anxious striving after finished expression.

But the supreme gift of the poet is imagination. With the lunatic and the lover, the poet has the power to body forth airy shapes where other men see only common things of earth. Whittier, seeing the shoemaker at his prosaic task, sees also in imagination the tall ships that bring his leather, the Indian on the plains swinging his lasso, the forester who strips the bark for tanning; he looks farther, and sees the wearer of the shoe, from the emigrant on the prairie to the girl in the ballroom. Note in his descriptions what an eye he has for color: the "blazoned banner" in the first stanza, the "glossy vamp," the "bright-eyed girl," the dark hemlock glens where you catch the light of the woodman's fire, the gray bark of the oaks,—nearly every scene is

given a touch of light or color. Whittier had the eye of a painter.

The metrical structure of the poem may now be studied more closely. It is written in stanzas of eight lines each, and if we denote lines that rhyme together by the same letters of the alphabet, the rhyme-order may be designated thus: *ababedcd*. Observe in the first stanza that "styled" and "guild" form an imperfect rhyme, so imperfect indeed that we might be in doubt whether the poet intended them to rhyme or not, but an examination of the other stanzas shows that the first and third lines always rhyme. Note other imperfect rhymes in the poem: ploughing—throwing, scorner—honor, etc. The frequency of these shows again the lack of careful finish. The meter is iambic tetrameter and trimeter.

Now, taking the poem as a whole, what does it tell of its author? Lyric poetry is preëminently the expression of the individual; in it the author sets forth his own feelings, so that from it one should be able to gather some idea as to what manner of man he is. From the tone of the poem, we may infer that its author was characterized by earnestness, respect for honest labor, and preferred to look on the bright side of life. The allusions in the seventh stanza show that he was a man of some education, whether gained in school or not. And the proposal to drink a toast in *water*, in the last stanza, suggests Whittier's attitude on the temperance question.

The next poem is of a different character. To understand it, bear in mind that it was written just after Webster delivered his famous 7th of March speech, in which by advocating a compromise on the slavery question, he gave a bitter disappointment to the leaders of the anti-slavery party.

ICHABOD!

So fallen! so lost! the light withdrawn
Which once he wore!
The glory from his gray hairs gone
Forevermore!

Reville him not,—the Tempter hath
A snare for all;
And pitying tears, not scorn and wrath,
Befit his fall!

O, dumb be passion's stormy rage,
When he who might
Have lighted up and led his age,
Falls back in night.

Scorn! would the angels laugh, to mark
A bright soul driven,
Fiend-goaded, down the endless dark,
From hope and heaven!

Let not the land once proud of him
 Insult him now,
 Nor brand with deeper shame his dim,
 Dishonored brow.

But let its humbled sons, instead,
 From sea to lake,
 A long lament, as for the dead,
 In sadness make.

Of all we loved and honored, naught
 Save power remains,—
 A fallen angel's pride of thought,
 Still strong in chains.

All else is gone; from those great eyes
 The soul has fled:
 When faith is lost, when honor dies,
 The man is dead!

Then, pay the reverence of old days
 To his dead fame;
 Walk backward, with averted gaze,
 And hide the shame!

This presents a strong contrast to the poem just studied. It is a lyric of grief, a song, although with the dignity of theme and treatment belonging to the ode. The central theme is the lament for a leader who has proved unfaithful; the mood of the poem that of solemn grief. The movement is slow and dignified. It is musical, with a music not sweet, but dirge-like. The language is elevated; the echoes of Scripture phrase and the Scriptural allusions in the seventh stanza help to give further elevation to the style. The poem is written in the four-line stanza, rhyming *a b a b*, in alternate dimeter and tetrameter, iambic.

What characteristics of the author may be inferred from the poem? Deep moral earnestness, surely, dwelt in the man who wrote these lines; compassion, too, for he speaks in sorrow, even pityingly. And beneath the whole poem beats the heart of the patriot, who feels that a wrong to country is the deepest wrong of all. As a whole, this poem ranks above the other in poetic achievement. It has a loftier theme, which naturally demands a more dignified treatment. The occasion which inspired it was far more significant than in the other poem: Whittier is stirred to the very depths of his being, and the emotion being stronger, its lyric expression is more powerful.

In Whittier's "*Laus Deo!*" (Praise God!) we have yet another type of lyrical poetry.

LAUS DEO!

On hearing the bells ring on the
 passage of the constitutional
 amendment abolishing slavery.

It is done!
 Clang of bell and roar of gun
 Send the tidings up and down.

How the belfries rock and reel!
 How the great guns, peal on peal,
 Fling the joy from town to town!

Ring, O bells!
 Every stroke exulting tells
 Of the burial hours of crime.
 Loud and long, that all may hear,
 Ring for every listening ear,
 Of eternity and time!

Let us kneel:
 God's own voice is in that peal,
 And this spot is holy ground.
 Lord, forgive us! What are we,
 That our eyes this glory see,
 That our ears have heard the sound!

For the Lord
 On the whirlwind is abroad;
 In the earthquake He has spoken;
 He has smitten with his thunder
 The iron walls asunder,
 And the gates of brass are broken!

Loud and long
 Lift the old exulting song;
 Sing with Miriam by the sea
 He has cast the mighty down;
 Horse and rider sink and drown;
 "He hath triumphed gloriously!"

Did we dare,
 In our agony of prayer,
 Ask for more than He has done?
 When was ever His right hand
 Over any time or land
 Stretched as now beneath the sun?

How they pale,
 Ancient myth and song and tale,
 In this wonder of our days,
 When the cruel rod of war
 Blossoms white with righteous law,
 And the wrath of man is praise!

Blotted out!
 All within and all about
 Shall a fresher life begin;
 Freer breathes the universe
 As it rolls its heavy curse
 On the dead and buried sin!

It is done!
 In the circuit of the sun
 Shall the sound thereof go forth.
 It shall bid the sad rejoice,
 It shall give the dumb a voice,
 It shall belt with joy the earth!

Ring and swing
 Bells of joy! On morning's wing
 Send the song of praise abroad!
 With a sound of broken chains
 Tell the nations that He reigns
 Who alone is Lord and God!

This lyric expresses the emotions of gratitude to God and of patriotism in almost equal degree, so that it might be classed as a sacred or as a patriotic lyric. The central theme is gratitude and rejoicing at the abolition of slavery. The mood of the poem—in strong contrast with the preceding

one—is exalted, triumphant. The movement is powerful, but this time instead of advancing with solemn pace, it presses on with the strong tramp of a conqueror. Its music is that of Miriam's chant of victory; the stanza begins abruptly, gathers force as it progresses, and swells to a triumphal close. The language is simple, and strong with the strength that lies in noble simplicity. The Scriptural expressions of the fourth and fifth stanzas lift the poem into fellowship with the solemn words of Hebrew prophets. Note the terseness of the style: the sentences are made up of nouns and verbs. Adjectives and adverbs, the means of ornament, are almost wanting; the significant words stand out clear and strong. Turning to the metrical structure of the poem, we find that the feet are the same in kind and number as in "Ichabod," yet the effect is totally different. This difference is due partly to a change in the stanza-form, partly to the fact that every line in this poem begins with an accented syllable, while in "Ichabod" the initial syllable of each line is unaccented.

What light does this poem throw upon the character of its author? Patriotism is here, and moral earnestness. These were found before, and their recurrence in poem after poem makes us safe in asserting them as characteristic of the author. Deep religious feeling marks the poem, from the title to the closing lines. Further, upon the evidence of this poem alone, if we knew nothing whatever of Whittier's life, we would know him as a fervent believer in the cause of anti-slavery.

As "Ichabod" was seen to be of higher significance than "The Shoemakers," so is "Laus Deo!" above "Ichabod," though not to so great a degree. As before, the poet is moved by a great emotion, but now his spirit is exalted, not bowed in sorrow. The emotion which dominates the poem is greater than before, for the exciting cause is greater. Here is no lament for an individual, but a pæan of freedom for a race. The feeling is not directed towards a man,

but is uplifted to the Supreme Being. And finally, Whittier here speaks not as an individual, not as representing a party, but as the voice of the nation. It is one of the rare occasions when to the poet is given to say what millions feel, and in "Laus Deo!" we hear the voice of the reunited nation, raised in a mighty chant of praise.

The study of Whittier's lyrics given above may serve to illustrate a method for the intensive study of poetry, particularly lyric poetry. For those who may wish to take up other poems in the same manner, the following outline is given:

1. To what class of lyrics does the poem belong?
2. Is it a song, an ode, or a sonnet?
3. State the central theme.
4. What is the mood of the poem?
5. Describe its movement.
6. As read aloud, is its sound pleasing? musical?
7. How would you describe the diction? the style in general?
8. What is the stanza-form? the rhyme-order? the meter?
9. What characteristics of the author may be inferred from the poem?
10. Select the best stanza and commit to memory.
11. Read a biography of the author. If possible, get a volume of his letters: the true life of a man is usually found there. Note particularly the circumstances in his life that seem to have affected his literary career.
12. Read one or two good criticisms on this author. For American literature, see Stedman's "Poets of America," and Richardson's "American Literature."
13. Comparative study. Select a group of lyrics by another author, such as the lyrics in Tennyson's "Princess," or Poe's shorter poems, and compare with the ones already studied. Note particularly points in which the poems differ widely; is this due to the time the men wrote? the subjects? or the character of the authors?
14. Collateral reading. Palgrave's "Golden Treasury" contains the best lyric poetry written during three centuries of English literature. Other collections of lyric poetry are Carpenter's "English Lyric Poetry" (Scribners), and Schelling's "Elizabethan Lyrics" (Ginn). Both volumes contain scholarly introductions and notes. Nearly all the great English poets have written lyrics. Certain ones are known as distinctively lyric poets: such are Burns and Shelley and Herrick. Others who have attained high rank are Tennyson, Swinburne and Poe. After a few poems have been studied in the manner indicated, the best lyrics of other authors will be read with heightened appreciation and delight.



PRACTICAL ART AMONG CLUB-WOMEN.

BY ADELAIDE S. HALL.

(Chairman Art Committee General Federation of Women's Clubs. Author of "Two Women Abroad.")

A taste for art which means an interest in all that is beautiful, must be sown, not planted.—G. F. Watts.



At last the women who have been interested in promoting art in the clubs are on the right path. The time is past when they sit with absorbed interest to listen to the fact that Michael Angelo lay upon his back for months while he painted the Sistine ceiling, or that another noted artist carried a pocket thermometer in order to know when to change his flannels.

Too long have they been laboring under the impression that they were studying art when they were merely memorizing the biographies of artists. Although we admit that this is a necessary adjunct to art knowledge, it should be taken only as a course supplementary to technical research.

Acquaintance with the laws of construction, including balance and control, composition, line, mass, perspective, color, and the like, is woefully lacking in the education of the average American. This is due largely to the fact that, unlike Europeans, we live with almost no masterpieces of architecture, sculpture and painting. What to them is bred in the bone, to us must come by hard labor; and, in order fully to comprehend art, considerable travel is required. However, as the exhibition, the lectures and the reports have shown at the fifth biennial of the general federation, active interest is being taken in the promotion of the arts and crafts along practical lines. With proper direction the enormous force which the clubs possess in their united diversities of investigation and operation will continually augment the work of the men in reclaiming our cities and towns from the general stigma of ugliness, and awaken in the people a desire for that quality of form and color which necessarily follows understanding.

If the women are to be important factors, as we believe they will be, in the promotion of art in America, they must begin aright with the coming generation in the schools, as well as the home. They will place before the growing mind line and mass which shall illustrate symmetry and harmony, for the eye is sure to observe these before it comprehends detail.

All buildings should be dignified and balanced, and suggest by their construction the service for which they are designed. A schoolhouse is neither a penitentiary nor a church, and it is necessary to make a distinction. A substantial foundation, with a superstructure combining strong and symmetrical pillars, beams, and roof, suggests safety. Commodious entrances and windows, wide aisles, and low, broad platforms and seats, suggest comfort. When the child feels safe and comfortable he is in a receptive mood, and the first period of endeavor on the part of the instructor towards his education is successfully passed.

Although it is not necessary to believe with the Moors that buildings should preserve a plain exterior on account of the baleful glances of the evil eye, a building which teaches a lesson of simplicity in line and mass is the best architecture to present to the child. There he may learn the importance of the vertical balancing the horizontal, as also the hospitality which a great arch symbolizes, and all this oftentimes, instinctively.

A most important feature of the school is the yard or play-ground. Too often it is a mere graveled enclosure without a tree or a shrub to relieve its dreary levels. The actual arrangement of such decorations depends upon the space, but all corners may be utilized, and borders of verdure may supplement the fence line. Nursery trees which have been previously transplanted are the only kind which are reliable growers, as trees taken from the woods are weak at the roots, and when placed in full sunlight are likely to fail. These may be planted so as scarcely to interfere with the free spaces necessary for the games, while benches under the shade of the trees where the children could rest in turn after a brisk run or play would also be the means of directing their vision towards the proportions of the school building. If these be good, some knowledge, as the old lady said, "is bound to soak in."

Many writers and speakers are now agitating the question of who shall direct the building and decorating of the schools, and all urge the educating of the school boards,

first to a comprehension of their past mistakes, and second to the fact that committees of laymen, though they may have a few ideas about construction, and are exempt from color-blindness, are not fitted to superintend the work. The most skilful architects and artists are none too good to instruct by their creations our future citizens.

If the schoolhouse is to please the child as he approaches it, he must gain some hint of the delights within by a glimpse from without. Many times this may be done by a picture hung in such a manner that it may be seen through the window; a plaster cast or a blossoming plant advantageously placed. The windows should be so inviting that the child will instinctively desire to go into the building. Again, upon entering a bright, cheery hall with casts and pictures that subtly breathe a welcome, the pace of the tardily inclined will quicken and the frown of the ill-tempered will vanish. When I remember the square brick house, the Sahara-like playground and bare white walls of the schoolhouse where my youthful learning was acquired, I long to begin all over again and be permitted to develop in a modern and artistic structure.

One of the questions in decorating the school is the tinting of the walls, and though the gray-green generally recommended is most popular as a background for casts and pictures, other colors may be used if the dimensions of the room are first considered. If the apartment is small, the retreating tints of gray or blue will make it appear larger. If it is too large, the advancing shades of yellow would be efficacious. Generally a cream shade is used for ceiling tints, as it advances just enough to form a canopy over the room. Green retreats or advances according to the amount of blue or yellow that it contains; while red, contrary to the usual notion, is stationary. The color of the walls should harmonize with the woodwork, which may be stained in any shade desired.

Light tones are better for the class rooms as less liable to injure the eyesight, though they should be graded according to the light received from the windows. Rich, full colors are the best for halls and anterooms. Among the greatest difficulties in the way of the decorator is the row of blackboards, for the most part unnecessary and unused. These may be calcimined to match the wall, while the few in use serve as the somber touches often quite effective in a tinted apartment. It is also possible to procure

tinted slate boards, which has been done for several Milwaukee schools.

As in the study of art we take up sculpture before painting, the first illustration brought to the school after the building is ready for occupation should be the representation of sculpture, if possible in the form of a cast.

As soon as a child is old enough to comprehend the teacher he should be taught how to value and respect the human body. A simple and delightful illustration of this subject is a cast of a Greek or Roman statue showing the nude human form in the highest state of development. This should find a place in every school in the world. We all know how mothers and teachers have to labor against profanation of the form by the young and ignorant, who, stimulated by childish curiosity in themselves and a certain false modesty in others, are tempted to discover something which should have been to them an unconcealed fact. If a boy sees before him daily the figure of the Hermes by Praxiteles, he must be impressed by the symmetry and purity of the form, the nobility and gentleness of the face. It has been my privilege to see the original of the Hermes at Olympia, and I was impressed by the effect this statue had upon every one entering the room set apart for it. No thought of nudity in the coarse sense could present itself to the mind of the beholder, while gazing upon the divine creation. The smile of the mobile mouth is as sweet, the curling locks as crisp as when the master sculptor gave the finishing touch to his labors. The gathered mold of a thousand years has stained the perfect oval of the cheek and throat, but we forget that under the spell of such beauty. What is a more striking example of physical development than a copy of this figure, with its double brow, indicating as it does a direct descendant of Zeus?

Again, if we would stimulate a boy to action, let him live with a group of The Wrestlers or a copy of Myron's Discobolus. No better apotheosis of womanhood can be found than the Venus of Melos. These splendid silent lessons should be brought into the daily lives of our young people, where they will materially assist to teach them that the entire human body is a thing to reverence; that we need not be afraid to look at it as if it were some shameful thing, but as God-given and worthy of our highest efforts to preserve and protect, also that dissipation destroys comeliness. It is an error for mothers and teachers to disparage physical

attractiveness while secretly acknowledging its power. Beauty of face and form is more to be coveted than all the book lore in the world without it; and it will be of more real assistance in mounting the ladder of fame or fortune in the one possessing it, providing it does not create vanity. Did not one great teacher say that there is no such beautifier of form and complexion as the wish to scatter joy and happiness about us?

In all cases productions of art works brought into the school should be placed so as to be suited to the average age of the children occupying the room, and should illustrate as far as possible the lessons followed in that room, that the teacher may be able to refer to them. A room used for studies in the classics might be appropriately fitted with views of forums, basilicas, amphitheatres and classic sculpture. The English literature classes would enjoy a series of Shakespearean studies in black and white, as well as those of the great cathedrals; the assembly room might be the shrine for patriotic representations—battle scenes and portraits of American army and navy heroes.

While mentioning the class of pictures for each room let us emphasize the importance of hanging like subjects near each other and not crowding them. Never belittle a great idea by setting a frivolous one against it, as I have seen where a copy of Correggio's "Holy Family" was hung within six inches of an "Egyptian Dancer." A wide wall space about a picture enhances its beauty and force as much as the mat or frame.

Teachers should guard against the impulses of the parents and the children, who often insist on presenting unsuitable pictures. A child of six will neither understand nor enjoy a view of the Parthenon, when Geoffrey's "Primary School in Brittany" would attract it at once. Mauve's "Shepherd's Lane" and the cat pictures of Henriette Ronner are suitable for the youngest children, and are a lesson in good art as well.

Supplementary reading of Greek stories and myths should be used in the fourth and fifth grades in conjunction with views of the ancient temples and sculptures. So in the sixth and seventh grades both Greek and Egyptian tales of temple builders, kings and statesmen may be illustrated by the art of those countries.

In the advanced grades elementary studies in architecture are necessary to the proper education of the youth. No teacher should bring into her schoolroom the picture of a building when she has no conception of the

terms used in the construction of that building and is unable to tell her pupils in what style of architecture it should be classed. Many people have an idea that the study of architectural terms is dull and heavy, a mere memorizing of words. This is an error, for as soon as we know the definition of these terms we can comprehend what the critic is saying as well as the historian, and the words of the modern critic are with us daily in our newspapers and the periodicals. "Knowledge of principles is necessary to support endeavor." In the same way it is essential that instructors should have some interpretation of signs and symbols used in national design, otherwise they cannot give to the pupil the message the decorator is trying to convey.

Interest in the drawing lessons in the schools might be greatly increased if now and then some definite thought could be worked out. For example, the pupils of the seventh grade of the Alice L. Barnard school of Washington Heights, Illinois, have just completed a gift to Lydia Avery Coonley Ward. It is a copy of her poem, "Love's Rosary," dedicated to Susan B. Anthony. The verses were printed by the pen of a colored lad, who certainly inherited some of the skill of the missal makers. Each pupil illustrated a page in water-colors. There were mountain and wood scenes, marines and figures. The whole was neatly bound in white satin. Imagine the stimulus such a dainty work would waken in the breast of each little laborer.

It takes very little effort to bring response from a child along art lines. Several days ago a well-known club-woman had been talking to a class of youngsters about the Boston Public Library, describing the creations of Puvis de Chavannes, Sargent and others who have made the building a sermon to the people. As she was about to leave the stage and before the teacher could object, had she cared to do so, the children with one accord shouted, "Oh, do come again." Another experience of the same speaker was her reception of thirty enthusiastic letters of thanks on the day following an art talk before a class of that number, one boy facetiously signing himself "Your ex-auditor."

The public schools in the small towns and villages are coming to be the art centers, for the children are more interested in what they see and do, and talk about their experiences more than adults. As one writer has said, "Art belongs to the youth of a nation." A child who is surrounded at

school by good art will soon criticize faulty conditions at home, with the result in most cases that they are materially improved. This fact alone makes one obligation of the decorator and teacher to the child paramount—they should give it only the very best reproductions. The gospel of beauty is akin to the gospel of truth; and the workers for the homes, the schools and the cities beautiful need to fortify themselves against ignorance and prejudice, and most of all against the truly American characteristic of bargaining.

Every cast and picture should be the finest that can be procured, even if it means that only one can be purchased for the school each year. Funds should be consolidated. No teacher should secure a photograph merely because she has a dollar to spend. Reproductions of painting should be selected which have the requisite carrying qualities and will rivet the eyes of the pupil as he raises them from his book. One such picture will be of more value than ten others which must be approached to be seen. This does not mean that the pictures must be large. At the Photographic Salon held at the Art Institute in Chicago this season there was a little mountain scene not over six inches square with marvelous carrying qualities. It was so clear cut, so distinct that from across the room you could tell the sex of the figures walking on the road, while in direct contrast to it, and hanging beside it, was a portrait of a man which was four times as large a print, where from the same distance the features could scarcely be distinguished. For the same reason only the finest casts should be used in the educational home. Mediocre copies are most mischievous in their effect upon developing taste. The cheap stuff which is sold on the street does not in the faintest degree suggest the grace of the original. These casts are always reduced copies of reproductions in themselves bad, and generally made by students who are learning the trade. Casts should be waxed so that they may be sponged, as a heavy coating of dust destroys the lines.

Next to the best reproductions for permanent use is the loan collection of original

work, and here Indianapolis sets a fine example. The leading painters loan their work to the schools and thus the children gain some idea of the color usually denied them in the reproduction.

One of the most striking examples of club-women's practical work already accomplished is the securing of an art commission for the state of Illinois by the members of the Art Association of Chicago. The women of this association hold receptions at the Art Institute during the annual exhibition of the works of local artists. They buy pictures collectively for organizations, schools and settlements, and individually for their homes, bestow prizes, and generously stimulate and encourage the artists by their sympathy and friendliness. Still another phase is the active interest in municipal art. Until very lately the question of civic beauty has been discussed and the work promoted by the men—but now the club-women are urging the abolition of bill-boards in the parks and boulevards, the erection of symmetrical buildings, the planting of trees along the highways and the establishing of garden spots by improving small areas of ground. In one instance a triangle of land in the center of a large city is being adorned by an artistic little arbor-like shelter, a quaint fountain and graveled walks. In every such undertaking a landscape-gardener should be consulted, as it is much more difficult to lay out a small park symmetrically than a large tract of country. Considerable effort has been made to encourage the production and sale of *repoussé* in metals and to introduce good design and color to such home industries as the weaving of rag carpets, pulled rugs, and baskets.

Columbia's handmaidens are among the best travelers, for they prepare themselves by careful study to comprehend when journeying. Therefore, it is natural for them to be impressed by the crudeness of American arts and crafts in general as compared with the masterpieces abroad. This comparison is the best antidote for indifference, and when once all intelligent thinking women are aroused to the lack of harmony and beauty in the objects about them, the salvation of our country from the sin of ugliness will be at hand.



THE MOUND AT MARATHON.

(September 12, 490 B. C.)

Here broke and ebbd against this barrier low
Barbarian darkness surging on the West.
How manifold the debt its rescued nations owe
Their pilgrim memories to this shrine attest.
The spirit that wrought here gave Europe dower
Of beauty made immortal at its flower;
Commingled flame and music into speech
To bear high thought so far as time may reach;
Proclaimed New Learning's summons to be free
To Luther in his cell,—Columbus on the sea.
What priceless gifts the brave deed may bequeath,
What heritage for man by men on guard be won,
No prouder emblem could the laurel wreathe
Than this low mound on Marathon.

—Alice E. Hanscom.

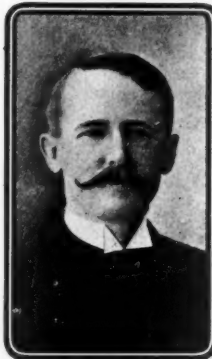
CUBAN TEACHERS AT CAMBRIDGE.

BY EUGENE M. CAMP.



FOURTEEN hundred teachers of Cuba, about one-third of all in the island, have spent six weeks at the Harvard Summer School, seen Washington, visited New York, and returned home. They came by government transports. Within the school they got a little English, a little pedagogy, some American history. Outside of it they had glimpses of our ways of doing things, saw Boston institutions and Cambridge homes, the youngest ones danced a good deal, and learned the sentiments held by Americans toward Cuba. Principals of schools in such cities as Santa Clara, Cienfuegos and Holguin, representatives of institutes in Santiago, Matanzas and Havana, and the University of Havana, and persons selected for their fitness as students and influence among their fellows, they came from every part of the island. Now they have gone back home, fourteen hundred friends of ours, to tell others what they saw, and to teach lessons in new and broader ways.

It was a grand idea, this one of Commissioner of Education Frye, to bring these teachers to Harvard, and Harvard and Cambridge helped to carry it out as only they could. It is due to the teachers themselves to say, now that they are gone, that in



ALEXIS E. FRYE,
Commissioner of Education
in Cuba.

appearance they were the equals of as many teachers who might be gathered in the United States, regardless of location. This statement may not have applied to all of them, according to our way of thinking, when they first arrived. We attach a good deal of importance to dress. But American straw hats, blue serges, shirt waists and millinery really did little. If the other twenty-eight hundred teachers of Cuba look, act

and speak as well as these fourteen hundred do, I am not at all sure that they do not, as a lot, outclass American teachers.

Church and social arrangements at Harvard were placed exclusively in the hands of Catholic societies; Brooks House being given as the headquarters of the ladies. Everybody supposed the Cubans to be Catholics, all of them, but the fact developed at the

mid-season that fully fifty of them, some men and some women, were not. Some of the fifty were members of the new Baptist church at Santiago, a Christian Endeavor society there having been represented by Professor Leopoldo Ruiz Tamayo, who had been chosen by his fellow teachers president



DR. JOSE MARIA SOLER,
President of Teachers' Association,
Province of
Santa Clara.

of the Santiago teachers' organization. Others belonged to the Diaz Baptist Church in Havana, and still others had identified themselves with Methodist, Congregational and Episcopal missions already planted throughout the island.

On Sunday morning, July 29, there was a special service in Holy Cross Cathedral, Boston. The Catholic societies provided trolley cars and free fares, and accompanied them as guides and friends. The number to go was about three hundred. At a proper place in the service a notice was given advising Cubans not to attend Protestant services during their stay in America. No special service was mentioned, but those present knew the one meant to be the one planned for the old Cambridge Baptist Church that night. There is no doubt about this notice because that afternoon I asked Canon Mesmier, who when at home is attached to Santiago Cathedral, if such notice were given out that morning. He replied affirmatively; because priests were better able than laymen to judge what was best for spiritual nurture and growth.

That evening, in Old Cambridge Baptist Church, about the same number of teachers, three hundred, was present, showing that one service "drew" about as well as the other. A Cuban teacher, Professor Jose Martinez Cabrera, of Cardenas, made a twenty

minute address in Spanish, and the Rev. Genaro Hernandez, pastor of the Cuban Congregational Church at Tampa, made the closing prayer. During this prayer something happened which afforded, like the seating capacity of the trolleys in the morning, an adequate method of determining how many teachers out of the fourteen hundred had been attracted by the Catholic and Protestant services respectively.

The early part of the prayer of the Rev. Mr. Hernandez was delivered standing. But suddenly he knelt, and almost at once all the Cubans rose to their feet. The prayer was in Spanish, and the Americans scarcely knew what to do. So they did nothing, and it was quite easy to count the standing ones — which I did, since I couldn't understand the prayer.

Those who have the best interests of Cuba at heart will be interested in these facts: (1) The Cubans entered quite as heartily into the Baptist service as they did into the Catholic one, and afterward were as loud in their praises of it. (2) A poll of those whom I saw, taken that Sunday afternoon in the reading-room, showed that all were as determined upon "*Iglesias libre*" as upon

"*Cuba libre*"; saw as clearly the need of religious as of political freedom of the individual. (3) Not one teacher was found who favored annexation; all wanted Cuba to be politically free. All praised Cambridge and the Americans highly, all considered with feelings of deep gratitude the unique service of which they



DR. LEOPOLDO RUIZ TAMAYO,
President of Teachers' Association,
Province of
Santiago.

were the beneficiaries — free transportation both ways, free tuition and free rooms and board. But all said they were Cubans — and there was nothing quite like Cuba.



CHILD TRAINING AT HOME.

BY JENNIE S. CAMPBELL.



SO strong a tendency exists in modern homes, especially in those of wealth and fashion, to throw the responsibility of a child's early education into the hands of outside teachers, instead of each parent's constituting himself the child's first and, in fact, continual instructor. By this it is not meant that the child's entire education should be received at home. Unless peculiar and unusual circumstances exist, this is neither necessary nor advisable; for, indeed, it cannot be received there, even in the midst of a large family of children, since certain requisites to a complete growth could not be lacking.

Education is not a mere knowledge of facts. True education is a perception of truth and ability to extract from it principles for application in living. One of the most important of these is man's relation to man; and if a man or woman is to have a right conception of this, it must be developed within the child's mind. An only child, trained at home, may know the rights of parents and older people about him, but have a too highly exalted estimate of his own importance in the world. Even with a large family of children this is the case to a certain degree; but when he mingles with other children, studying, playing with them, he realizes that he is only a unit, just like all the rest, in the larger world.

Yet, while all education cannot be attained in the home, a vast amount of it can and should be acquired there, and the child's life certainly should not be separated from the parents' influences during that period. How important then that these influences should be well directed.

Suppose the mother is a housekeeper, at times, if not habitually, forced by the servant problem to work about her kitchen. A bright child three or four years old will have hosts of questions to ask about the materials and utensils mother is using, and the wise parent will encourage rather than check the questioning. How interested he is about knowing where the wood and the coal come from; how they are prepared; how time and circumstances have changed one into the other. The meat is interesting,

particularly when he becomes acquainted with the animals from which it comes. Opportunities arise to impress the difference between killing an animal for use, and torturing it for the sake of amusement. The vegetables all have their story, a real fairy tale to the child until he watches their growth in his own little garden spot, which, under guidance, he cares for in spring and summer.

Toys which he uses always mean something to him, and they may be selected, in this age advanced in child-culture, so as to teach him of industries. Girls, especially, love to collect bright pieces of wools, silks and cotton fabrics. Why not have the knowledge of the origin of the materials and something of the processes through which they have passed mingled with the enjoyment of color and feeling? As the child grows a little older, nothing could be more interesting than to visit the manufactories where various articles of clothing are made. What a difference exists between his own shoes and the horse's. What fun it is to watch the horse shod. Yet how few parents have ever thought of amusing their children in this way.

There seems to be no necessity for teaching a child to read or write before he is six or seven years old. As an aid towards acquiring the art of writing he may be guided to use aright the pencil with which every child loves to portray his impressions. The important point is to see that those impressions are correct. Suppose, for example, that he has grown fond of flowers, has, under proper direction, noted how they form on the stem, how the leaves grow, how many sepals and petals they have, and is able to represent them with the pencil or paint-brush, so that a person can at least tell what he pictures. The faces of his colored blocks are drawn, or he builds with them a house and copies it with his pencil. To his delight, pussy's face, rude but recognizable, appears under his hand. In this way the hand and eye are trained so that when words are put before him with the object they represent, he is able to use this new means of representing his thoughts without the struggles that are passed

through in making the same words before they represent definite ideas to his mind.

In other words, perception should be the foundation of education; then what is read, if along the lines over which thought has traveled objectively, will become a part of the mind's wealth, not a load of worthless lumber.

Everywhere moral lessons may be inculcated. When visiting the manufactories the importance of each man's work may be seen. The grimy man who sees that the engine is properly fed is as important, in his place, as the skilled mechanic, and not to be despised. The dignity of labor cannot be too deeply nor too early impressed, nor can the worthlessness of idleness be too strongly pictured.

The child trained in this practical way early gains a knowledge of rudimentary number work. Fractions and unselfishness are both taught when he shares an orange equally with three companions. The parts of the flower are counted; he knows how many cows are grazing in the field. He plays milkman and measures the water, which he calls milk, by the pint and quart. Playing store, if the child is really provided with the proper means for so doing, is a valuable aid in education. Let him have scales, and weigh his sugar, tea, coffee and other produce. Sand, sawdust, and other inexpensive things may be found to represent nearly enough their respective weights. He visits stores with older persons, gaining a general idea of the value of commodities, and sells them by the pound, or by the ounce, which he soon recognizes to be a fraction of a pound.

Paper money is made to take the place of the coins and bills which he needs in trading. This is not done, however, until he knows how money is made and how important is the government's stamp it bears, while his own is only a "make believe," worthless except in his store. By this means lessons in making change, or in other words, lessons in addition, subtraction, multiplication and division are turned into a delightful recreation.

Here the writer would make a plea for every child's having an allowance to spend as he thinks best. He will never learn the value of money as long as he can go to father and get it by the small quantity for the things he especially desires at the time. Two children who had been taken to an interesting play wished very much to hear it again the same week, and asked for the

tickets; but when, at mother's suggestion, they received the dollar instead, it looked so valuable in their eyes that they kept it for other things, spending it little by little, with far greater satisfaction. The knowledge that when all is spent there must be a period of waiting for more to come, establishes principles of economy as well as an ability to make correct estimates as to the relative value of things desired. A child who is never denied, never knows his mercies, and will become exacting and selfish as well as extravagant.

Along this line the experience of a kindergarten teacher may be cited. She was called into a wealthy home to teach three children of the family and one little boy from another home. The children had luncheon sent up to them each day in great abundance, and if there were a smaller quantity than they desired of anything, they had but to ring for more. This principle even extended to their playthings; Clarence never lent his to Leonard, nor could Maud play with theirs, but if all happened to want one particular kind of toy there must be three of the same kind provided. When mamma made plans for all to go with her to drive, they were more than likely to be changed by Clarence's preferring to ride his pony and Leonard's wishing to have his dog-cart. As mamma had an excellent disposition there was no quarreling over the matter. Thus every wish was gratified, and, since there was no cause for self-denial along any line the children were very selfish without knowing how to be otherwise. In consultation with the parent on this subject the kindergartner said, "Please scant the luncheon. Send two oranges only tomorrow, and do not send me anything." "Will you have them share with you?" "No, not unless the thought suggests itself to their minds."

Unwillingly and very doubtfully as to the efficacy of the course, the mother consented, and the next day, when luncheon appeared, the eldest boy exclaimed: "Why, there are only two oranges; I'll ring for more." "Oh, no, there are plenty," was combatted rather stormily, and the suggestion to divide was not pleasantly received, except by the little visitor, who willingly shared with the little girl. However, the others did as desired, and each day there was something to be divided into portions. It was several weeks before the eldest boy discovered that his teacher had no lunch. She refused his offer to ring for some, and he became very

thoughtful. He was especially fond of tarts and had only half of one, so it took him quite a while to decide what to do. At length, after looking at his teacher and back at the coveted sweetmeat a great many times, he cut the half again and presented the quarter to her, with the remark that he did not care for it and wanted her to have it. He had conquered, and was stronger for the next conflict against desire in the face of duty.

But to return to the first child and methods of mental instruction; on a vacant lot near the house is a whole book full of geography. The rain has fallen, making great river systems, which have enlarged and worn away valleys, leaving diminutive mountains. The young systems are marked by cañons, the older ones are broader and have less precipitous courses. Islands and peninsulas have been formed by the change in the river's course. Indeed, all nature is there in miniature. By means of well-drawn comparisons when little trips are made away from home, the foundation of geography may thus be laid; but, in this, as indeed in everything else, distorted ideas must be guarded against.

Effort should always be made to keep before the child's mind the relation between objects. He at first sees things in atoms, each object a separate thing, not related to anything else. This is sense perception. Then he begins to group the individuals into classes,—he sees, for example, that balls, apples, oranges, are all round. Later the grass means something besides a beautiful green carpet; it is food for animals, which in turn are food for man. The relation of all the units to one whole, slowly develops. More and more in nature he sees provision for man, while in everything good he sees God; therefore it is the good he ought to be trained to see. It is wiser to say "do," than "don't," to draw lessons from man's virtues than from his frailties. This line of development, from the atomistic to the related thought, and thence to the absolute, is only science and philosophy made easy; in a simple way he sees the science of related things, and in the why and the wherefore he has the philosophy. In later years he will pass over the same ground, but in deeper channels.

Countless valuable books for children are now published, so that instead of reading wishy-washy tales of good children never to be found, and often too stupid to be wished for, in real life, they may travel with boys

and girls of their own age, through foreign lands, becoming pleasantly acquainted with the habits and conditions of children of other nationalities; they may read of heroic and patriotic deeds, warming and inspiring their own ambitions; there are nature books which will tell them about insects, birds and plants which they have themselves watched. This may be rightly called the children's age in literature. Yet the child should not be trained to read only those books written particularly for him. In the field of poetry, especially, he needs to be led beyond the rhymes of childhood to an appreciation of the greater poets. Longfellow's poems about children, showing his tender love for them, will lead to a sympathy with the poet, so that when Plymouth history is studied, the "Courtship of Miles Standish" will be thoroughly enjoyed. With the story of the expulsion of the Acadians from Nova Scotia, "Evangeline" may be read with profit from many standpoints. The wealth of pictures which this work offers, the beautifully sustained figures of speech, the depth and constancy of sentiment, cannot but cultivate a love for the true and beautiful. Whittier's "Snowbound" and Irving's "Sketch-Book" are among the many gems of our literature which every child will enjoy if they are properly presented to him, and which will help train him to enjoy good literature. In fact, this training may begin long before the child is able to read. When telling him stories, why not simplify the plot of some good standard work? Why not tell him of things that really exist, instead of hobgoblin untruths that are not fairy tales, nor, in fact, anything worth repeating? It is wonderful how much a child remembers of pictures, and stories relative thereto. The writer has had hosts of bad dreams and was often afraid to enter a dark room because of the picture in her story-book of a thief entering a sleeping-room. Only a child was there and her prayer converted the evil man—a very beautiful occurrence, but nothing to thrust upon an infant's mind. Why give the little ones books full of pictures of dolly being whipped and cats fighting, when copies may be obtained of really artistic pictures of dollies and cats behaving themselves respectably?

Lead the child first of all to a companionship with nature, so that his present may be filled with a knowledge of the uses and beauties of objects about him, and his future may be brightened and solaced by this early acquired intimacy. Encourage a love for

living creatures, which will make him kind and unselfish. If he has pets, let him deny himself his play-time and use his own spending money in providing for them. Parents grow nobler in their self-denials for their children, but often forget to train their children in nobility by fostering in them this same spirit. At the same time put the child in his true relation to the rest of the world, teaching him that while he is but a unit, every unit counts and influences other units according to the position which it takes in relation to them. As nothing in nature grows without outside influences, and each element affects other elements, so all human life depends upon humanity, and his own influence may help to make beautiful or to mar lives near him.

The moral, the intellectual and the physical child must be fed simultaneously and equally to make a well-rounded character. This may be accomplished along the very lines mentioned, the out-door life and the work recommended giving general good health, and special muscular development being provided by suitable exercises calculated to keep all parts of the body strong. Abnormal growth in any one direction usually means weakness in others, and the man who will achieve most for the good of his brother man is symmetrically strong.

Matthew Arnold says that culture is to know the best of all that has been thought and said, and, according to this definition, the child so trained will be a cultured man or woman. Yet there is an outward culture sometimes lacking in those whose hearts are very noble, which, nevertheless, is not to be despised. Seeing the frequent combination of rogue and gentleman leads many a manly boy to have a contempt for little suavities of manner which the evil-minded use for the accomplishment of their ends. If a delightful manner, an ease of address, an apparent interest in all that interests those with whom one is thrown, can assist a false-hearted person in gaining an influence for evil, why cannot the same graces in the good aid them in lifting those about them? Certain it is that when charming manners are not cultivated in the boy or girl, the former is likely to look upon them as unnecessary in manhood, and the latter assumes them awkwardly in womanhood. The boy who is trained not to allow a girl to lift a heavy burden when he is near, who gives up his chair, or his seat in a car to his elders, who sees what mother needs and gets it without being asked, makes a far

more courteous gentleman than one who goes stamping through life without any thought of doing anything but keeping himself out of the way, as he is frequently requested to do. The little boy who tips his hat to his girl friends on leaving them, who assists them over rough places, who opens the door to let them pass before him, will feel less awkward, when a man in good society, than will his playmate who laughs at him. The girl should be taught to consider these little courtesies imperative in her boy friends, to be received graciously and gratefully, not with foolish giggles and silly thoughts. Girls have foolish notions about associating with boys simply because they are so trained by their elders. If they are taught to treat boys as they do girls, they will gain valuable lessons and have many a good time in later life that they will otherwise lose.

As a rule, the boy is a miniature in manner of his father, and the girl of her mother, even though in disposition and traits the girl may resemble her father and the boy his mother. Thackeray says, "Mother is the name for God in the lips and hearts of little children." What a weight of responsibility, then, rests upon her. Shall the child, like Becky Sharp's, worship "a stone in an unscrupulous mother"? Shall she feel it all right for her to tell a "little fib, just for convenience, don't you know"? Shall she believe that society interests are more important than home ties, and learn to neglect her friends for mere chance acquaintances, her duties for frivolities? If mother's conversation dwells upon the dress of those around her, or, worse still, runs to unpleasant personalities, such matters will become of prime importance in her daughter's mind. If father tells his son to run away while he narrates to his friends in the smoking-room a story, the son will send his sister away while he tells something he has overheard to the boys gathered about him. If his mother is treated with little consideration—perhaps because she demands little—from her husband, it is likely that woman-kind will receive few courtesies from him, when he grows to manhood. Parents cannot feel too keenly the weight of their responsibility towards their children. Shall the child idealize careless manners, worse morals, and a stony heart, or shall he worship at a noble shrine of self-forgetful love, true heartedness and Christian courtesy?

After the reading of a discussion of such a subject as this, impetuous, well-meaning

parents frequently plunge into a course of training, devoting every moment when their children are present to the cultivation of their minds, morals and manners in a way most wearing to all parties. Too much training has kept the college boat-crew from winning in the races. Just so the boy or girl has frequently been sent to an extreme of rough manners and dogged disposition by a continual effort on the parent's part to have him attain a hurried perfection. As a rule this condition of things results from early neglect, out of which there has been a sudden awakening on the parent's part, perhaps by seeing an unpleasant contrast between his children and a neighbor's. From that day John has the much admired boy held up to him as an example, until he hates the very sight of him, and despises all his virtues. The only hope of training a symmetrical nature is to begin early. Then, too, parents must not forget their own childhood, but should keep their hearts young and their sympathies alert. Many a boy has grown to have a positive distaste for anything religious

because he has had the religion which is the consolation of mature life, or, worse still, the God who is the punisher of evil held up to him as the only means of his salvation. Teach him rather, to

"Find tongues in trees, books in the running brook,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

Then he will see God in that which he loves, not in what he dreads; he will worship him as the author of all peace, not as an avenger of evil.

Perhaps some mother thinks that her education is not sufficiently wide to permit her to carry out the training indicated, and has not much time now to improve it. In all who live up to their best possibilities talents are increased and knowledge is widened. People met, odd moments spent in reading to advantage, above all a watchful eye and an active mind, will give the parent anxious to make the most of herself and of her children great opportunities for advancement. Be a child again, living in the child's life. Be a parent, gentle though strong. Be a comrade sharing the child's thoughts and confidences. Be to the child a link between earth and heaven.

SURNAMES AND CHRISTIAN NAMES.

BY EDWARD FROST WATROUS.



THE oldest historic record of an attempt at a family name is found in the Old Testament; this earliest form is a true patronymic, "Joshua, the son of Nun." Later the Hebrews adopted names that referred to a particular circumstance connected with the birth of the child, a natural object or an expression of religious sentiment. The dying Rachel called her child Benoni, "the son of my sorrow," which Jacob changed to Benjamin, "the son of my strength."

We can imagine the Hebrew mother with her infant on her breast, sitting in the shadow of her tent among the flocks, the birds and the flowers, choosing the name that voiced her hope for the future of her child, suggested a desirable trait of character, or expressed the joy and gratitude that filled her heart. Perhaps the perfume of the lily or the myrtle appealed to her; the little one became Susannah or Hadessah; a tiny bird trilled its song, it was Zophar; the busy bee hummed about her head, it was Deborah. She heard the bleating of a stray

lamb and she called the babe, Rachel; the rich fruit of the pomegranate hung over her head, and the name was Tabrimon. The palm tree, straight and tall, was as she wished her boy to be, and she named him Tamor; the spreading oak overshadowed her resting place and the boy was Elon. She heard the sparrows chattering and her boy was Rippor; the sable plumage of the crow attracted her attention and he was Caleb; the dove cooed softly and he was Jonah.

There was Eschol, the full cluster of purple grapes; Pinon, a pearl; Ulla, little one; the feathery thistle-down was wafted before her eyes, and the baby was Julia, tender little nestling. The frail infant was Abel, a vapor, that might soon pass away; Delilah, weak; Hagar, timid stranger; Job, a weeper; Leah, weary; and Necho, lame.

The robust child might be Illah, the tree; Amos, heavy; or Rebekah, fat. There were poetical names, as Abigail, father's joy; Isaac, laughter; Eve, enlivening; Menhanem, comforter; David, beloved; Naomi, beautiful;

Absalom, father of peace; Elizabeth, princess. The little one that was hidden away was called Esther, or secret; when twins came and but one breathed, that was Ahimoth, the brother of Death, and Barabas was the son of shame.

The Hebrews expressed their deep religious feelings in Elnathan, God's own gift; Gedaliah, God is my greatness; Serariah, the Lord is my prince; Shelumiel, God is my peace; and Abijah, my Master is the Lord. The savagery of those early days was shown in the boastful names; Laish, a lion; Tarah, a bear; Saul, destroyer; Radmah, thunder; Ocran, disturber.

The primitive Greeks named their children in a similar manner: the mother in her new-found happiness walked in the fields, and called her babe Rhoda, a rose; Chloe, the green herb; Euodias, sweet scented; Drusilla, bathed in dew; Tryphena, delicious; Lois, better; Epaphroditus, handsome; Erastus, lovely, or Diana, perfect.

As the Hebrew and Greek names usually suggested desirable personal qualities, so the Roman names frequently referred to a physical infirmity, peculiarity or circumstance connected with the birth of the child. Cæsar and Agrippa are examples of the latter: others are Varus, crooked legs; Claudius, lame; Bambalio, stuttrer; Brutus, stupid; Tacitus, dumb. They also used the numerals, as Secundus, Septimus, Octavius, or the birth month, or the names of animals, birds and other creatures; Aquila, the eagle; Gallus, the cock; Glaucus, a fish; and Leo, a lion.

There were lovely names for the baby girls, taken largely from flowers: Sisera, the heather; Althaea, the purple mallow; Aenanthe, the wild vine bloom; Olivia, the fruit of the olive; Viola, the snow-drop; Laura, the laurel; Hedera, the ivy, and Flora, the keeper of them all. This method of the Romans finally evolved into a complete system, in which each citizen was entitled to three names; one belonged to the individual, a second to the family, and the third to the clan to which the family belonged.

In the early centuries of the Christian era, the Church of Rome decreed that each newborn child should receive in baptism the name of the saint's day nearest the birth of the infant. This resulted in great confusion. A large number of names thus derived have been handed down to the present time, but in a changed form. St. Paul is now Sample; St. Denis, Sidney; St. Aubin, Dobbin;

St. Pierre, Sampier and Saint Clara, Sinclair.

Mr. Buckle says, "The introduction of family or surnames was due doubtless to the rise of that secular liberty that afterward so mightily confronted the church, and thus early began to question its exclusive prerogative by adding the names of the family to that given in baptism."

It is of interest to trace the gradual development of family names, curiously illustrating the continual advance of an idea, once apprehended as desirable. From the standpoint of historic value, it opens a subject too vast to admit of more than an allusion to a few of the salient points in its evolution.

Our early English ancestors often bore such names as Noble Wolf, Red Beard, or Strong Fighter, suggestive of a fierce, primitive state of society. Before the Norman Conquest proper names, in the modern sense, were unknown. In the time of Edward the Confessor, about one thousand names had been adopted by the highest nobility of France and England; a century later this example was followed by the lower ranks of the nobility, while citizens and husbandmen had no family names until the fourteenth century. The landowner was distinguished by "of," as of such a place; this was supplanted by *von* in German and *de* in French, thus designating the patricians.

The common English names have been recruited from various races and languages. The Hebrew, *Ben*, meaning son, has been noticed in Benoni and Benjamin; it also appears in modern names. The Syriac for son is *Bar*, which is found in Bartow, Barrow, and Bartholomew. The old Normans used the prefix *Fitz*, which signifies son, as in Fitzhugh, Fitzherbert. The Irish *O'* originally meant grandson, as found in O'Neal, O'Donnell, O'Brien and O'Connor. The Scottish highlander used *Mac*, as Macpherson, Macready and Macauley; this is often abridged as in McGregor, McNabb. The Russian patronymic is shown in Petrovitch, the son of Peter.

The Welsh *Ap*, son, is rarely retained at the present time, but formerly was considered of great importance. A Welshman went to Parliament in 1299, who rejoiced in the title of Lord Ap Adam; but it is not stated that he was able to trace his descent in an unbroken line. Many Welsh names, as Ap Rodger and Ap Richard, have become simple Prodder and Prichard.

The Frisian *kin* is closely allied to the same Saxon word, and we find Simon and Walter transformed into Simkin and Watkin,

which, with the added *s*, give two common names. So tenacious were the Frisians of old customs that surnames were unusual until 1811, when, by a decree of Napoleon Bonaparte, they were adopted; previously, a few of the old families had borne the names of their estates, but the given name was repeated over and over in families, with slight distinctions in spelling. However, none of the words meaning son have been so prolific as the Saxon word itself. Harrison, Anderson, Watson, Wilson, are only examples of thousands. Anna, Nelly and Patty easily became Anson, Nelson, and Patterson. Many Hebrew words have been transformed, as Moses to Moss, Levi to Lewis, Elias to Ellis. Norman words in which the preposition *de* preceded the name of the estate or native place have suffered greatly in the modernizing process; for instance, De Ville became Devil, De Ath, plain Death, while the aristocratic Scar de Ville fared still worse, being corrupted into Scaredevils.

The names of the German Jews are curious, and the account of their origin is of interest. During the reign of Maria Theresa, owing to her toleration of the Jews, great numbers flocked to Austria, and much confusion resulted from the fact that they had no surnames. It was almost impossible to hold an individual for a crime or produce him in court for a suit at law, as it could not be proved that a certain man was the very "Isaac, son of Jacob," that was wanted. The empress issued an edict that from that time henceforth every Jew must take a name for himself, and select one never before borne by another. This order aroused much anger, but the command had to be obeyed. They were allowed to choose names from animals, metals, minerals, the elements, rivers, lakes, towns, all natural objects, combining the words to suit individual taste or caprice. It is easy to trace the roots in Eckstein, Goldstein, Himmelreich, Seligman, Fleischmann, Rosenbaum, Rosenthal, and hundreds of others. The colors Braun, Wiess, Schwartz, were adopted in various combinations. Today the names of many of this despised people stand first among writers, dramatists, scientists, philanthropists, musicians and scholars.

At certain periods particular styles of names have been adopted. There was the period of personal description, when Short, Long, Broad, White, Green, Gray came into use. Again, surnames were taken from occupations; thus we have Cook, Smith, Farmer, Miller, Draper, Gardener, Fowler, Sadler, Tailor; or those of material things

were chosen, as House, Kitchen, Stone, Case, Bones and Shanks. There were ridiculous combinations of small words, as Doolittle, Drinkwater, Gotobed, Stabback, and hosts of others that will occur to the reader.

Our Puritan ancestors regarded the worthies of Scripture with such reverence that they gave to their children as Christian names, Ebenezer, Nebuchadnezzar, Obadiah, Hannah, Abigail, and Mehitabel. That this custom is not entirely obsolete is shown in the fact that only a generation ago, when to a proud father of seven sons and two daughters came the crowning joy of his life in the birth of a third daughter, he chose her name from the puritanical standpoint. A close student of Scripture history, he recognized the coincidence that in sex and numbers his family was the same as that of Job; therefore, regardless of all protests, he followed literally the words of the Old Testament, "He called the name of the third, Keren-happuch." Notwithstanding the word is defined as "the child of beauty," it should have been accounted a misdemeanor, if not a crime, to burden a nineteenth-century child with such a name.

Although the Bible names were often ugly and inharmonious, there came a time when Scriptural phrases were used with still worse effect. It is historical that "Praise-God" Barebones was a Puritan leather dealer of Fleet street, who became the fanatical leader of the Parliament convened by Cromwell in 1653. His own name must have been satisfactory, as the one that he inflicted upon his son was "If-Christ-had-not-died-for-thee-thou-would-have-been-damned" Barebones. It is needless to add that the named was effectively shortened to "Damned Barebones." Another historic name was "Fight-the-good-fight-of-faith" White, while one worthy of remembrance is "Kill-sin" Pimple.

There was the sentimental period, illustrated in our early novels, when the heroines invariably bore such names as Seraphina, Angelica, Felicia, Araminita, Tryphena, and Priscilla. Another period and the graces and virtues were in demand, as Faith, Hope, Charity, Grace, Mercy, Peace, Patience, Forbearance, Constance, Perseverance, Remember, Prudence.

Nicknames, we find, usually suggest a prominent trait or peculiarity of the bearer. Those in general use in schools and colleges are rarely complimentary, more frequently a rebuke than an honor. Each one can call to mind names designating peculiari-

ties of face and figure, moral or mental attributes, as applied to his boy friends. In business circles the same tendency exists, and it is still more marked among our public men. In such cases the names refer to a marked incident in their career, whether as statesmen or warriors. They become the ready catch-words of parties, and bear their part in the glory or shame of our political campaigns. "Old Hickory," "Rough and Ready," "Old Abe," "The Old Roman," and "Tippecanoe," are among those well known.

The pet names given to our little ones often accompany them through life, to the complete disregard of the beautiful and touching significance of the church giving its benediction to the Christian name in the solemn baptismal rite—the parents in trust dedicating the child to God, and the church welcoming the little one in fulfilment of the covenant. If this privilege were duly appreciated, we would not find men and women of mature years familiarly known as Daisy, Birdie, Rosebud, Sister, Bub, or Baby. Only fifty years ago a family in western New York named their four sons Lovey, Dovey, Steptoe and Nimrod; and there is newspaper authority for the statement that a boy now lives who answers only to "What."

Three centuries ago Camden wrote: "Names are often entirely changed to modify the ridiculous, lest the bearer should be villified by them." It is the same today, as the bearers of obnoxious names often petition the legislature for a change. De Vere gives an account of a Mr. Death who applied to have his name changed to Dickinson, and by a strange irony of fate the member presenting the petition was Mr. Grave. A Mr. Wormwood supported his more ambitious desire to assume the name of Washington by the argument "that no member of any taste would oppose his request, as the intense suffering of so many years of Wormwood existence deserved the compensation of a great and glorious name."

Other changes are made for vanity's sake, as Smythe for Smith; an amusing story of a Taylor that became Tayleure is too good to be lost. In a haughty manner Mr. Tayleure asked a neighboring farmer the name of his dog. He replied, "Why, sir, his name is Jowler, but, since he is a consequential kind of a puppy, we call him Jowlure."

That primitive people give names from natural objects, localities, caprice or fancy,

is well exemplified in the custom prevailing among our Indians. In many tribes on the birth of a child the father goes outside of the wigwam or teepee, and the first object on which his eye rests, any phenomenon of nature or the first impression he receives, is the name of the little papoose. It may be "Howling Wolf," "Sick Cow," "Thunder and Lightning," or "Rain-in-the-face." Sometimes this pleasurable duty came to the Indian mother. With something more of sentiment she looked and listened, selecting such names as "Graceful Fawn," "Sweet Singer," "Bright Star," or "Flying Cloud." Later in life a name implying a startling incident or deed of prowess may be given. This honorable title is the name of a fierce animal with descriptive adjective, "Scalp-Raiser," "Wolf-Slayer," "Young-man-not-afraid," or "Man-fall-off-horse."

No one may choose his surname, but parents have the responsibility of determining what the given name of the child shall be. The decision is for a lifetime, which makes it imperative that the momentous question should receive thoughtful consideration, instead of being settled in a moment of folly or caprice. A name to be constantly used should be free from disagreeable associations, neither offensive, nor ambitious, nor striving after a foreign sound. Among our pure Anglo-Saxon names are those that are simple, agreeable and euphonious. A name in common use will possess an individuality by the added second name, possibly introducing with good effect the mother's family name, or perpetuating the memory of a worthy ancestor.

The custom of repeating a name through several generations is open to objections, necessitating the additional Senior or Junior, to distinguish father from son, while the grandson must be known as Third. If each child is entitled to a distinctive name, then Junior and Third are defrauded of a legitimate right. It was formerly customary to give the name of a deceased child to the next born of the same sex; this is certainly objectionable, as it does violence to the beautiful and comforting thought of personal identity and regard after death. The genealogical record of the writer's family shows that three children in succession bore identically the same name.

The adoption of the names of heroes, statesmen or other men of note, is rarely wise; the association of ideas connected with the original bearer of the name and the

characteristics of his namesake, often mark it as a misnomer. We see this illustrated in the men about us: the name of a celebrated poet borne by a person without a particle of poetic imagery or sentiment; the name of a famous warrior worn by a meek, inoffensive man, who in an emergency probably would remember only this portion of the well-known couplet:

“he who runs away
May live to fight another day.”

That this practice is very general is proved by the fact that today in our own land there are hundreds of babies less than one year old, who bear the names of George Dewey, Theodore Roosevelt, or other of our noted men, and are expected to rival their achievements. In all probability their lives will run in prosaic or uneventful lines.

After all, it is the character of the individual that gives to a name its true quality and worth. It is wise to honor worthy ancestors, not to pamper to a selfish pride, but to develop in ourselves noble character-

istics that will perpetuate their honor and our own worth, that will instruct, warn and encourage our descendants. Sooner or later, we learn that wealth or temporary distinction is not as sure a guarantee of true worth as education, habits of trained industry and a life consecrated to the service of God and humanity.

The most honored names in America today are not dependent upon a lineal aristocracy, the accident of wealth, or a chance elevation to a high official position. Our highest representatives are found in those families whose ancestors for generations were building character, through frugal habits and sterling virtues. Such rightfully cherish a distinction not founded upon wealth or political preferment, but upon stalwart principles; upon character, renewed generation after generation in fresh young life, which by active service in the same direction aids in permanently establishing

“One of the few, the immortal names,
That were not born to die.”

WINONA ASSEMBLY AND SUMMER SCHOOL.

BY REV. S. C. DICKEY, D. D.

(Secretary and General Manager.)



THE Winona Assembly and Summer School is located at Winona Lake, Indiana, 110 miles east of Chicago, on the main line of the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne & Chicago Railroad, and 120 miles north of Indianapolis, on the Michigan division of the Big Four Railroad.

Winona is an outgrowth of Presbyterian Home Mission work. The writer, when superintendent of Home Missions, presented the feasibility of the plan to the presbyteries of Indiana, and brought the matter before the synod of Indiana in 1894 at Fort Wayne. The synod appointed a committee of three, consisting of Dr. H. W. Johnson, of South Bend; Dr. E. S. Scott, of Logansport, and S. C. Dickey, of Indianapolis, which effected an organization, February, 1895, under the Voluntary Association Act of Indiana, with a capital stock of \$100,000, since increased to \$200,000.

In its selection of a site, Winona was peculiarly fortunate, as more than one-half of its present grounds had been for ten years the home of the Tri-State Fair Association, and, under the later name of Spring Fountain

Park, had felt the touch of a landscape-gardener. It remained for Winona Assembly to inherit the labor of years, and, by adding two hundred and sixty acres to the park, complete the ground-work of what all visitors concede to be one of the most beautiful parks in America. One of the principal charms of Winona is the large number of natural springs to be found in all parts of the park,—and careful analysis shows that they are absolutely pure. The lake is a surprise to all, three miles in length, and the deepest in the state. Winona is situated just eight miles from the Great Divide, the highest point in Indiana, and is 200 feet above Lake Michigan. Indeed, almost every natural condition that could be named seems to have been furnished to make ours an ideal spot for a summer resort.

Winona Assembly is to be judged by its directors, its grounds and buildings, its program, its schools, its conventions, and the spirit of its management.

The directors are:

Mr. Thos. Kane, Chicago, Illinois, president Thomas Kane & Company, manufacturers of school and church furniture.

Mr. J. M. Studebaker, South Bend, Indiana, vice-president Studebaker Bros., wagon manufacturers.

Hon. James A. Mount, Indianapolis, Indiana, governor of Indiana.

Mr. Alexander McDonald, New York City, vice-president Standard Oil Company.

Mr. F. W. Munson, Chicago, Illinois, attorney-at-law.
Mr. George W. Wishard, St. Paul, Minnesota, George W. Wishard & Company, mortgage loans, bonds, farm lands.

Senator Fremont Goodwine, Williamsport, Indiana, president Williamsport State Bank.



THOMAS KANE,
President.

Mr. G. W. Brown, Indianapolis, Indiana, secretary German-American Building and Loan Association.

Mr. H. P. Townley, Terre Haute, Indiana, Townley Bros., stove dealers.

Mr. Thomas H. Spann, Indianapolis, Indiana, J. S. Spann & Company, real estate dealers.

Mr. E. F. Yarnelle, Fort Wayne, Indiana, Mossman, Yarnelle &

Company, iron merchants.

Mr. F. L. Marshall, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, representing Presbyterian Board of Publication.

Rev. W. P. Kane, D. D., Crawfordsville, Indiana, president Wabash College.

Rev. Z. B. Campbell, D. D., Ada, Ohio, pastor Presbyterian church.

Rev. H. W. Johnson, D. D., South Bend, Indiana, pastor Presbyterian church.

Rev. E. Trumbull Lee, D. D., Cincinnati, Ohio, pastor Second Presbyterian church.

Rev. E. S. Scott, D. D., Reedsburg, Wisconsin, pastor Presbyterian church.

Rev. W. G. Moorehead, D. D., Xenia, Ohio, professor U. P. Theological Seminary.

Rev. S. C. Dickey, D. D., Indianapolis, Indiana, secretary and general manager Winona Assembly and Summer School.

The officers are:

Thomas Kane, president.

Alexander McDonald, vice-president.

F. W. Munson, vice-president.

S. C. Dickey, secretary and general manager.

H. P. Townley, treasurer.

E. S. Scott, recording secretary.

J. F. Beyer, Warsaw, Indiana, superintendent of grounds.

Rev. W. P. Kane, D. D., president of summer school.

Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman, D. D., New York City, director of Bible conference.

In a little over five years Winona Assembly has accumulated property conservatively valued at \$275,000. Most of its money has been raised by sale of stock, although more than \$60,000 of donations have been received. Following the example of the mother Chautauqua as to administration, Winona owns all the property of the park, real and personal, except the cottages.

Two very large hotels, with accommodations for 750 guests, two cafes, seating 420 people, and numerous boarding-houses afford

variety of entertainment to those not fortunate enough to secure cottages. Winona is a little over one mile from Warsaw, Indiana, a beautiful little city of 5,000 people. The Pennsylvania Railroad runs a dummy train regularly between Warsaw and the park, and, in addition to the accommodations of the park, Warsaw throws open her doors, especially during the great conventions which are held annually at Winona.

Winona enjoys the distinction of alone equalling the mother Chautauqua in the length of its program (59 days, July 2 to August 29, inclusive). Among the conventions for the present year were the Western Writers, The Sunday-School Conference, The Foreign Mission Conference, The Home Mission Conference, The Bible Conference under the leadership of Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman, and the annual meeting of the Progressive Brethren, the Underwriters, the Indiana State Superintendents' Convention, etc.

The readers of THE CHAUTAUQUAN have learned to rightly estimate Chautauquas by the character of their schools, and by this test Winona is not ashamed of her record.

THE SUMMER SCHOOLS.

The Winona Summer School has the distinction of being organized upon the university idea. It is formed by a federation of leading colleges and universities coming



REV. S. C. DICKEY,
Secretary and General
Manager.

together at Winona lake for summer work, each college assuming responsibility for a single department of the school and conducting it with its own force of teachers. This not only affords students the advantage of instruction by the very best teachers, but also an opportunity of coming into immediate

contact with the various institutions which they represent. The professors in charge are, in nearly every case, heads of regular college departments, and all are teachers of large experience and wide reputation. Whether reference is made to the character of the institutions or to the personnel of the faculty, we believe that no better opportunity for students and teachers has ever been offered. The president of the summer school, Dr. W. P. Kane, president

of Wabash College, has been from the very first an ardent friend and wise counsellor, and to him is due the honor of the great success achieved by the school. He has a most able assistant in Dean W. M. Millis, who is untiring in his efforts to build up the summer school.

The following comprise the faculty of 1900:

Superintendent W. A. Millis, dean and instructor in Pedagogy.

Dr. H. M. Kingery, Wabash College, Greek and Latin.

Professor Daniel D. Haines, French and German.

Professor John L. Lowes, Hanover College, English.

Miss Harriet Glazier, The Western, Mathematics.

Dr. Stanley Coulter, Purdue University, Nature Study.

Miss Gertrude Longenecker, The Kindergarten College, Kindergarten and Primary Training.

Miss Alice B. Fitch, assistant instructor Art Institute, School Drawing.

Mrs. Jennie Ray Ormsby, Physical Culture and Expression.

Miss M. Ellen Iglehart, director Department of Fine Arts.

Miss Mary Iglehart, assistant in Department of Art.

Miss Emma Little, assistant in Department of Art.

Professor W. S. Sterling, College of Music, director Department of Music.

Professor Fredk. J. Hoffman, College of Music, Piano.

Professor A. J. Gantvoort, College of Music, Public School Music.

Professor E. H. Sheldon, Chicago Manual Training School, Manual Training.

Mr. D. K. Smith, assistant in Manual Training.

Miss Frances Simpson, University of Illinois, Library Science.

Dr. Wm. W. Hastings, University of Nebraska, Physical Education.

Professor Geo. Walker, Stenography and Accounts.
Mrs. C. N. Robertson, Domestic Science.

THE BIOLOGICAL STATION.

Another educational feature of Winona is the Indiana University Biological Station, which occupies two buildings erected especially for the station.

The following comprise the faculty:

Robert E. Lyons, Ph. D., director, in charge of Bacteriology.

David M. Mottier, Ph. D., professor of Botany.

James R. Slonaker, Ph. D., assistant professor of Zoölogy.

Wm. J. Moenkhaus, A. M., instructor in Embryology and Histology.

Frank M. Andrews, A. M., instructor in Botany.

Leo F. Rettger, A. M., assistant in Bacteriology and Embryology.

Earl Ramsey, A. M., assistant in Zoölogy.

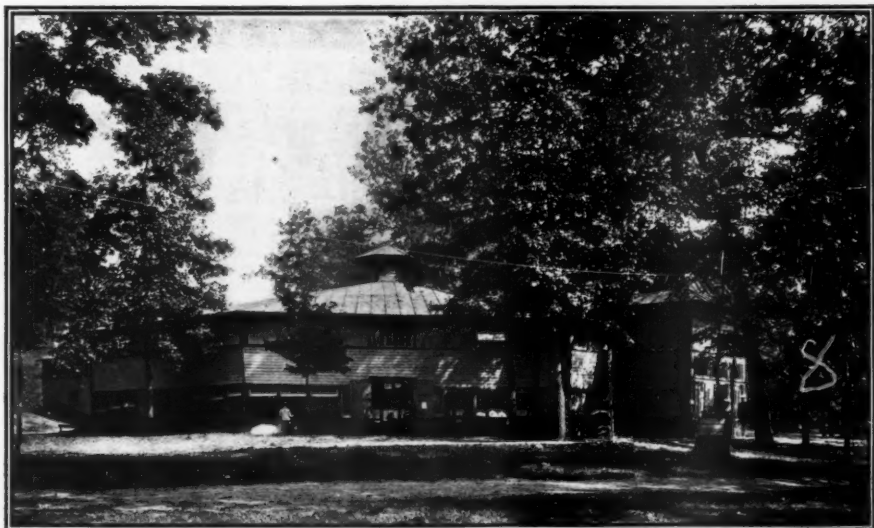
George C. Bush, A. M., assistant in Bacteriology.

W. T. H. Howe, Ph. D., Plankton Survey assistant.

H. Walton Clarke, A. B., Botanical Survey assistant.

Charles M. Ek, A. B., Botanical Survey assistant.

It is the purpose of the station to foster the study of nature by the most judicious combination of field, laboratory and text work. Elementary and advanced courses of instruction are offered in general zoölogy, embryology, histology, elementary botany, vegetable histology and bacteriology. The training coming from the elementary courses in biology is helpful to any teacher undertaking nature study in the public schools.



THE AUDITORIUM.

Teachers are given opportunity to collect and preserve material for class use. Research work, including a continuation of the physical, botanical and zoological surveys of Winona lake, is conducted under the direction of the professors in charge. The laboratories are fully equipped for the various lines of work. The apparatus needed has been moved to the station from the zoological, botanical and bacteriological departments of Indiana University.

The courses of instruction given at the station are of the same standard, and are open to students on the same terms as those given at the Indiana University. The work of each course is conducted daily throughout the session from 8:00 A. M. to 12:00 M., and from 1:00 to 5:00 P. M. A maximum of fifteen hours of university credit will be allowed for work of the session, if completed in an excellent manner.

Among the many new buildings and improvements of 1900 the following may be mentioned: Administration building, Dwight L. Moody Memorial building for the free use of all ministers of all denominations; power house for water works, new pump engine, two new sewers, two store buildings, new bath house, floating docks, 100 acres golf links, and many small improvements, not mentioning the numerous new private cottages.

The greatest improvement of the year is yet to be undertaken—to be known as the McDonald Island. "Uncle John" Thorpe, of Chicago, the landscape artist who laid out the World's Fair grounds, has presented to the directors a unique plan by which more than thirty acres of beautiful lots can be platted within a short distance of the Auditorium. His plan is to cut a canal eighty feet wide from the west end of the present bath house to the lake just in the rear of the inn, about 400 yards north of the Indiana University Biological Station building, thus making an island of the ground including

and adjacent to the present half-mile race track. He provides for two bridges, two boulevards 80 feet wide, an esplanade 40 feet wide running around the entire shore, several promenades and about 300 fine building lots. The lake will be lowered one foot and be kept at a certain level by means of a dam at the outlet. The surface of the island will be raised about two feet by means of dredging, taking dirt from canal and shore of present land. The lots will be more than four feet higher than the lake. This work is to begin September 1, and thus over 250 lots will be opened near the Auditorium.

The above sketch, written hastily in the midst of the busiest part of our season, will, I trust, serve to give some conception of the movement known as Winona Assembly and Summer School, which is hereafter to be closely allied with the C. L. S. C. work. Winona's receipts for the year are, thus far, more than 50 per cent in advance of last year, and we have, therefore, every reason to take a forward look with no forebodings.

[Under an arrangement consummated last month, Winona increases its strength as an Assembly center by affiliating its Reading Circle with the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle. For two years Winona had conducted a successful reading course of the Chautauqua type for home study. These readers will now take up the regular C. L. S. C. course, while maintaining their own organization as Winona Circles and conducting a Winona section of THE CHAUTAUQUAN magazine. This arrangement emphasizes the value of the C. L. S. C. as an educational basis for building up strong assembly centers, where members may receive their diplomas on Recognition Day, at a point convenient to reach. Needless to say, that since Chautauqua is not conducted for private profit, the readjustment carries with it an increase of means to devote to the C. L. S. C. courses—an advantage to all readers at present enrolled as well as to "The Winona Reading Circle in Affiliation with the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle," as this organization will hereafter be designated. The issue of the magazine containing the supplementary Winona section will be entitled "The Chautauquan-Winona Edition."—EDITOR THE CHAUTAUQUAN.]



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Taken after exhaustive illness it acts as a wholesome tonic, giving renewed strength and vigor to the entire system.

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Beware of Imitations

Butlers in the best families and all first class cooks can tell you that soups, fish, meats, gravy, game, salads and many other dishes are given an appetizing relish if flavored with Lea & Perrins' sauce.

Signature on every bottle *Lea & Perrins*

John Duncans Sons - AGENTS, NEW YORK.

Talks Books

If the historian of every war could, with truth for his witness, report so happily from personal knowledge concerning motive, conduct and outcome of ten honorable campaigns, and give reasons so abundant and conclusive for persistence unto complete victory, the better sentiment of the world would never demand a truce to care for the wounded, nor appeal to a peace conference for adoption of "the more excellent way" of arbitration. In "A Ten Years' War" the horrors of the slum and of the old-time tenement house are set forth with sufficient fulness of detail to stir a very wonder of despair, for which consolation is immediately afforded by the showing of Mr. Riis that the worst of the horrors now belong to the blackness of the past, and that a new order of safety, comfort and hope has been introduced. The winning of the victories already gained by the aggressive spirit of good citizenship working through political channels; kindergartens, playgrounds, cooking schools and college settlements, may seem a less heroic story than the classic "tale of Troy divine," but is in reality more valuable to humanity. It would be much easier to appease the wrath of Achilles and drive back the myrmidons than to suppress the boss and correct the abuses peculiar to his misrule. Mr. Riis speaks out plainly as to the deliberate corruption existing in the administration of the New York City government, and pays his respects, severally, to Tammany and Governor Roosevelt in a manner that should make certain pages of his book a helpful campaign document for the latter. A. E. H.

[A Ten Years' War: An Account of the Battle with the Slum in New York. By Jacob A. Riis. 5x7½. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Company.]

The reader is assured in the preface to the "Memoirs of the Baroness Cecile de Courtot" that the romantic story therein set forth is founded upon veritable letters written by this lady to a beloved friend, combined with extracts from the diary of the friend. No romance, however, of pure imagination could more abound in tragic episodes, surprising adventures, and fortunate coincidences. Interest is the more intensified by the fact that many of the people and events described belong to a memorable period in world-history. The Baroness Cecile was born in the Vendée, and at the age of twenty became, in 1783, a lady-in-waiting to the beautiful and ill-fated Princess de Lamballe. She was an eyewitness of the Revolution, and was herself condemned by the Tribunal, but was rescued when on her way to the guillotine. The young woman in the hospitality of whose home she afterwards spent eight years and to whom, after her return to Paris in 1801, she wrote sixteen letters covering the social history, gossip, and fashions of the court of the Consulate up to 1803, bore the unpretentious name Frau Anna Gottliebe Luise Wilhelmine von Alvensleben, *née* Frein von Loß of Overdick. Her home was at Kalbe in Altmark, one of the old Prussian provinces, so that between the chatty comments of the letters and the tender confidences of the journal we have a mingling of French sprightliness and German poetic sentiment, the result of which reminds the reader at times of the Mühlbach and Marlitt variety of literature. But the reader will

enjoy the reminder, for he can remember when he greatly admired that particular variety, and will find the memoirs more interesting for this memory. The book is handsomely made. A. E. H.

[The Memoirs of the Baroness Cecile de Courtot. By Moritz von Kaisenberg. Translated from the German by Jessie Haynes. 5½x8½. New York: Henry Holt & Company.]

The quotation from Carlyle beginning, "One comfort is, that Great Men, taken up in any way, are profitable company," which precedes the first chapter of Mr. Munger's biography of Horace Bushnell, is apposite to the spirit and the letter of the volume. It is, indeed, worth while "to wander in such neighborhood," to come as close as possible to a man who has left his mark for lasting honor upon the time in which he lived. Dr. Bushnell was born in 1802 and died in 1876. His public ministry began in 1833 in the North Church (Congregational), Hartford, of which church he was pastor until 1859, and until his death he was a man of note for his sermons, his contributions to theological literature, and his influence upon men. He was eminently the preacher's preacher, but those of his hearers who could not follow all the way his interpretations of divine mysteries were caught up into exaltation of spirit over the divine beauty of Truth. He was a fervent defender of the sacred freedom of honest doubt but, himself, lived much of the time in an ecstasy of faith that had become open vision. The book is admirably arranged, and written with a warmth of appreciation that kindles a sympathy of interest in the reader, and will go far towards causing him to read or reread the volumes in which Dr. Bushnell testified to the faith that was in him. A. E. H.

[Horace Bushnell. Preacher and Theologian. By Theodore T. Munger. 5x8. \$2.00. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Company.]

The story of Robert Browning's contribution to his own and later times in his high thinking and noble living has been "writ large" by many people and, in truth, lies open before us, done from life, in his own letters. In Mr. Arthur Waugh's biography, which he presents to us as "a miniature, not a panel portrait," we have a wholly admirable instance of a memorable story told in brief, with a faultless emphasis laid on the more and the less essential, and a most gratifying consideration for the value of background and accessories. The plan of the book is similar to that followed in the series that has won a permanent regard among the general reader's literary friendships, the Beacon Biographies. There is a frontispiece portrait, a beautiful title-page, a chronology, and a bibliography. But where the Beacon Biographies are brave in blue, the Westminster glow richly in red. A. E. H.

[Robert Browning. By Arthur Waugh. The Westminster Biographies. 3½x5½. .75. Boston: Small, Maynard & Company.]

To the minister with a bent towards the antiquarian — and happy the man-in-the-pulpit who loves the legacies of the rich past, provided he has the faculty of using them in the living present, and does not merely pursue them for his own selfish gratification; to the

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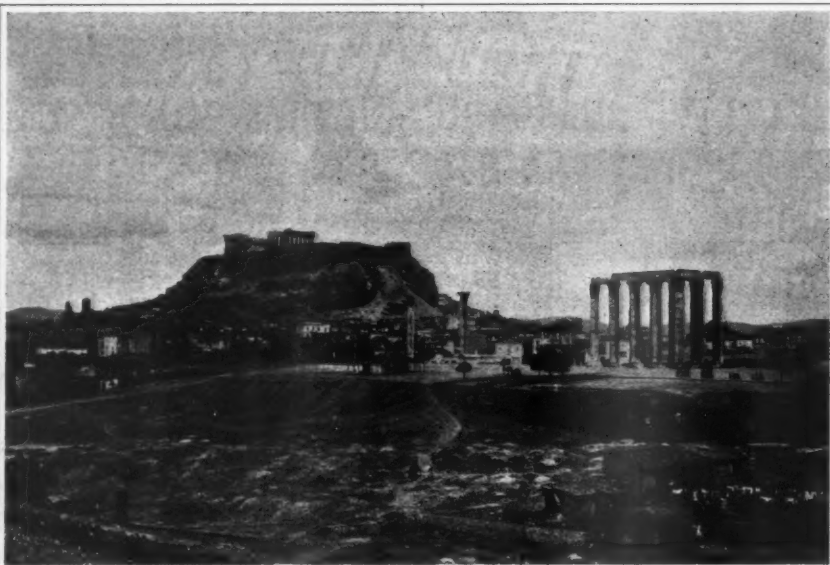
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From "Grecian History, an Outline Sketch."

C. L. S. C. Required Book for 1900-'01.

THE ACROPOLIS OF ATHENS.

busy pastor who reads with the homiletic habit—and prodigal is he in his reading, if he read not with the homiletic habit; and to the more or less rarely found Bible student outside the ministry, who finds a fascination in nosing about among the bypaths of the Land and the Book, "Gleanings in Holy Fields" will appeal as an altogether delightful volume for occasional reading. Dr. Hugh Macmillan has made his readers his debtors for his travels in Palestine, though he has not written a volume of travel. A few sentences from his preface will best convey the *motif* of this work.

"The spiritual harvests of the Holy Land have been rich beyond comparison, and the laborers have been numerous beyond count. But what astonishes one most in that wonderful land is what remains in it over and above, that has not been gathered into the garner. The gleanings of it are more abundant than the whole harvests of other lands."

Twenty-one fruitful chapters are the result of Dr. Macmillan's "Gleanings," ranging in extent of territory covered from "The Way to Damascus" to "The Site of Jericho;" and in variety of theme treated, from "The Tabernacle of Shiloh" to "The Kiblah." The work is evidently the result of matured thought, and written by one who has not hurried through the most fascinating of lands, as too many Palestinian pilgrims do. A good index would add to the value of the book.

[Gleanings in Holy Fields. By Hugh Macmillan, D. D., LL. D., F. R. S. E., etc. 5½ x 7½. \$1.50. New York: The Macmillan Company.]

The present *crescendo* in enjoyment of pleasant little excursions by the literary route into historical fields justifies a reminder to the general reader that among the works by which Mr. Howells has contributed to the entertainment of his countrymen is one of the flavor so approved just now by popular taste. The little book,

"Three Villages," contains sketches of Lexington, the Shaker community of Shirley, and the Moravian settlement, Gnadenhütten, on the Muskingum, destroyed in 1782. These sketches are marked by the graces of style with which Mr. Howells has made us happily familiar,—genuine feeling speaking in a playful tone, a quick recognition of color in the landscape and of individuality in human beings, and an instinctive regard for artistic excellence in expression. Description is here fragrant, so to speak, with historical reminiscence, and, inasmuch as the themes have each a special American interest and claim on consideration, the book deserves as much attention as if it were a historical novel.

A. E. H.

[Three Villages. By W. D. Howells. 4½ x 6. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Company.]

Mr. Mifflin's "Echoes of Greek Idyls" is happily dedicated to the memory of Theocritus who, in the Alexandrian age of Greek literature, wrote in unaffected gladness of pastoral life in Sicily. The book should be welcome to those who love the musical line, and would know, though they may not read Greek, how the masters of the lyric poem sang in the far-off golden days of art. Mr. Mifflin has put into sonnet form idyls from Bion and Moschus and selections from the odes of Bacchylides. The beauty of antique thought comes sweetly to the modern ear in these reproductions or paraphrases and is a most welcome gift from those "who fluted long ago," sent through a sympathetic interpreter.

A. E. H.

[Echoes of Greek Idyls. By Lloyd Mifflin. 5 x 7½. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Company.]

For the first time in many years a serious attempt has been made to deal fairly with the American Indian of today, by Mr. George Bird Grinnell, in his latest book, "The Indians of Today." Badly as we have treated the red man, he is of a race that has a peculiar

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lar fascination for the average American. The Indian of today is, to some extent, what we have made him, but he revenges himself upon us continually. We cannot read a book like this without feeling the power that we have crushed and the talent that is going to waste. There is a picturesqueness about these people which is sadly lacking in our too practical life, and such a book as Mr. Grinnell's brings this home to us. The book contains fifty full-page portraits of the most famous chiefs, besides four pictures in color, all of which are reproductions from the series of photographs taken by Mr. F. A. Rinehart during the Congress of Indians at the Omaha exposition.

L. B., Jr.

[The Indians of Today. By George Bird Grinnell. \$5.00. New York: Herbert S. Stone & Company.]

A useful and handy volume has been published by Noyes, Platt & Co., of Boston, in an illustrated catalogue of the "Fine Arts Exhibit of the United States of America" at the Paris Exposition. The editor of the book is H. Hobart Nichols, who has written a prefatory which makes a happy introduction to what follows. The book contains the names of all the officers and jurists making up the department of fine arts, besides a biographical list of the artists and sculptors represented in the exhibit. A good proportion of the back of the volume is devoted to half-tone reproductions of the more important canvases exhibited. The typography and general make-up of the volume is excellent, and its compact form makes it all that can be desired for use by the American visitor at the Exposition.

L. B., Jr.

[Official Illustrated Catalogue Fine Arts Exhibit. United States of America. Paris Exposition of 1900. 4½ x 7½. .75. Boston: Noyes, Platt & Company.]

The "Riverside Art Series" is a collection of booklets issued quarterly, covering the lives of famous painters. They are written in an interesting style and liberally illustrated with reproductions of the work of the artist. Up to April of this year four numbers have appeared, namely, Raphael, Rembrandt, Michelangelo, and Millet. As a text-book, for use in schools, they cannot be recommended too highly, but wherever they are used they will make interesting and profitable reading.

L. B., Jr.

[Riverside Art Series. By Estelle M. Hurl. 5 x 8. Yearly subscription, paper, \$1.00; cloth, \$1.50. Boston, New York and Chicago: Houghton, Mifflin & Company.]

"Masters in Art" is a series of illustrated monographs issued by the Bates & Guild Company, of Boston. They cover the lives and work of the masters, and each book contains several full-page reproductions of the artists' work, besides quotations from writings on the artists, by numerous authorities. The typography and make-up of the book is dignified and artistic.

L. B., Jr.

[Masters in Art. 7 x 10. Issued monthly. 15 cents each. Boston: Bates & Guild Company.]

The fact that the third edition of "Letters to the Farm Boy" has been called for testifies to interest on the part of a goodly number of readers which is in itself an assurance that the circle will grow. They are written by a man who remembers how he felt and what he thought when himself a farm boy to boys who twenty years hence will be assisting in the conduct of their country's political and business affairs. In a readable way they present advice of the good common sense order, advice the practical application of which would be well worth while to the boy in the shop or store as well as to the boy on the farm.

A. E. H.

[Letters to the Farm Boy. By Henry Wallace. 4½ x 7. New York: The Macmillan Company.]

Miss Guiney's line differs so greatly in quality and

range of tone from most of the singing that reaches us amid the myriad sounds of the hour that it detaches itself and lingers apart on the ear, sometimes with the effect of an insistent questioning, sometimes like an echo of music we once heard and greatly desire to hear again. A classic gravity broods over many of her pages, while others breathe the rapture of a spirit caught up into heavenly places by the fervor of its devotion. The present volume is named for her poetic version of the story, drawn from the Acta Sanctorum, of the young Christian maiden Theodora, who at Alexandria in the year of our Lord 304 was rescued from shame by the youth Didymus, a Roman soldier, and drew him through the bond of human love to share her faith. Miss Guiney's impassioned lines tell us how they went with gladness by the triumphal way of martyrdom from the earthly to the eternal love. The shorter poems, twenty-seven in number, sing in varied measure of themes drawn from nature, from the heart's experience and the soul's aspiration. Many musical passages appeal strongly against the inexorable limitations of space on quotation, but mention may at least be made of "Romans in Dorset," "Virgo Gloriosa, Mater Amantissima," "Arbicide," "The Recruit," as fine examples of the characteristic qualities of their author's thought and expression.

A. E. H.

[The Martyr's Idyl. By Louise Imogen Guiney. 4½ x 7½. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Company.]

Let us hope there will be pardon for the reader who fancies for a moment after he is well started in "The Heart's Highway" that the Mary whose pen has hitherto served the spirit of Puritan New England said one day, mentally, to the Mary whose dreaming fancy lingers lovingly in colonial Virginia, "Go to, may I not also write of the Cavalier?" That fancy will, of course, pass in a moment; but as one follows the English lover's recital of his feelings for a fair and wilful lady-love, and of his doings in consequence of her mischievous and unreasonable spirit of rebellion, thoughts of one Captain Percy intervene. But Harry Maria Wingfield is no kinsman to the all-conquering Ralph. He has an eye for the effect of a fine toilet and a relish in dwelling on the details of feminine attire that would be a splendid equipment for business to a ladies' tailor in these degenerate days. The most cruel test of his fortitude is to sit in the stocks on Royal Oak Day. His ignominy is turned into triumph by the coming of Mistress Mary Cavendish in a robe of blue and silver to sit beside him, this headstrong and wondrously beautiful young person having chosen thus to reward her tutor and lover for complicity in the plot and overt act of cutting down young tobacco plants to show defiance to the odious Navigation Act in effect in Virginia in 1682. There was once a young lady of Virginia who wrote a story, "A Brother to Dragons," in which she was thought to play at archaic effects very prettily. If, following close upon that story, "The Heart's Highway" had appeared over the name of Amélie Rives, we should have said the young lady was showing increase of power and a richer earnest for future achievement. But Miss Wilkins has "turned palely," to borrow a favorite phrase in the story, into an unfamiliar presence in these pages.

A. E. H.

[The Heart's Highway. By Mary E. Wilkins. 5½ x 8. \$1.50. New York: Doubleday, Page & Company.]

Women who are planning their first trip abroad, and that without the companionship of a masculine "guide, philosopher, and friend" in the party, will be and should be devoutly thankful for the genuine helpfulness of this new guide-book. It would seem that every item of sensible and practical instruction necessary to prep-



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aration for the voyage and for landing on the other side in a mood of cheerful confidence is included in the volume as well as a vast amount of time and labor-saving information how to combine a profitable use of time with a reasonable economy of money while traveling over Europe. An author who gives this hint early in her Introduction, "Remember, when you go to a strange country, that its inhabitants have not sent for you," can be depended on for good sense at all times. There would be no need of learning by mistakes and no possibility of being misunderstood by foreign observers if American women abroad would follow the suggestions of this book.

A. E. H.

[European Travel for Women. By Mary Cadwalader Jones. 4½ x 7. \$1.00. New York: The Macmillan Company.]

In his latest novel, "The West End," Mr. Percy White, the sometime editor of the English *Public*

Opinion, tells through the voice of Rupert Atherton, who is a slightly crippled and dependent nephew, the story of his uncle's rise from the making of strawberry jam to being a merchant prince and a member of Society, from plain John Treadaway to Sir John whose residence is situated in Mayfair and modeled after a Florentine palace. The effect of this sunward flight upon the Treadaway family, especially the wife, the only son Archie and the beautiful daughter Miranda, and the use these three make of their opportunities, give the interest in their humble but observant relative's story, which comes down to the war yet going on in South Africa and which is not without a note of satire on manners and customs in London town.

A. E. H.

[The West End. By Percy White. 5 x 7½. \$1.50. New York and London: Harper & Brothers.]

BOOKS RECEIVED.

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY, NEW YORK.

The Biblical Theology of the New Testament. By Ezra P. Gould, D. D. 5 x 7½. .75.

Imitation in Education; its Nature, Scope, and Significance. By Jasper Newton Deahl, A. M. (Columbia University Contributions to Philosophy, Psychology and Education. Vol. 8, No. 1.) 6 x 9½. .60.

The Historical Development of School Readers and of Method in Teaching Reading. By Rudolph R. Reeder, Ph. D. (Columbia University Contributions to Philosophy, Psychology and Education. Vol. 8, No. 2.) 6 x 9½. .60.

Tully's Offices. Turned out of Latin into English. By Roger L'Estrange. 4 x 6. .50.

GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE, WASHINGTON.

A List of Books (with references to periodicals) Relating to Trusts. By A. P. C. Griffin, Chief, Division of Bibliography. 6 x 9.

List of Books (with references to periodicals) Relating to the Theory of Colonization, Government of Dependencies, Protectorates, and Related Topics. By A. P. C. Griffin, Chief, Division of Bibliography. 6 x 9.

Copyright Enactments, 1783-1900. Compiled by Thorvald Solberg, Register of Copyrights. 6 x 9.

C. W. BARDEEN, SYRACUSE.

Art History in the High School. By George Perrot. Translated from the *Revue des Deux Mondes* by Sarah Wool Moore. 5 x 7. .50.

Early Childhood. By Margaret McMillan. Illustrated. 5 x 7½. \$1.50.

PRUDENTIAL PRESS, NEWARK

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Chautauqua

A System of Popular Education

CHAUTAUQUA ASSEMBLY

GENERAL OFFICES

CLEVELAND, O.

BUREAU OF EXTENSION.

Free Scholarships, Chautauqua Assembly Season Passes and Free Excursions are offered as Prizes for New C. L. S. C. Readers and New Subscribers to The Chautauquan.

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one credit each will be allowed for securing

- (1) A sale of one set of C. L. S. C. books.
- (2) A new subscription to THE CHAUTAUQUAN.
- (3) A new C. L. S. C. circle having at least five registered members.
- (4) For any new circle having more than five members, an additional credit will be allowed for each additional five registered members.

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"Free scholarship" in the Chautauqua Summer Schools is defined to mean, "the right to free instructions in three full courses in schools I-VI, inclusive." This offer dates from July 1st, 1900, extends to April 1st, 1901, and is limited to readers and subscribers reported within those dates. The right to any prize or portion thereof is transferable. The railroad transportation offered in these prizes is limited to points east of the Mississippi River. For further particulars as to other commissions paid to organizers and agents, address

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Any jeweler—anywhere—will tell you the detailed merits of

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I.

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Registered by
U. S. Patent
Office.



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Springs Nos. 1 and 2

For ALBUMINURIA and BRIGHT'S DISEASE.

Samuel O. L. Potter, A. M., M. D., M. R. C. P., *London, Professor of the Principles and Practice of Medicine in the College of Physicians and Surgeons, San Francisco,* in his handbook of PHARMACY, MATERIA MEDICA, and THERAPEUTICS, a text book in many of the leading Medical colleges of the country, under the head of ALBUMINURIA, page 600, 7th edition, in the citation of remedies says: **BUFFALO LITHIA WATER** of Virginia is highly recommended."

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BUFFALO LITHIA WATER is for sale by Grocers and Druggists generally.

Testimonials which defy all imputations or questions, sent to any address, **PROPRIETOR, BUFFALO LITHIA SPRINGS, VIRGINIA.**

Springs are open for guests from June 15 to October 1st.

They are reached from all directions over the Danville Division of the Southern Railway.

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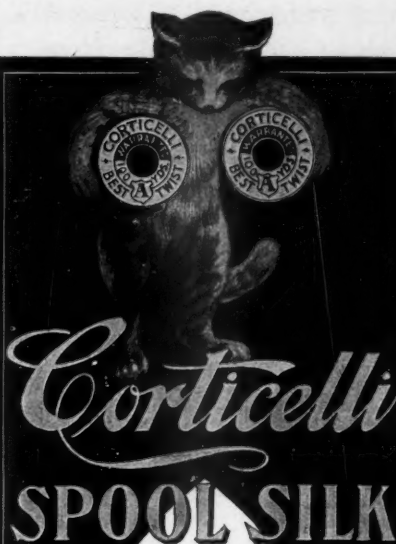
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BRANDS**



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SPOOL SILK

**"Too Strong
to Break"**

Good spool silk, like "Corticelli"—that will not break, is always smooth, is twisted just right, is full length and strength, and is dyed in colors to match the latest dress goods—is the silk you ought to buy. Corticelli Silk has been the favorite sewing silk for either hand or machine use for the last sixty-two years. Ask your storekeeper for it. If he offers you something else, write to us.

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II.



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CHAUTAUQUAN readers are a refined, intellectual class. We want to interest CHAUTAUQUAN housewives in our Cereal Products. We will send our Cereal Cook Book explaining how to make the best breakfast porridge in the world; also delicious bread, muffins, cakes, soups and pudding. This is a **FREE** special offer to CHAUTAUQUAN readers, and it is therefore necessary that you state in your letter that you saw this advertisement in THE CHAUTAUQUAN Magazine. You will find this a valuable little booklet in your home. Address American Cereal Co., Monadnock Building, Chicago, Ill.

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Stylish Shoes.

Illustrated Catalogue Free

Showing Styles for

Street, Dress, House, Outing.

The Queen Quality Shoes are the finest shoes in the world. The styles for Spring and Summer of 1900 are the most beautiful that were ever shown in America. The price was not what gave Queen Quality shoes their phenomenal popularity. They fit the feet and are at the same time beautiful, stylish and serviceable. They combine Fashion and Comfort. This is the secret of their success. Our Catalogue shows our many styles and will be sent **FREE**, with address of the local dealer, on request. Boots sent prepaid, \$3.25; Oxfords, \$2.75. Mention THE CHAUTAUQUAN when you write for catalogue. Address, Thomas G. Plant Co., 1 Beckford St., Boston.

..\$250.00..

Cash Prize Offer

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Two prizes, \$50.00 each, for the most original and best taken photographs, and fifty-eight other cash prizes for amateurs. Professionals will be excluded from this competition. Write for booklet giving particulars, and be careful to state that you saw this announcement in THE CHAUTAUQUAN MAGAZINE: Address,

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Chicago, Illinois.

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on Cereals.**

In the Government reports upon cereal foods, a note of warning is sounded to those who persist in believing that a breakfast food can be properly cooked in "3 minutes." When wheat is so finely ground and separated that 3 minutes suffices to cook it, the mineral matter and phosphates have been so far removed that it is practically a starchy mass, tasteless and hard to digest.

The perfect wheat food is rare, so rare that experiments are dangerous and, besides, old friends are best.

The perfect wheat food should contain "all the wheat but the overcoat." The granulated or powdered forms of breakfast foods are illogical and undesirable. Really the only perfect wheat food to-day is that old reliable full-flaked Pettijohn's Breakfast Food.

One thousand styles and sizes.
For cooking and heating.
Prices from \$5 to \$50.



The genuine all bear the above Trade-Mark and are sold with a written guarantee.

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Largest Makers of Stoves and Ranges in the World.

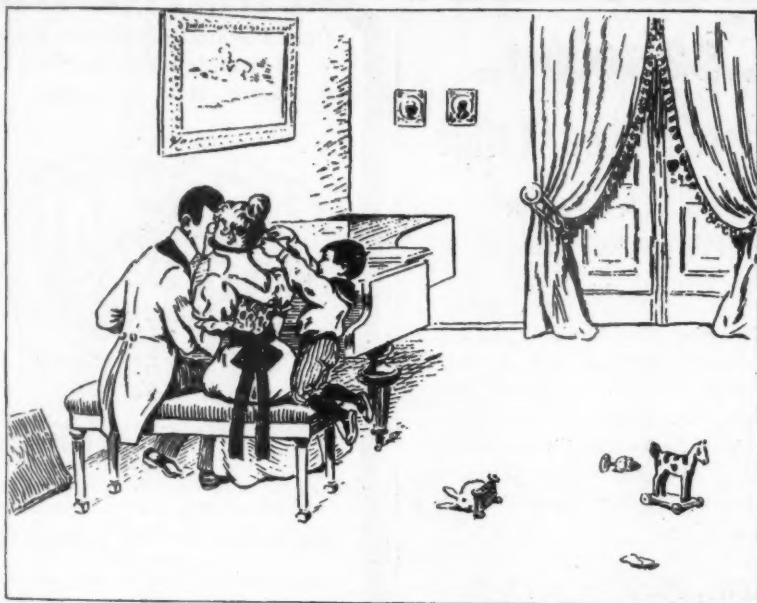
**Don't Experiment for
Other People's Benefit.**

Housekeepers today find themselves besieged on every side by many experimental so-called "breakfast foods." Why is it that a miller, with time on his hands, believes that he can take any kind of cheap oats and give them a coarse, harsh, careless treatment and call it a "breakfast food?"

In the first place it takes time, then it takes money, and then experience to manufacture a properly balanced breakfast food, and only the highest grade oats should be used. The best oats, of course, cost the most money, so here and there a manufacturer is tempted by the low price of low-grade oats, and thinks he can fool the housekeeper. The only way to avoid these senseless imitations and experimenters is to use a standard article that has a name and reputation like Quaker Oats.

One reason why Quaker Oats is superior is because only the choicest, healthiest and most carefully selected grain secured in the entire purchase by The American Cereal Co. goes into Quaker Oats.

This company purchases more oats, many times over, than any other concern in the world, but only the very best of them go into Quaker Oats.



III.



Remington

TYPEWRITERS

Surpass All Others

in Durability, Reliability, Ease, Convenience and Speed of Operation, and Permanent Excellence of Work.

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For Infants and Children.

Bears
the
Signature
of

Chas. H. Fletcher.
The Kind
You Have
Always Bought

In Use For Over 30 Years.

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Soft White Hands
Luxuriant Hair

Produced by

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Sold throughout the world. FORTY DOLLAR AND CHEM. CO., Sole Props., Boston. "How to Have Lovely Skin, Hands, and Hair," free.

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\$12.75
Out Offer Price, \$12.75 and express charges. Express charges are only 50 to 75 cents for each 500 miles.

THE EDGE-MERE is covered by our WRITTEN, BINDING GUARANTEE. Built on

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Out this ad. out and send to us; state whether you wish gent's or ladies' bicycle, color and gear wanted, and we will send you this HIGHEST GRADE 1900

\$2.00 GAS LAMP FREE

WITH EVERY ORDER for our Edge-mere Bicycle at \$12.75 we will send this regular \$2.00 OK Acetylene GAS LAMP FREE of charge. Handsomely nickel plated, latest 1900 style, comes in a variety of patterns, makes its own gas, powerful light, very economical, retails every where at \$2.00 and \$2.50. You get the LAMP FOR NOTHING with every EDGE-MERE BICYCLE at \$12.75.

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CASTORIA.

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Signature
of *Chas. H. Fletcher*
The Kind You Have Always Bought

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The C. L. S. C. special course hand-book (sent upon receipt of stamp) outlines more than forty special study courses: including three travel courses; three courses in English History; three courses in English Literature; two courses in American History; courses in Greek History and Literature, Modern European History, Art History, Philosophy of Art History, and Sociology. Biographical courses in Great Writers and their works, Shakespeare Courses, two courses on The House and The Home, a series of eight courses of carefully selected religious literature entitled The Vesper Reading Circle, Bible Courses and various courses in different branches of Science are also offered.

A new course in RUSSIAN HISTORY AND LITERATURE has been prepared by Isabel F. Hapgood, author of "Russian Rambles." Review questions and bibliographies make this course of particular value at this crisis in international affairs.

For particulars, address

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PAY FOR
WHAT YOU ORDER

Superb Dining Car Service

Lackawanna Railroad

OFFERING IN ADDITION TO A

PERFECT A LA CARTE MENU

LOW PRICED CLUB MEALS

SERVED INDIVIDUALLY

FROM 35 CENTS TO \$ 1.00

E.G. RUSSELL,
GEN'L SUPT.
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~ Lackawanna Dining Car ~

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When reply is made to an advertisement which appears in THE CHAUTAUQUAN, the advertiser will be glad to know that the writer has seen the advertising announcement in this magazine.



IV.

—Fliegende Blätter.

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BORATED TALCUM
TOILET POWDER
AFTER BATHING
AND SHAVING.

TRADE MARK

**Delightful After Bathing
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A POSITIVE RELIEF FOR
**PRICKLY HEAT,
CHAFING and SUNBURN,**
and all affections of the skin. Removes
all odor of perspiration.

Get MENNEN'S (the original), a little
higher in price, perhaps, than worthless
substitutes, but there is a reason for it.

Refuse all other powders, which are
liable to do harm.

Sold every where, or mailed for 25 cents
(Sample free.)

GERHARD MENNEN CO., Newark, N. J.



The Chautauqua

COURSE OF

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The Chautauqua Reading Circle offers a definite plan and helps busy people to make the acquaintance of good books. The course of **HOME READINGS** this year will be found one of great attractiveness to busy men and women who want to enlarge their general intellectual horizon and get a clear idea of the great facts of history, while they are also keeping up to the times in the modern sense.

Chautauqua } Its Immensity
 } Its Popularity

When you remember that Chautauqua is now twenty-seven years old, that it has gone into every State of the Union, has enrolled more than a quarter of a million of members in almost every city, town, and village, that it keeps in successful operation a great variety of courses of home reading, that it conducts the largest and most complete summer school in the world, and that nearly sixty Chautauqua Summer Assemblies are held in thirty-one different States, attracting every year over half a million people—you get some idea of its strength, its scope and its influence.

PERFECTION CURVED WAISTS ARE MADE TO GROW IN

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GOOD NATURALLY HEALTHFULLY AND GRACEFULLY

MADE OF FIRM BUT SOFT MATERIAL

SUSTAINED BY SECTIONS FINELY CURVED

A PERFECTION CURVED WAIST CANNOT LOSE ITS SHAPE IN THE WASHING

FOR SALE BY ALL LEADING MERCHANTS

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THE STALLMAN DRESSER TRUNK is constructed on new principles. Drawers instead of trays. A place for everything and everything in its place. The bottom as accessible as the top. Defies the baggage smasher. Costs no more than a good box trunk. Sent C. O. D. with privilege of examination. Send 3c. stamp for illustrated catalogue.

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The Natural Salt of Pure Sea Water
TONIC, STRENGTHENING, INVIGORATING
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Proposition to C. I. S. C. Organizers.

Chautauqua, which is purely an educational institution and not conducted for profit, is now more than ever relying on the personal efforts of its friends in the extension of the C. I. S. C. work. We offer an attractive financial proposition to persons who can devote a part or all of their time to soliciting individual readers, to forming circles and to securing subscriptions to *The Chautauquan*. The work insures a fair remuneration for the time and labor expended. If you are willing to consider such a proposition, address

CHAUTAUQUA ASSEMBLY,

BUREAU OF EXTENSION,

CLEVELAND, O.

\$13.75



SEND NO MONEY

will send you this

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at least \$2.00 to \$10.00 on it. YOU CAN MAKE \$500.00 THIS YEAR SELLING THIS BICYCLE AT \$13.75

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* Head of Department of History, Tufts College; founder New England History Teachers' Association; one of the founders of Twentieth Century Club, Boston; member of various historical associations; contributor to *New England Magazine* and other periodicals; formerly journalist and active political worker; A. B., Tufts, 1884; A. M., Harvard, 1893.

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